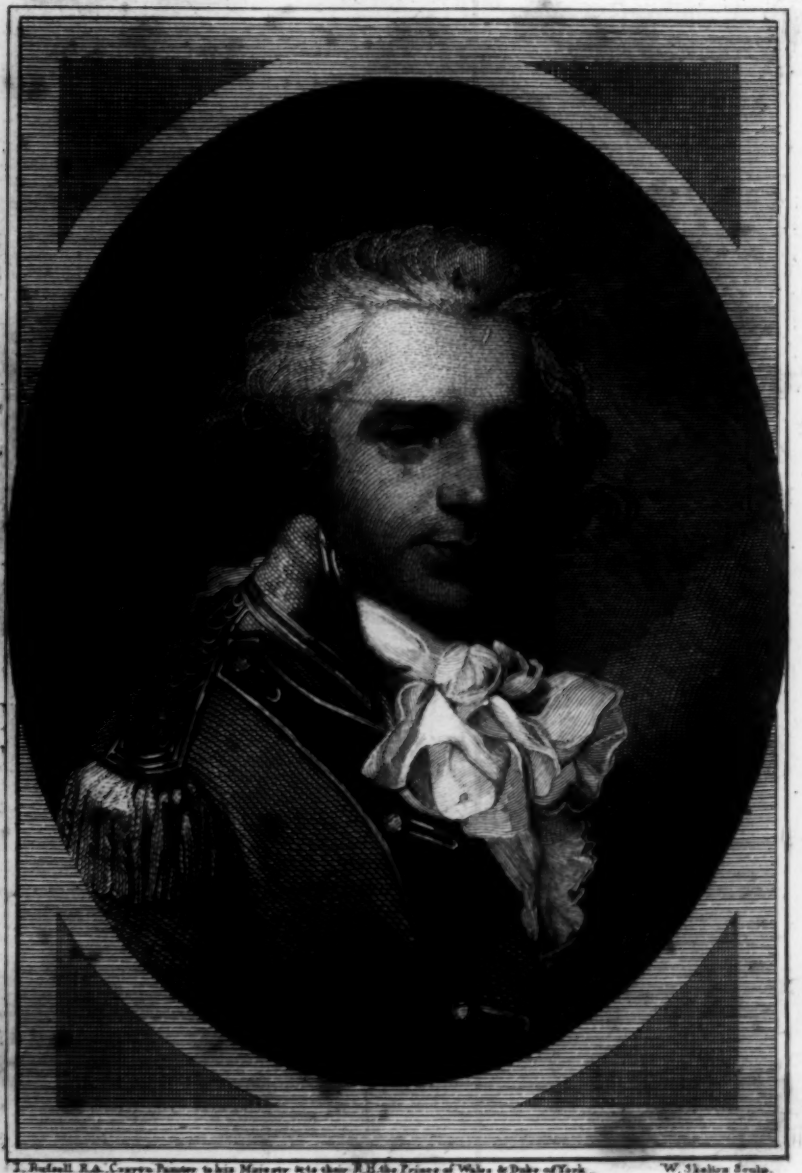
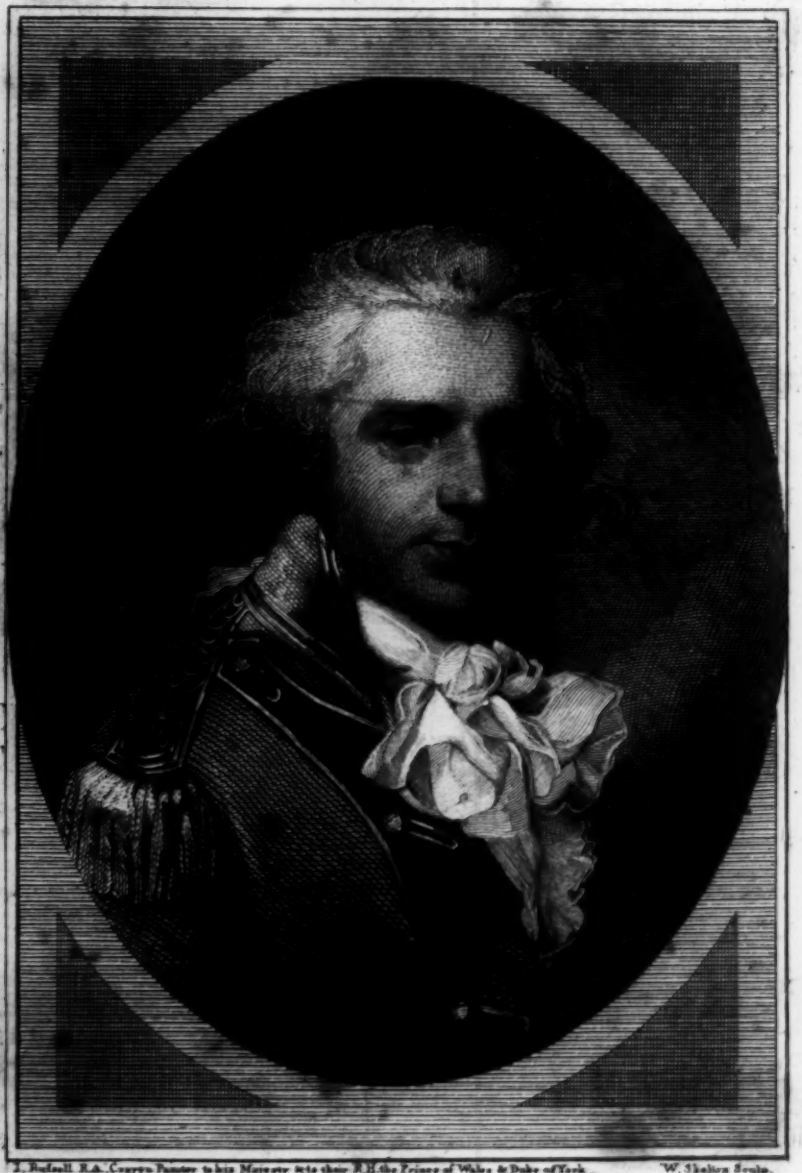
CHARLES JAMES



J. Rusnell R.A. Crayon Painter to his Majesty & to their R.H. the Prince of Wales & Duke of York. W. Skelton Sculp.

With conscience for thee can reflection fear
The villain's whisper or the coxcombs sneer?
Secure within, it recks not how without;
The bad may censure, and the good may doubt:
Nor doubt, nor censure can a crime impart.
If virtue shield thee what is envy's dart? *Vide Year. 1800.*

CHARLES JAMES



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POEMS,

BY

CHARLES JAMES,

AUTHOR OF HINTS TO LORD RAWDON ON SOME MILITARY ABUSES; TARARE, FROM BEAUMARCHAIS, &c.

SI QUA MEIS FUERINT, UT ERUNT, VITIOSA LIBELLIS,
EXCUSATA SUO TEMPORE, LECTOR, HABE.

OVIDIUS.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY J. DAVIS, CHANCERY-LANE;
AND SOLD, FOR THE AUTHOR, BY J. DEBRETT, OPPOSITE BURLINGTON-HOUSE, PICCADILLY.

1792.

THESE POEMS

ARE,

BY PERMISSION,

MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

GEORGE

PRINCE OF WALES.

ILLE POTENS SUI,
LÆTUSQUE DEGET, CUI LICET IN DIEM
DIXISSE, VIXI———

HORACE.

IF all that elevates or charms in ſong
To matchleſs eaſe and dignity belong;
When nobly realiz'd the virtues dart
The native radiance of a gen'rous heart,
And ev'ry feature, herald of the breaſt,
By artleſs truth and ſentiment 's impreſt;
What muſe can picture, tho' conviction move,
Their bright exiſtence in the Prince we love?
What lyre---where ev'ry principle combin'd
At once to rule and to adorn mankind,

Breathes

Breathes in each act--ſhall from its yielding ſtrings
Return the praiſes which a nation ſings?

Whilſt on the giddy whirlwind of the day
Kingdoms are toſt, and ſceptres torn away;
While native grandeur is obſcurely thrown
On foreign ſoil, and exil'd from its own;
Safe on her ſea-girt coaſt Britannia rears
Her awful front, and thro' the ſtorm appears
Serene and calm, majeſtically great,
In all the ſplendour of untroubled ſtate.
Safe in the glorious charter of the land,
By truth exacted and by wiſdom plann'd,
The dauntleſs Briton on his king relies,
And loves the law that tyranny defies.
Both feel the rights which government defend,
And ſanction'd empire with ſubjection blend.

O'er Brunſwick's race the Genius of the iſle
Exulting ſhines, and bids each bleſſing ſmile;
Beholds the preſent ſhielded like the paſt,
And expectation anſwer'd to the laſt:

Sees

Sees ev'ry reign a cloudleſs tenour run,
Thro' proſpects bright'ning in a wider ſun.

Ah! ever thus may royalty be known
To pour a native radiance on the throne;
Shew honour, truth, and majeſty the ſame,
And rank, at beſt, a ſecondary name:
Not wildly ſcatter'd on illuſion's ray,
The gilded wonder of a fleeting day!
By *mere* diſtinction from the crowd be rais'd,
For titles honour'd, and for titles prais'd!
Baſeleſs pre-eminence, which proves at moſt
How frail the tenure of our only boaſt.

Be thine—of youthful majeſty ſerene,
O George, illuſtrious in each princely ſcene—
Be thine the praiſe humanity to ſhield,
To act from nature, and to nature yield;
Unmov'd by prejudice be thine to hear
The tale of candour with impartial ear;
Rejecting malice, howſoever dreſt,
By rank ſupported, or by wit expreſs'd.

Though

Though firſt in dignity, ſtill laſt to move
Beyond what truth and liberty approve;
Be thine the praiſe, pre-eminent in birth,
To make pre-eminence the ſeat of worth;
And when reflection ſhall thy feelings ſcan,
Still ſhew the PRINCE inferiour to the MAN.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT is not from any vanity of my own, but from the kind ſuggeſtions of partial friendſhip, that I offer theſe poems to the public, in their preſent ſtate of embelliſhment and decoration. Several of them have been already publiſhed, and on them correction has not been ſpared—whether it proceeded from my own more mature experience, or the meliorating aid of candid criticiſm. Others, which now appear for the firſt time, have been reviewed with all the judgment I poſſeſs, and all the care I could beſtow. The friends, who have called forth this volume, will, I doubt not, peruſe the ſubjects of it, *for the ſake of the author:* too happy ſhould I be, if it ſhould appear hereafter, that there were any who had peruſed them for *their own.*

PREFACE.

IT would be as ridiculous in an author, on his firſt appearing at the tribunal of public opinion, to affect indifference, as in a young courtier, when introduced to his ſovereign, to ſeem perfectly compoſed. A total apathy to outward form and ceremony, as it generally indicates ignorance or pride, is almoſt always followed by laughter and diſguſt. Conſciouſneſs of merit, indeed, will very often raiſe the mind into confidence; but as every impulſe of the ſort, whether real or viſionary, muſt in ſome degree deſtroy the deference which is due to others, we cannot wonder if the efforts of ſuch a mind be tried by the ſtricteſt ordeal.

Impreſſed with this idea, I felt it neceſſary to introduce my laſt edition to the candid part of mankind, by a declaration of ſentiments which did not entirely correſpond with the eſtabliſhed critics of the day. *Their* opinion, I had much reaſon to believe, muſt have ſome influence, although their right to infallibility could not eaſily be aſcer-

tained. Cuſtom had given force to principles which the generality of mankind acknowledged, becauſe the inveſtigation of them was either too intricate for the ſuperficial to analyſe, or too laborious for the indolent to trace. A ſpecies of tribunal became neceſſary to literature from the diverſified appearance of knowledge, which could never be juſtly ſettled while, like the priſm, modern philoſophy conveyed it to us. "Speculative opinions," Hume juſtly remarks, "are in continual flux and revolution. The ſon "embraces a different ſyſtem from the father. Nay, there "ſcarcely is any man, who can boaſt of great conſtancy "and uniformity in this particular. Whatever ſpeculative "errours may be found in the polite writings of any age "or country, they detract but little from the value of "thoſe compoſitions. There needs but a certain turn of "thought or imagination to make us enter into all the "opinions which then prevailed, and reliſh the ſentiments "or concluſions derived from them. But a very violent "effort is requiſite to change our judgment of manners, "and excite ſentiments of approbation or blame, love or "hatred, different from thoſe to which the mind, from "long cuſtom, has been familiarized. And where a man "is confident of the rectitude of that moral ſtandard by "which he judges, he is juſtly jealous of it, and will not "pervert the ſentiments of his heart for a moment, in "complaiſance to any writer whatſoever. The general

"principles

" principles of taſte are uniform in human nature: where " men vary in their judgments, ſome defect or perverſion " in the faculties may commonly be remarked; proceeding " either from prejudice, from want of practice, or want " of delicacy; and there is juſt reaſon for approving one " taſte, and condemning another."

In matters of ſcience, however, in technical acquiſitions, and in efforts of art, there can be little diverſity in judgment, where the knowledge of the critic is adequate to the ſubject he would ſcrutinize. The mathematician can never be wrong in his deciſion, becauſe every demonſtration muſt be juſt, uniform and ſimple. Yet, as the ſame ſenſible author obſerves, " though, in ſpeculation, " we may readily avow a certain criterion in ſcience, and " deny it in ſentiment, the matter is found in practice to " be much more hard to aſcertain in the former caſe than " in the latter. Theories of abſtract philoſophy, ſyſtems " of profound theology, have prevailed during one age; " in a ſucceſſive period theſe have been univerſally ex- " ploded; their abſurdity has been detected; other theo- " ries and ſyſtems have ſupplied their place, which again " gave place to their ſucceſſors; and nothing has been ex- " perienced more liable to the revolutions of chance and " faſhion than theſe pretended deciſions of ſcience. The " caſe is not the ſame with the beauties of eloquence and

" poetry. Juſt expreſſions of paſſion and nature are ſure, after " a little time, to gain public applauſe, which they main- " tain for ever. Ariſtotle, and Plato, and Epicurus, and " Deſcartes may ſucceſſively yield to each other; but Te- " rence and Virgil maintain an univerſal, undiſputed em- " pire over the minds of men. The abſtract philoſophy of " Cicero has loſt its credit, the vehemence of his ora- " tions is ſtill the object of our admiration*."

If the ſtandard of taſte is as difficult to be diſcovered as

* Should the obſervations maintained in this preface attract the notice of the unprejudiced, it may not be thought preſumptuous to add, that the above extracts are brought forward to ſhew that I was not ſingular in my aſſertion reſpecting an uniformity in nature, as far as concerns the operation of the ſenſes. But I am far from attempting to infer that the avenues to originality are cloſed upon the preſent age, or that no writer can expect to get beyond a certain line of imitation. I ſimply maintain that where ſentiment is the prominent feature of a work, the complexion of it will be leſs novel, becauſe the principles, being natural, muſt be common to all mankind. Originality of manner, however, may unqueſtionably be attained; and where that is found, ſome degree of merit ſhould be allowed. Our great errour in judgment ſeems to proceed more from a ſettled determination to decide upon every new production, according to the recollection we may have of what has been written by others, than from a candid ſurvey of the various lights which are probably thrown upon the dictate of mere invention. The alluſion to a clock and watch reſpecting judgment was certainly the ſame idea. But no man will pretend to declare, that becauſe Fontenelle made uſe of the thought, Pope has no merit in his application of it; or that mere invention muſt ſuperſede improvement.

a con-

a concurrence of opinion amidſt the fluctuations of prejudice and paſſion, every author may reaſonably ſuppoſe that of the many deciſions which are looſely ſcattered by hurry and conjecture, ſome might be erroneous; eſpecially (as in the following poems) when the object of praiſe or cenſure muſt be almoſt wholly the growth of ſentiment. Hume judiciouſly obſerves, "there is a ſpecies of philoſophy which cuts off all hopes of ſucceſs in ſuch an attempt, and repreſents the impoſſibility of ever attaining any ſtandard of taſte. The difference, it is ſaid, is very wide between judgment and ſentiment. All ſentiment is right, becauſe ſentiment has a reference to nothing beyond itſelf, and is always real, wherever a man is conſcious of it. But all determinations of the underſtanding are not right; becauſe they have a reference to ſomething beyond themſelves, to wit, real matter of fact; and are not always conformable to that ſtandard. Among a thouſand different opinions which different men may entertain of the ſame ſubject, there is one, and but one, that is juſt and true; and the only difficulty is to fix and aſcertain it. On the contrary, a thouſand different ſentiments, excited by the ſame object, are all right; becauſe no ſentiment repreſents what is really in the object. It only marks a certain conformity, or relation, between the object and the organs or faculties of the mind; and if that conformity did not really exiſt, the ſentiment could never poſſibly have being.

" Beauty is no quality in things themſelves: it exiſts
" merely in the mind which contemplates them; and
" each mind perceives a different beauty. One per-
" ſon may even perceive deformity where another is
" ſenſible of beauty. And every individual ought to
" acquieſce in his own ſentiments, without pretending
" to regulate thoſe of others. To ſeek the real beau-
" ty, or real deformity, is as fruitleſs an enquiry as to
" pretend to aſcertain the real ſweet or real bitter. Ac-
" cording to the diſpoſition of the organs, the ſame object
" may be both ſweet and bitter, and the proverb has juſtly
" determined it to be fruitleſs to diſpute concerning taſtes.
" It is very natural, and even quite neceſſary, to extend
" this axiom to mental as well as bodily taſte: and thus
" common ſenſe, which is often at variance with philo-
" ſophy, eſpecially with the ſceptical kind, is found in
" one inſtance at leaſt to agree in pronouncing the ſame
" deciſion."

I have ſubmitted this ſenſible paſſage to my candid reader as a ſort of introduction to ſome obſervations, which, drawn from the ſame principles, more immediately concern the following poems. He will eaſily perceive that my adherence to a former opinion is neither the dictate of obſtinate preſumption, nor the effect of ignorant affectation. As I have not attempted to appear original at the expence of reaſon and propriety, neither deviated from

from the object to graſp at poſſible ſublimity, nor dwelt upon each image, ſo as to analyſe deſcription into trifling novelty, the only merit I can aſpire to muſt be derived from a natural diſplay of ſentiment. In fact, I have attempted, like the painter, from real life, to arrange my ideas in ſuch a manner, that what I have wiſhed to expreſs may appear without quaintneſs of manner, or peculiarity of phraſe.

The learned have an eſtabliſhed and an undoubted right to ſit in judgment on every production; it is their peculiar province to inveſtigate every claim upon public eſteem. By their deciſion the greater part of mankind are generally influenced; and fortunate muſt that author be, whoſe labours have no ſeverer trial to undergo than the examination of thoſe, who, from experience and delicacy of taſte and ſentiment, are adequate to judge, and would rather praiſe than haſtily condemn*.

To a court of that ſort the malevolent have no acceſs: tortured conſtruction is ſuperſeded by impartial judg-

* Many objections, obſerves Ariſtotle, may be anſwered in the words of Glauco, who ſays, "That ſome men taking up an opinion haſtily, and then reaſoning from prejudice in favour of that opinion, will blame any thing that is contrary to what they have preſuppoſed."

See PYE's Ariſtotle.

ment;

ment; nor are the writings of a man valued or underrated from the ſituation of himſelf or friends. True merit and real genius, whether Whig or Tory, Papiſt, Proteſtant, or neither; whether in the broad zenith of faſhionable life, or in the peaceful boſom of retirement, are equally welcome to the man of candour.

It were to be wiſhed, in the preſent age, when the arts and ſciences ſeem to have exhauſted nature by their luxuriant growth, that more attention could be given to the intimate concerns of life. There are ſome writers, as Johnſon with great propriety remarks, "who never en-"quire what on any occaſion they ſhould ſay or do, "but write rather as beholders than partakers of human "nature; as beings looking upon good and evil, impaſſive "and at leiſure; as Epicurean deities, making remarks on "the actions of men, and the viciſſitudes of life, without "intereſt or emotion. Their wiſh is only to ſay what they "hope has never been ſaid before.

"It is with great propriety," continues the judicious author, "that ſubtlety, which in its original import "means exility of particles, is taken in its metaphorical "meaning for nicety of diſtinction. *Thoſe writers who "live

* Since perſons acting are the objects of poetical imitation, and thoſe

" live on the watch for novelty, can have little hopes of
" greatneſs, for great things cannot have eſcaped former
" obſervation: their attempts are always analytic; they
" break every image into fragments; and can no more
" repreſent by their ſlender conceits and laboured parti-
" cularities, the proſpects of nature, or the ſcenes of life,
" than he who diſſects a ſun-beam with a priſm can ex-
" hibit the wide effulgence of a ſummer noon."

If we compare the relics of antiquity in ſculpture, painting, and poetry, and perhaps with as much propriety its perfection in muſic, we ſhall be inclined to think that the ſiſter arts have already reached the utmoſt limits of inventive genius. Little more remains for the modern than a happier mode of expreſſing, or a more lively way of colouring what has been ſlightly touched before. Thus, for inſtance, as far back as the reign of Auguſtus we ſee Virgil not only adopting the paſtoral ideas of Theocritus, but in ſome places affording a literal verſion. But he executes the taſk with ſo much ingenuity and taſte, that, captivated by the delicacy of his turn and language, we

thoſe perſons muſt neceſſarily be either good or bad (for the manners almoſt conſtantly ariſe from the circumſtances alone, it being by virtue or vice that all mankind differ from each other as to their manners); the perſons imitated muſt either be repreſented as better than thoſe of the preſent time or worſe, or as they actually are, ἢ καὶ τοιοῦτος.

ARISTOTLE.

entirely

entirely loſe ſight of the rough original from which he borrowed. To render this obſervation more intimate, it may not be unpleaſant to compare the efforts of our predeceſſors with thoſe of enlightened Rome. The days of Queen Anne have been very deſervedly marked in the annals of Great Britain as our golden age of literature. This pre-eminence was rather the reſult of elegant improvement (for there was little originality) than the gift of novelty. Like the Auguſtan æra, that epoch was more diſtinguiſhed for taſte and judgment than for mere invention.

Mere invention is little better than fortunate accident. A jewel of unequalled ſize and water may become the property of a man who will cauſe it to be undervalued from a total ignorance of diſpoſition; whilſt on the other hand, by a judicious aſſemblage of aſſiſting lights, a ſtone of inferior richneſs will be rendered doubly conſpicuous. * The ſame neceſſity and good ſenſe which induced Virgil to imitate the Grecian, made Pope and Dryden the faithful followers of both. Pope, whoſe judgment was unqueſtionable, and who, in my humble

* In all the nobler productions of genius there is a mutual relation and correſpondence of parts. Beſides, every kind of compoſition, even the moſt poetical, is nothing but a chain of propoſitions and reaſonings.—HUME.

con-

conception, has been denied the ſuperiority of genius for no other reaſon but becauſe he would not wantonly abuſe it, ſoon felt, from his intimacy with the ancients, the neceſſity of adopting them for models of imitation. Yet the moſt captious muſt allow that in his greateſt liberties there was always ſome elegant turn and ſoftneſs of expreſſion that amply excuſed the want of originality. The *non antea trita via* (excepting in the deſcriptions of ſentiment and paſſion) he well knew could no more be found; and although it were poſſible to attempt the wonderful and ſublime by yielding to allegory and fiction, he well knew, that ſince the hour of Revelation, Imagination had been clipped of half its wings, and Fancy almoſt wholly limited to actual life. The doctrine of one God only, and of one Saviour, of angels and of infernal ſpirits, ſo different in their attributes from a Jupiter and many gods (who, with all their ſuppoſed immortality, were ſubject to every frailty of human nature), he well knew could not afford that latitude of thought and freedom of deſcription, which objects more remote and varied might ſupply. The allowance which every man of learning and reflection will readily make for the peculiarities of ancient manners, he well knew, would be denied the modern: and although the abſurdities of the Pagan ſyſtem might be overlooked by the candid critic, thoſe of the Chriſtian muſt have all the obſtacles of timo-

rous

rous faith and ſuperſtition to contend with. " * The " ſame good ſenſe that directs men in the ordinary " occurrences of life, is not hearkened to in religious " matters, which are ſuppoſed to be placed altogether " above the cognizance of human reaſon." This perverſion of the underſtanding and bigotry of principle have entirely deprived the modern of the moſt eſſential requiſites to unite grandeur and ſurpriſe. The *Deus interſit*, ſo neceſſary to the greateſt effort of human genius (an epic compoſition), is almoſt wholly uſeleſs; becauſe to adore what we do not underſtand, and to believe without daring to ſcrutinize, is the accepted principle of Revelation. Experience had already ſhewn that of the many attempts to imitate the ancients in their allegories and fictions by the adoption of ſupernatural characters, one only had ſucceeded. Yet even Milton has not eſcaped the cenſure of ſome people. Time, however, which gradually weans us from the prejudices of ſects and parties, and which ultimately conveys neglected merit through all the caprices of faſhion, and all the miſtakes of ignorance and envy, has proved, that when the efforts of imagination are conformable to truth and nature, nothing can ſubdue their influence. " The ſame Homer" (and poſterity will add the ſame Milton that delights us now) " who " pleaſed at Athens and Rome two thouſand years ago, " is ſtill admired at Paris and at London. All the changes " of

* Vide Hume's Eſſays.

" of climate, government, religion, and language have " not been able to obſcure his glory." But as Homer firſt went beyond the boundaries of ſimple nature, and made heaven and earth, as it were, ſubſervient to his imagination; no ſucceſſor has ever attempted to tread the ſame path, becauſe the ſame gods would be neceſſary, and little hopes be entertained of originality.

He is in fact the father of ancient poetry; the great ſource from whence all that is grand and beautiful, tender and ſentimental, has been derived*. Virgil, although unrivalled in the powers of elegant compoſition, muſt, in point of originality, be contented to rank ſubordinate to

* " Authority or prejudice may give a temporary vogue to a bad " poet or orator; but his reputation will never be durable or general. " When his compoſitions are examined by poſterity, or by foreigners, " the enchantment is diſſipated, and his faults appear in their true " colours. On the contrary, a real genius, the longer his works en- " dure, and the more wide they are ſpread, the more ſincere is the " admiration he meets with. Envy and jealouſy have too much place " in a narrow circle; and even familiar acquaintance with his per- " ſon may diminiſh the applauſe due to his performances; but when " theſe obſtructions are removed, the beauties which are naturally " fitted to excite agreeable ſentiments, immediately diſplay their ener- " gy; and while the world endures they maintain their authority " over the minds of men."—HUME.

The ſplendid editions of Shakeſpeare and Milton, which are now publiſhing, ſufficiently corroborate theſe obſervations. What was originally ſold by the author, in copy-right, for ten pounds, will now, ſeparately, coſt thouſands.

this

this inimitable model. All that could be effected by machinery and the intervention of ſupernatural beings, ſeems done by Homer. The heathen mythology had, in a manner, been exhauſted by him; and the ſame doctrines exiſting when the Æneid was firſt ſuggeſted to the refined flatterer of Auguſtus, the ſame imagery was indiſpenſably uſed. Antiquity muſt unqueſtionably have produced innumerable writers, whoſe productions, like many of the preſent age, were perhaps the objects of partial and temporary admiration, but ſoon yielded to the uninfluenced teſt of time. A ſpecies of uniform deſtiny ſeems to be the inſeparable concomitant of poetical genius. Poverty, ſlight and diſappointment, acting in colliſion with uncommon quickneſs of thought and ſentiment, have produced the brighteſt efforts of humanity; while, on the other hand, ſucceſs and eaſe have ſoftened the ſharper particles, and gradually worn off what might have given invention the cleareſt poliſh of improvement.—But this is digreſſive. To return to my obſervation reſpecting originality, I maintain that, in the higher walks of poetry, we have only two inſtances, one ancient and the other modern, of undiſputed invention; both of which are indebted to divine interference; and until Chriſtianity and Paganiſm ſhall have yielded to a ſyſtem of belief entirely differing from either of theſe, Milton and Homer muſt divide the empire of poetical genius; whilſt Virgil

and

and Fenelon will rank below them, from no other cauſe, perhaps, than becauſe Mythology had already been exhauſted by the predeceſſors of the one, and Chriſtian belief by thoſe of the other. Lucan, Taſſo, Camoes and Arioſto unqueſtionably pleaſe. Yet, as the ingenious author to whom I am ſo much indebted ſenſibly ſays, "Arioſto "pleaſes; but not by his monſtrous and improbable fic- "tions, by his bizarre mixture of the ſerious and comic "ſtyles, by the want of coherence in his ſtories, or by "the continual interruptions of his narration. He charms "by the force and clearneſs of his expreſſion, by the "readineſs and variety of his inventions, and by the "natural pictures of the paſſions, eſpecially thoſe of the "gay and amorous kind." In another place he critically remarks, "that the exceſs of refinement is now more to "be guarded againſt than ever; becauſe it is the extreme "which men are the moſt apt to fall into, after learning "has made ſome progreſs, and after eminent writers "have appeared in every ſpecies of compoſition. The "endeavour to pleaſe by novelty leads men wide of ſim- "plicity and nature, and fills their writings with affecta- "tion and conceit. It was thus the Aſiatic eloquence de- "generated ſo much from the Attic. It was thus the age "of Claudius and Nero became ſo much inferiour to that "of Auguſtus in taſte and genius: and perhaps there are

" at preſent ſome ſymptoms of a like degeneracy of taſte " in France as well as in England."

Such is the opinion of a writer, whoſe abilities are acknowledged to have been as various as his judgment has been found correct, and whoſe prophecy is perhaps the more to be lamented in theſe days, becauſe the ſame taſte and perſpicuity, the ſame determined oppoſition to errour and abſurdity, may not appear again.

Pope, however, without having had the advantage of ſo much undiſputed taſte and learning to ſecond and ſupport him, not only broke down the fence that a ſort of critical avarice had thrown before the beauties of compoſition, but liberally ſelected from others whatever images might ſuit his purpoſe; nor did he ſcruple to inſert among his own compoſitions the identical line and thought of his predeceſſors and contemporaries. In Eloiſa to Abelard, the line,

" And truths divine came mended from that tongue,"

is evidently copied from Dryden's compliment to Sir Godfrey Kneller, where he beautifully ſays,

" The fair themſelves went mended from that hand."

And

And in a very old tranſlation of the Cento to Auſonius, the following verſe occurs:

——————— "and my life!
"And *ev'ry tender name in one*—my wife!"

How far Mr. Pope was indebted to this production not only for a very beautiful ſentiment, but an expreſſive term, two lines from his Eloiſa to Abelard will ſufficiently ſhew:

"Ah let thy handmaid, ſiſter, daughter move,
"And *all thoſe tender names in one*—thy love!"

It has often been remarked (with what propriety or truth I muſt leave the judicious to determine) that the ſame idea, without even a variation of words, may, through accident, occur to different writers: in the opening of Windſor Foreſt, the ſecond line is literally what appeared in a very indifferent collection of poetry, long before the publication of that work *; nor can I ſo far ſacrifice my own individual opinion, as to agree with the admirers of

* See a poem, entitled the Hiſtory of Love, by Charles Hopkins:

"Ye woods and wilds, ſerene and bleſt retreats,
"At once the lover's and the muſe's ſeats."

POPE.

"Thy foreſts, Windſor, and thy green retreats,
"At once the monarch's and the muſes' ſeats."

this inimitable maſter of elegant verſification, in allowing him unbounded credit for the happy adoption of the thoughts of others, without at the ſame time believing that he did it more from neceſſity than choice. Yet what critic will refuſe to acknowledge the ſuperiority he has gained over others? or will not readily feel that the farther his works advance into poſterity, the more ſincere will be the praiſe they gather? Nature, when ſhe has been properly depicted, gains upon the juſt obſerver; and however changed ſhe may appear under the influence of climate, government and religion, ſhe is ſure to have the aſcendancy at laſt wherever ſentiment is concerned. The ſame propenſities to luſt, avarice and reſentment, the ſame principles of chaſtity, benevolence and humanity, which adorned or diſgraced mankind three thouſand years back, adorn or diſgrace them now. "I have ſome-"times been inclined to think," obſerves the author of the fourteenth Eſſay on the Riſe of Arts and Sciences, "that interruptions in the periods of learning, were they "not attended with ſuch a deſtruction of ancient books, "and the records of hiſtory, would be rather favourable "to the arts and ſciences, by breaking the progreſs of "authority, and dethroning the tyrannical uſurpers over "human reaſon. In this particular, they have the ſame "influence as interruptions in political governments and "ſocieties."

It is not uncommon in theſe days to hear of firſt attempts being ſo wonderfully ſucceſsful, that, without ſtopping at any one obſtacle to fame and reputation, their progreſs into notice has been as rapid and eaſy as that of the moſt * celebrated writers is known to have been troubleſome and ſlow; but it would be difficult to adduce one inſtance, ancient or modern, in which the rapidity of ſuch an early elevation was followed by permanent ſecurity. The *Eſſay on Criticiſm*, to draw the obſervation nearer home, and make it more convincing by the force of contraſt, remained upon the ſhelf at a time when trifles, now forgotten, were the current objects of applauſe. Yet time has proved that the firſt was to become a conſtellation in the literary hemiſphere, while the laſt were tranſient lights that only ſhot acroſs it. In the

* It may not perhaps be generally known, and conſequently not unpleaſant to learn, that Pope's celebrated Eſſay on Criticiſm was originally ſold to Lewis, the Catholic bookſeller, for twenty pounds. The publication was ſo far from anſwering, that at the expiration of the twelvemonth the author's enquiry after its ſucceſs was received by one of thoſe ſignificant ſhrugs, which, being occaſioned by diſappointment, ſpeak ſtrongly to the feelings. The independence of the writer, and his early thirſt for literary fame, rendered thoſe means neceſſary to puſh it into notice, which ſolitary genius ſeldom can command. Several copies were induſtriouſly ſpread among his friends and acquaintance; and as the event could not fail in point of emolument from a ſudden increaſe of ſale, the only hazard was reputation; which, from the merit of the work becoming univerſally known, was ſoon as univerſally eſtabliſhed.

opening of this preface it has been aſſerted in a quotation from Hume's Standard of Taſte, "That there is a ſpe-"cies of philoſophy which repreſents the impoſſibility of "ever attaining any poſitive ſtandard of taſte, or rule, by "which the various ſentiments of men may be reconciled; "at leaſt a deciſion afforded confirming one ſentiment, "and condemning another." His illuſtration of this remark from Sancho's noted ſtory of the hogſhead of wine, is appoſite and entertaining; and clearly proves, that if poets will ſometimes err, and be guilty of tranſgreſſions of rule or order, critics may be miſtaken in their endeavours to analyſe too minutely what never can ſubmit to geometrical exactneſs. When, in proceſs of time, a production is diſcovered to have paſſed through the innumerable obſtacles that muſt occur to the nobleſt effort of imagination, it is natural for the man of real taſte and judgment to inquire by what means it overcame them: and he is not a little ſurpriſed to find himſelf obliged to acknowledge that, "as many of the beauties of poetry, and even of "eloquence, are founded on falſehood and fiction, and an "abuſe or perverſion of terms from their natural meaning, "no rules of criticiſm can be laid down to which the "feelings of men will be conformable. Thoſe finer emo-"tions of the mind are of a very tender and delicate na-"ture, and require the concurrence of many favourable "circumſtances to make them play with facility and ex-

" actneſs, according to their general and eſtabliſhed " principles. The leaſt exterior hindrance to ſuch ſmall " ſprings, or the leaſt internal diſorder, diſturbs their " motion, and confounds the operation of the whole " machine. In ſhort, to continue the ſame obſervation, " whatever in poetry is found to pleaſe cannot be faulty; " let the pleaſure, which the ſeveral paſſages produce, be " ever ſo unexpected and unaccountable."

Notwithſtanding the juſtneſs of theſe remarks, which, from a leſs able writer than Hume, would eventually produce the ſtrongeſt authority from being ſtrictly true to nature and experience, through what an ordeal of abuſe, both critical and perſonal, was not the preſent model of Engliſh verſification obliged to paſs? But however undeſerved the cenſure upon his writings might have been on one ſide, and however pitiful the inſinuations againſt himſelf and friends on the other; poſterity has reaſon to thank the firſt at leaſt, for having perhaps occaſioned the brighteſt efforts of refined expreſſion. What neceſſity and want ſometimes draw from the fine feelings of inſulted genius, malice and oppoſition drew from him. Having, with the talent to arrange, eaſe and judgment to correct, he ſedulouſly devoted himſelf to thoſe principles in writing from which the gratification of an elegant mind is principally derived. Thus water, by the perpetual agitation of oppoſing elements, is cleared

from its groſſer particles, and gradually runs into the pureſt tranſparency; whilſt, on the contrary, if allowed to ſtagnate, it not only ceaſes to be limpid, but ſoon becomes obnoxious and diſguſting. Or (to render the ſimile intimately juſt), as more labour is required to make a diamond of the firſt water afford the brilliancy it poſſeſſes perfectly conſpicuous, than to poliſh an inferiour ſtone; in the like manner, when real genius and underſtanding, in which I include good ſenſe, firſt commence a public career, the difficulties thrown before them by the rivalſhip of ſome, and the prejudice of others, awaken a conſcious ſuperiority to both, which gradually forces its way through all obſtacles, and at laſt obtains a permanent luſtre. It would not perhaps be eaſy to produce an example of uncommon force either in eloquence or poetry, without, at the ſame time, acknowledging that ſome jarring principle, ſlight, envy or diſappointment, had given all the energy that ſentiment could dictate, or words expreſs. This may account for the very rare inſtances of affluent genius. The mind which could ſuggeſt the Iliad and Odyſſey, had it not been driven through the different principalities of Greece in wretchedneſs and want, might, in a tranquil ſcene of life, have been totally ſupine, or perhaps merely moved by principles of indolent gratification. As Pope juſtly obſerves, an after-fame in the breath of others is the only conſolation a writer can receive for the many vexations he is forced to endure. This naturally

pro-

produces emulation, which Hume juſtly calls the greateſt encourager of the noble arts; and when, in fact, we ſeriouſly weigh, in the ſcales of reaſon and experience, the moſt precious of our actual pleaſures, it is no ſmall comfort to the man of ſolitary thought and ſtudy, to diſcover that anticipation is better than poſſeſſion. The one has innumerable ecſtaſies in ſtore, the other is hourly hazarding the very few it has obtained. With regard to morality and public good (which I much ſuſpect may be called negative qualities, from the impulſe ſeldom riſing beyond ſelf-gratification), I ſhall be bold to affirm that, although, for the ſake of dignified humanity, we muſt allow them ſome portion, their influence is limited to very few. This, however, among other manifeſtations of an omniſcient Being, whoſe principles of action nothing human can develope, powerfully proves, that whatever may be the cauſe, ſelfiſh or moral, the effect is eventually beneficial.

It is now time to apologize to my candid and indulgent reader for the treſpaſs I have made upon his patience, and to conclude theſe general obſervations with a few remarks which more immediately concern myſelf. After what I have already advanced, and indeed from what has already reached me reſpecting a former edition, I muſt naturally expect that the following collection of little more than juvenile poems, will produce ſome criticiſm; nor has my experience in life been ſo limited, or my knowledge of the political walk of literature (if I may be allowed the ex-

expreſſion) ſo trivial, as not to foreſee the principal objections which will be ſtarted againſt them; to the whole of which I ſhall only reply, that I have written as I thought or felt on the ſeveral occaſions; and am not conſcious of having wilfully borrowed from any of my predeceſſors. From my earlieſt years I have been a faithful follower of Pope and Dryden, and ſhall continue to my lateſt hour to be a warm admirer of them both. If I have been diffuſe in my obſervations reſpecting the firſt of theſe admirable models, it was rather to vindicate my own compoſitions from the general criticiſm * which has appeared againſt them, than by implication to ſuggeſt that he had erred in his. The inſtances I have produced (of what, in a writer of inferiour merit, would be juſtly ſtyled barefaced plagiariſm) go no farther than to

* In the New Annual Regiſter for the year 1789 (a publication I peruſe with much inſtruction) appeared the following critique on a very indifferent edition of my poems in two volumes—which the Editor is pleaſed to expreſs in theſe flattering terms:

"Theſe poems diſcover the author to be poſſeſſed of conſiderable "abilities; and abound in many beautiful and ſtriking thoughts, "which are delivered in elegant language and harmonious verſifica- "tion. It were to be wiſhed, however, that he had not ſo frequently "availed himſelf of the labours of his predeceſſors, particularly of "Mr. Pope. With the talents that he evidently poſſeſſes, he might "have thought more freely for himſelf, and produced poems not un- "worthy the public attention."

Hume remarks, that, "No criticiſm can be inſtructive which de- "ſcends not to particulars, and is not full of examples and illuſtra- "tions."

ſhew

ſhew (*et adhuc ſub judice lis eſt*) that there are certain limits within which a writer of the preſent age may be allowed to range without incurring the juſt cenſure of candour and good ſenſe.

Milton, Doctor Johnſon remarks, "did not refuſe "admiſſion to the thoughts or images of others, although "he did not ſeek them." If it be impoſſible, according to the ſame author, for a writer of our age to deſcribe the various pleaſures of a rural life, without tranſmitting the ſame images, almoſt in the ſame combination from one to another, we may, with equal certainty, conclude that it is impoſſible to trace man through all the intricacies of character and ſentiment, without touching at ſome point where others have been before*. Elegant adaptation, and a peculiar felicity of expreſſion, when ingeniouſly interwoven with ſentiments of truth and nature, although they may not indicate the ſtrongeſt proof of genius and originality, will always be acceptable to taſte and judgment; and however coldly the mere tranſcript of the heart may be received by thoſe perſons who think it impoſſible to write poetry without hazarding plain ſenſe; it will, I truſt, be allowed by the advocates for unaffected feeling, that ſome gratification may be derived from the

* Judicis officium eſt, ut res, ita tempora rerum quærere.

honeſt

honeſt repreſentations of ſympathy and paſſion. Where deſcription is ſo loaded by elaborate language, that the underſtanding is entirely taken up in the unravelling of ideas, the mind is ſoon fatigued, and judgment riſes from the taſk with all the languor of diſguſt; whilſt the heart, which ſhould be principally engaged, is either totally inſenſible, or, if rouſed by ſome congenial impulſe, is ſuddenly obliged to leave it, through a confuſed aſſemblage of heterogeneous thoughts and fanciful expreſſions.

It cannot be expected that, ranſacked as every part has been, a writer of the preſent age, whoſe aim is more to intereſt than ſurpriſe, ſhould be ſo peculiarly fortunate as never to expreſs the ſame ſentiments on the ſame occaſions without ſome ſimilitude to the thoughts of others*.

From

* The poet being an imitator equally with a portrait painter, or any other artiſt who forms likeneſſes, it is evident he muſt chooſe out of theſe modes of imitation. He muſt either draw things as they were, or are, or as they ought to be; and he muſt form theſe imitations either by plain language, or by foreign words and metaphors.

PYE's Ariſtotle.

In anſwer to this note, it has been ſaid, that the ſimilitude cannot hold, becauſe it tends to a total ſubverſion of all the means which conſtitute originality; that it damps the ardour of emulation, and entirely precludes invention. Theſe objections have already been obviated with reſpect to epic poetry in the foregoing part of this preface, by ſhewing that, as the two great poſts of honour had been occupied by Homer

From this ſameneſs of animal nature, or rather from her exhauſted ſtate (when conſidered in a comparative light with the bounded intellects of man), and from the general influence of ſimilar hopes and fears, the almoſt only praiſe we can aſpire to muſt be found in fortunate adaptation and felicity of terms. I cannot, on this occaſion, forbear remarking that modern criticiſm too frequently departs from the true ſtandard of taſte, and, as Hume juſtly decides, "muſt of conſequence loſe all credit "and authority." Were the greater part of contemporary writers viſited with impartiality, and their opinions ſcrupulouſly ſearched into, it would be found that pique, intereſt, party, or religion had chequered their obſervations. "When a work is executed for the public, they ſcarcely "ever ſufficiently enlarge their comprehenſion, or forget "their intereſt as friends or enemies, as rivals or com-"mentators."

Without pointing out the *real* defects of an author, or

mer and Milton, ſtrict originality could not be expected from their ſucceſſors. Nevertheleſs there were, and there ſtill remain, many paths to reputation. Virgil, Fenelon, and Taſſo, from having adopted the ſame machinery, are, rigorouſly ſpeaking, mere imitators. Yet who will exclude the firſt from the merit of having afforded to poſterity the moſt correct and elegant poem that ever adorned the efforts of human intellect; deny the ſecond the juſt aſſimilation of chriſtian ſentiments to ancient allegory; or take from the third his brilliancy of thought and illuſtration?

allowing

allowing him the POSSIBLE merit of having thrown upon the thoughts of his predeceſſors * ſome new light; without affording him any credit for having arranged his ideas in a more pleaſing manner, or expreſſed them better, it ſeems the peculiar habit of the times to analyſe every trivial fault; indicating rather an inclination to obſtruct, than a generous ſolicitude to foſter and encourage. Where palpable miſtakes in language or ſentiment cannot be pointed out, it is not uncommon to ſee productions condemned in the arbitrary ſentence of determined oppoſition, and without examples or illuſtrations collectively deprived of the intrinſic value they might otherwiſe diſplay.

Criticiſm in this advanced ſtate of literature is, of all taſks, the moſt delicate and arduous. It is a ſpecies of land-mark to the young adventurer, the point by which his compaſs is directed, and his progreſs to reputation guarded from the ſhoals of prejudice, ſelf-conceit and faſhion. But the great errour to which the generality of mankind are ſubject too frequently riſes from a miſtaken ſituation. Inſtead of being the diſpaſſionate and calm examiners of truth and learning, many, without the ability to write, will affect to judge, and wiſhing rather to ſatisfy their

* Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia craſſe
Compoſitum, illepideve putetur, ſed quia nuper.—HOR.

own

own ambition than to ſecure the reputation of others (to whoſe labours perhaps they muſt owe whatever fame they get), appear ſcrupulouſly minute, ſurreptitiouſly ſteal upon the natural indolence of moſt readers, and ſlide into a ſort of indefinite reputation*.

It

* Without ſubmitting an inſtance of the moſt extraordinary contradiction in opinion (conveyed into public through two eſtabliſhed vehicles of criticiſm) reſpecting a particular poem in the following collection, I ſhall tranſcribe a very juſt and ſenſible paſſage as a corroborative to my remark.

" A queſtion ariſes, whether it be really worth while to trace to its " origin every minute, real or ſuppoſed, imitation? We honeſtly con- " ceive it to be only waſting time to diminiſh our pleaſure; becauſe, " where an imitation is ſo cloſe as to obtrude itſelf on our notice, the " poet ſinks in our eſteem: but when he avails himſelf of the turns " of thought, or of the happy expreſſions of others, ſo artfully as to " acquire an undiſputed property in them, the annotator, by too rigid " a ſcrutiny, appears to ſtrip his author of credit merely to transfer it " to his own *acumen*. Mr. D. has ſhewn where Philips has copied " Virgil and Milton in a variety of inſtances; but *cui bono?* No one " has a right to cenſure Philips on this ground whoſe reading does " not qualify him for the taſk; and thoſe who turn critics on Mr. D.'s " foundation, will do it with a very ill grace. Has not the annotator " purſued his reſearches to an extreme, when the mere occurrence of a " ſingle word is deemed ſufficient for a charge of imitation? Philips, " deſcribing the fall of ripe apples, ſays,

" Down rain th' impurpled balls, ambroſial fruit.
B. i. l. 286.

" A note is made to this line, to inform us that Spencer deſcribes the " foreſt wildings,

" Whoſe

It is not ſufficient to judge a modern by the rules of ancient knowledge only, or to diſcover the obligations he owes it; ſince very few could paſs through an ordeal of that nature. If, in delivering his opinion on a portrait drawn by Sir Joſhua Reynolds, or by any other contemporary maſter, a connoiſſeur were to be ſo infatuated and full of Raphael's unrivalled excellence, as not to allow the former his ſhare of merit, becauſe he did not poſſeſs the matchleſs pencil of the latter, would not candour pity the confined idea? or would it not be moſt ungenerous to condemn an acknowledged ſuperiority of touch in the traits of beauty, becauſe the drapery was leſs perfect? In every art and ſcience there is not only a peculiar felicity of thought and execution; but likewiſe a favourite, a darling habit, like the object of indulged affection, on which the painter and poet are prodigal of toil. The buſineſs of

" Whoſe ſides impurpled were with ſmiling red.
Fairie Queen, b. iii. c. 7, 8, 16.

" Are we hence to infer, that a poet gains an excluſive property in an " epithet by having uſed it? If ſo, no man now dares term the ſky " blue, nor the ſea green.

" Such notes might be written on any thing without end; and it " will be difficult to ſcreen them from the cenſure of ſtyling them " critical trifling."
Monthly Review, Jan. 1792.

both

both is to copy nature; and if in the great original there are imperfections to be found, or rather parts leſs pleaſing than others, what can be expected from our beſt endeavours to imitate, or what ſucceſs can be obtained, when art will judge and prejudice decide?

" Where with their judgments, as their watches, none
" Go juſt alike, yet each believes his own."

Of the following trifles I ſhall only ſay, that they have been written under all the diſadvantages of perpetual avocations, and viciſſitudes of mind and body; nor is there a ſingle production, the Abelard excepted, which does not owe its origin to ſome real incident in life; conſequently,

" Si qua meis fuerint, ut erunt, vitioſa libellis,
" Excuſata ſuo tempore, lector, habe."

And if the youth of an author can palliate the errours of compoſition, I am free to aſſert there are very few in this collection that were not written during the interval of ſixteen and twenty-ſeven. I have followed the example of ſome of our moſt eminent writers in mentioning this circumſtance, not ſo much to conciliate favour with the gay and lively, as to ſhelter the irregular dictates of inexperience from the ſeverer aim of veteran preciſion. To the critics of this deſcription, however, and to the graver part of mankind, it may not be impertinent nor unpleaſant to add, that this collection conſtitutes a very ſmall part of what I have either totally deſtroyed, or prudently with-

drawn. The Vanity of Fame requires ſome apology for its cloſe ſimilitude to Pope's didactic eſſays; the beſt I can offer is, that the greateſt part was written at ſchool, and being literally my firſt attempt in Engliſh poetry, was unavoidably influenced by an aſſiduous application to the productions of that writer, but not indebted to them for a liberty which deſervedly draws upon the unguarded imitator both ridicule and cenſure.

" Inceptis gravibus plerumque, et magna profeſſis
" Purpureus late qui ſplendeat, unus et alter
" Aſſuitur pannus"—

To the candid, therefore, and to thoſe eſpecially who would rather encourage the laudable efforts of their contemporaries, than repreſs their emulation, I ſubmit, with all the deference I owe them, the dictates of a mind, which, in the courſe of very few years, has experienced the various conflicts of inconſtant manhood; which has patiently endeavoured to pleaſe, becauſe it would not wantonly offend; but which has neither viſited the paths of flowery panegyric to flatter rank, nor gathered the thorns of ſatire and ill-nature to gain applauſe or gratify deſire; which, in the midſt of prejudice and miſconception, has calmly directed its purſuits towards the acquirement of uſeful knowledge, and collected ſuch materials as might hereafter enable it to be ſomething more than a cypher in community; to afford real virtue, honour and good

ſenſe,

ſenſe, the luſtre they deſerve, as far as ability could reach; and to ſtrip vice and hypocriſy, however guarded by wealth, title and adulation, of thoſe embelliſhments which ignorance miſtakes for greatneſs, and wiſdom ſanctifies by tame forbearance.

The preſent collection contains little more than a ſelection of ſuch productions as the young may read (being the immediate offspring of youthful ſentiment), and the more experienced will perhaps excuſe, when they are informed that ſeveral incorrect and mutilated copies had been frequently publiſhed without the aid of correction or the poliſh of improvement. To ſay that I am indifferent about the reception they may obtain among the candid and informed, would be as ridiculous and falſe, as it would be ungrateful to the illuſtrious patronage with which they are moſt graciouſly honoured: but to expect celebrity from little more than the cultivated ſcions of youthful acquiſition, exceeds even the hopes of youthful ambition, and is only the promiſe of ſelf-flattery, that generally ends in diſappointment. If the tranſcript of ſentiment and obſervation ſhould chance to pleaſe in an age where novelty, however monſtrouſly yoked to apparent ſenſe, too frequently takes the lead, I am convinced that my ſucceſs will be more owing to the cloſe attention I have given to life, than to any fortunate image of roving

fancy. To thoſe, who will not condeſcend to find out the aptitude of thought and language, but wantonly affix to the repreſentations of unvarniſhed nature the hackneyed terms of *trite* and *common-place*, I muſt reply with Dryden, " That when a painter copies from the " life, I ſuppoſe he has no privilege to alter features and " lineaments, under pretence that his picture will look " better; perhaps the face which he has drawn would be " more exact if the eyes or noſe were altered, but it is " his buſineſs to make it reſemble the original. In two " caſes only there may a *ſeeming* difficulty ariſe, that is, " if the thought be notoriouſly trivial or diſhoneſt; but " the ſame anſwer will ſerve for both——that then they " ought not to be written."—DRYDEN's Pref. to OVID.

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DEDICATION.

TO

LADY HAGGERSTON.

EUDOSIA adds to her ſtation in life a nobility of ſpirit, which ſtill diſtinguiſhes her above the reſt of her ſex.—Beauty in others is lovely, in others agreeable, in others attractive; but in EUDOSIA it is commanding: love towards EUDOSIA is a ſentiment like the love of glory. The lovers of other women are ſoftened into fondneſs—the admirers of EUDOSIA exalted into ambition.

SPECTATOR.

ENDOWED with the amiable qualities which deſervedly rendered LAURA an ornament to the fourteenth century, and, like her, leſs diſtinguiſhed for the external charms of a beautiful form, than your unblemiſhed purity of mind, I know no one,

beneath whoſe eyes this feeble ſketch of PETRARCH's attachment can ſo properly be laid, as thoſe, which, if PETRARCH now lived, might produce the ſame effects. For in whatever light the world beholds you—whether in the mild ſunſhine of domeſtic happineſs, or in the public walk of faſhionable life, breathing benevolence and ſocial kindneſs—the natural ſerenity of your looks enlivens every ſcene; your beauty ſtill attracts admiring crowds, while veneration bends to an acknowledged innocence of manners.

PERMIT me to withdraw, without apologizing for the liberty I have taken, in thus dedicating to your Ladyſhip the haſty production of a few mornings. I have truſted to that uncommon condeſcenſion, and mildneſs of diſpoſition, which to ſuperiour acquirements have joined all the ſimplicity of LAURA. I ſhall add, as the ſincereſt teſtimony of my reſpect for virtue, a devout wiſh, that you may long remain among us, attended by every comfort of the marriage ſtate; and when you ſhall be called to your native heaven,

heaven, that you may ſtill continue to live in the ſpotleſs conduct of your fair deſcendants.

I have the honour to be,

My LADY,

Your Ladyſhip's

Moſt obedient, and

Moſt humble Servant,

CHARLES JAMES.

PETRARCH to LAURA,

A

POETICAL EPISTLE.

FAR from the dear deluſion of thoſe eyes,
Whoſe ſoft'ning magic melts me into ſighs,
While reaſon, trembling at reſiſtleſs charms,
Steals to my heart, and guards it from alarms;
Say, ſhall thy friend—that name at leaſt is mine,
And heav'n may ſure allow it to be thine!—
Say, ſhall thy friend, thy PETRARCH, dare to prove
A kindred impulſe of untainted love?
From thoſe dear lips the ſtern injunction came,
And love muſt yield to friendſhip's purer name.

Stretch'd on the bier, round which, with many a ſigh,
Diſtreſs has mus'd, and fix'd her ſtreaming eye;
When ſome loſt wretch, by keen remembrance torn,
To death's cold manſions ſees her lover borne,
Indulgent pity, with officious art,
Waits on her grief, and ſooths her bleeding heart.
And ſhall my LAURA, gentleſt of her kind!
My life's ſole pride and miſtreſs of my mind!
Whoſe bleſt idea's all the reſt I know,
My only care and happineſs below!
Shall ſhe from others wipe the tear of grief,
And PETRARCH only be deny'd relief?
She, at whoſe glance each gath'ring ſorrow flies,
Hope blooms afreſh, and blank affliction dies!
Ah, no! that breaſt, for ſoftneſs fram'd alone,
Heaves with misfortune pity makes her own.

Smooth as thy boſom, tho' not half ſo fair!
Serenely bright, and like thy virtue clear;
Without one noxious particle of heat,
Health's pureſt ſpring, and every muſe's ſeat

(For

(For there Boccacé tunes his am'rous lay*,
And azure nymphs to murm'ring echoes play);
Cloſe to my walls, in artleſs beauty, flows
A ſilver ſtream, and courts me to repoſe.
Soft are its banks, adorn'd with many a flow'r,
And thickly ſhaded by the leafy bow'r.
Emblem of ſorrow's melancholy train,
And far ſequeſter'd from the noiſy plain,
My fav'rite willow waves above the tide
His pendent boughs, in ſolitary pride:
Peaceful he hangs, and ſilently reproves
The boiſt'rous tumults of the man who loves.
There, too, thy laurel † ſtands the wintry ſtorms,
And, full of thee, my raptur'd fancy warms.
Fix'd in this tranquil ſolitude at laſt,
My wand'rings over, and my troubles paſt!

* John de Certaldo, or John Boccacé, the celebrated author of the *Decameron*, &c. was Petrarch's particular friend.—They had 'each the 'ſame taſtes, and the ſame averſions; the ſame ardent deſire of knowledge, 'frankneſs, truth of mind, and tenderneſs of heart.'

† PETRARCH conſecrated a favourite laurel tree in his garden at Vaucluſe to the memory of LAURA, and called it by her name.

Here let me learn to form each riſing thought
By thoſe chaſte principles thy virtue taught:
Sooth'd by thy looks, and innocently free,
With calm delight to join thy Lord and thee.

And yet, what means this more than friendſhip's heat?
Why ſtarts my reaſon at the dear deceit?
Shall then no gentle palliative be found,
No kind deluſion to aſſuage my wound?
For ever then, with inward fire oppreſt,
Muſt PETRARCH nurſe the poiſon in his breaſt?
In ſecret wander to the bow'r of bliſs,
And long for charms that never muſt be his?
For ever then muſt fruitleſs pity prove
The joyleſs ſubſtitute of mutual love?
How loſt, how foreign are its ſounds to me,
Whoſe only comfort is to gaze on thee!
Still to thoſe looks, diſſatisfied, unbleſt,
My wiſhes wander, and I ſigh for reſt.
Like the benighted mariner, whoſe eye,
Loſt in the gloom of a tempeſtuous ſky,
Looks for a guiding ſtar, and ſadly ſteers,
With doubtful anguiſh and oppreſſive fears;

My

My troubled ſoul, toſs'd on the ſurge of life,
With keen impatience views the giddy ſtrife
Of things below; turns from ambition's plan,
And, ſick'ning, owns the wretchedneſs of man.

Ill-fated they! whoſe ſouls, congenial born,
Are ſway'd by int'reſt, prejudice, or ſcorn;
In paſſive ſervitude whoſe moments glide
Through all the formal miſeries of pride.
How curs'd in ſick'ning apathy to prove
The wild exceſs of ill-requited love!
Where ſhall that ſpotleſs happineſs be won,
Which makes our reaſon and our ſenſes one?
Bids peace be more than momentary reſt,
And gives unclouded ſunſhine to the breaſt?
Turns from the dazzling magic that decays
In pride's meridian, and in folly's rays,
To calm reflection and innate deſire,
Raptures that charm, and joys that never tire?
Yet thou, my LAURA—for to charms like thine
All nature bends, and ſighs, at virtue's ſhrine—
Ne'er from ungrateful *Sade*, whom heav'n has bleſt
With all that's beauteous, and with all that's beſt—

Can

Can thy pure boſom be condemn'd to know
The pangs, the wretchedneſs of wedded woe.
Still in domeſtic happineſs approv'd,
By all who know thee, honour'd and belov'd!
Live to thoſe tender ties, that ſage decree
Which heav'n has made, nor loſe one thought on me.
Ah think not—ſpotleſs as thou art, and pure—
On one, whoſe illneſs death can only cure!
Far from thee ſped, let all remembrance ceaſe,
And leave me wretched, to ſecure thy peace.

Heav'ns! with what quick tranſition do I move
From friendſhip's limits to unbounded love!
Soon from my heart the curtain drops away,
And every feeling ruſhes into day.
O ſtate of inward miſery complete,
Where fruitleſs wiſhes and repentance meet!
When heav'n juſt op'ning to my ſoul appears,
And ſoft forgiveneſs glimmers thro' my tears;
When kind contrition wears out ev'ry crime,
And MERCY marks me on the leaf of time;
From rapt'rous ecſtaſy thy beauties tear
Each ſoaring thought, and burſt on every pray'r;

That

That lov'd idea ev'ry ſcene diſpels,
And all my boſom into tumult ſwells ;
Earth and my LAURA more inviting ſeem
Than heav'n, tho' pictur'd by the bigot's dream.
What are its manſions of eternal light,
Seraphic ſounds, or raptures of delight!
What is the boaſted plenitude of joy,
Pleaſures for ever new, that cannot cloy!
If in the bright immeaſurable round
I ſigh for joys where only *thou* art found?
How vain! how joyleſs is that heav'n to me,
Whoſe only pleaſures are to gaze on thee!
One look of kindneſs, ſuch as thoſe ſoft eyes
With pity ſhed on ſorrow's mournful ſighs—
One tender ſound, that ſhames the liſt'ning ſpheres,
And which thy PETRARCH ſtill in abſence hears!—
To this ſad boſom more divinely feels,
That all the raptures PIETY reveals.

How oft, attemp'ring by diſcretion's frown
The ſmiles of peace I fondly thought my own,
Haſt thou, when ſick'ning with my pain I ſigh'd,
By one kind look the ſtream of ſorrow dry'd!

Pierc'd

Pierc'd to my inmoſt ſenſe, and made me know
The wide extremes of happineſs and woe!
For, ah! no ſooner was the gentle fire
Of ſlumb'ring paſſion waken'd by deſire;
Scarce had my heart the gleam of comfort caught
That ſlowly brighten'd thro' the gloom of thought,
Than you, no ſtranger to the human breaſt,
With ſtern ſeverity my looks repreſt.
Was then your glove * too much for years of pain?
Was virtue kept more ſpotleſs by diſdain?
Back to my wonted wretchedneſs I move,
And pity thoſe whom heav'n has doom'd to love;
Penſive from thee to melancholy turn,
While anguiſh murmurs as I inly mourn:
'Sit in ſevereſt judgment on my fate—
'Thy blame may reach me, but thou canſt not hate.'

How often, viſited by gleams of peace,
When ſtudy ſooth'd me with imperfect eaſe,

* LAURA happening to drop her glove at a public aſſembly, PETRARCH wiſhed to keep it, but was harſhly repulſed.

Loſt in ſome learned bus'neſs of the brain,
Has fancy led me from my boſom's pain;
Kindly deluſive charm'd me to repoſe,
And lull'd to reſt the tumult of my woes!
Big with each little plan ambition frames,
The glare of titles, and the noiſe of names,
I've trod the ſlipp'ry paths of gay renown,
And fame has call'd me to the laurell'd crown.
Heav'n knows, how, careleſs of each honour paid,
My boſom ſicken'd at the gay parade;
When princes crowded in my envy'd train,
And monarchs yielded to the Muſe's reign;
Still on each ſcene thy lov'd idea ſtole—
Still did I feel thee wanting to the whole.
In vain the laurel, with encircling bough,
Twines its triumphant honours round my brow,
Or Rome re-echoes to my boaſted name *:
If LAURA's abſent, what is PETRARCH's fame?
How loſt—how fruitleſs are its charms to me,
Whoſe only comfort is to gaze on thee!

* PETRARCH was publicly crowned in the Capitol at Rome.

Call

Call me—whichever ſooths my LAURA's breaſt—
Thy Lord's acquaintance and his ſtudious gueſt:
Call me thy bard, inſtructor, or thy friend;
All in one ſofter character muſt end.
Thus for a time, the boiſt'rous tempeſts ceaſe,
And leave the ſkies in momentary peace;
A death-like ſtillneſs to the ſtorm ſucceeds,
And ſcarce a murmur's whiſper'd thro' the reeds;
Till with redoubled violence it ſhakes
The bending pines, and all its fury wakes.
Aw'd by no ties, and ſtranger to controul,
I feel the tyrant treſpaſs on my ſoul;
Soon does each kind illuſion melt away,
And ev'ry feeling's conſcious of his ſway.
Rapt into ſcenes, that never muſt be mine,
Heart-piercing thought! and never can be thine!
I yield unbounded to my ſleepleſs ill,
And add to paſſion, all the pow'r of will.
'Is there no law'—exhauſted with its woe,
Exclaims my heart, while ſtreams of ſorrow flow,
And bounteous nature from my wither'd brain
Lends a kind drop to cool its burning pain—

'Is

'Is there no law, which pitying heav'n allows
'To lovers, conſcious of each others vows?
'In wedded bondage muſt the boſom pine,
'And *cuſtom* keep what nature would reſign?'

O curs'd ſeduction of each virtuous ſenſe,
When fancy, flatter'd by the dear offence,
Dwells on each charm, in ſpite of ev'ry tie,
Till fiction gives what heav'n and you deny!
Sooth'd into reſt, my heavy eye-lids cloſe,
And fancy'd joys ſucceed to real woes.
Then do I claſp thee, trembling, in my arms,
Shook by tumultuous raptures and alarms;
Yielding to bliſs, my beauteous LAURA lies,
With beating boſom and expiring eyes.
Love on all ſides his purple pinion ſhakes,
Fans the ſoft flame, and every feeling wakes;
While urg'd by all that fancy can be bleſt,
With keen delight I ſnatch thee to my breaſt:
A thrilling tranſport ſhoots in ev'ry vein,
And madd'ning paſſion throws the willing rein.
Inſpir'd by raptures that can never cloy,
And loſt in mutual agonies of joy,

Trembling

Trembling I wander o'er thy angel frame,
And hear, and ſee thee, look and ſigh the ſame.
In gath'ring tumult freſh endearments riſe,
Float on each word, and languiſh in our eyes;
Lip ſeal'd to lip, and murm'ring breath to breath*,
Entranc'd we ſink in momentary death:
Till waſted nature, vanquiſh'd by the ſtrife,
Throbs in each vein, and graſps returning life;
Then from the dear ecſtatic pleaſure ſprings,
" And ſighs, and looks unutterable things!†"

Ah! tell me, LAURA—long inur'd to weep,
When captive grief has loſt its tears in ſleep,
Springs not the ſoul on fancy's airy plume,
Beyond the narrow precincts of the tomb?
While peace invites her to that bourn at laſt,
Where joy commences, and each ſorrow's paſt.

* PETRARCH's paſſion, which was certainly ſomewhat ſtronger than *mere* Platonic affection, frequently led him into the wildeſt exceſſes; but his receſſion from virtue was never of long duration.

† Although this line is to be found in Thomſon's Seaſons, I muſt in juſtice to myſelf declare, that, when I wrote the above paſſage, I had not read that pleaſing production.

Ah,

Ah, tell me too, when, conſcious of the cheat,
Awaken'd reaſon ſtartles at deceit,
Is not the wretch to more than madneſs fir'd,
Each pain redoubled, and each bliſs deſir'd?
Too well this heart the bitter truth avows,
When conſcience tears me from its guilty vows;
And heav'n, or chance, the treach'rous dream deſtroys,
While virtue ſhudders at illicit joys.
Wretch that I am, to taint thy ſpotleſs ear
With guilty ſounds, which honour ſhould not hear:
More wretched ſtill, to bid thy breaſt afford
One rebel wiſh, that tears thee from thy lord!
Is this the vaunted purity I draw
From beauty, led by virtue's pureſt law?
Are theſe the precepts ſo divinely taught
By thoſe chaſte eyes, and innocence of thought?

Sad fatal morn! on which devotion drew
My early ſteps, and heav'n invited you;
When echoing matins fill'd the ſacred dome,
And rapture mingled with a world to come.
O time for ever dear, tho' mark'd by woe,
Afflictive ſource of all the griefs I know!

Then, void of care, on active wing I ſprung,
Lov'd by the old, and honour'd by the young;
Warm'd by thoſe hopes, which gay ambition feeds,
And ſpurr'd by nature to the nobleſt deeds;
While partial Phœbus touch'd my choſen lyre
With more than common elegance and fire;
Thy PETRARCH *then*—how loſt! how wretched now!
Stepp'd into life with pleaſure's cheerful brow:
Smooth and unſullied every moment ran,
And reaſon mingled in the joys of Man.
Without one care or ſorrow, to deſtroy
The flatt'ring tenour of unfading joy,
New pleaſures roſe, at ev'ry ſtep I took:
What comfort vaniſh'd in one fatal look!

From one ſoft glance of thoſe ſeducing eyes,
What hopes have yielded to continu'd ſighs!
Mark'd is that brow, where once no trace was known,
My looks are languid, and my vigour's gone;
On ev'ry feature ſad affliction's ſeen,
And melancholy ſhades my penſive mien.
In vain to books and ſolitude I fly,
Or ſearch thro' nature with enquiring eye;

In

In ev'ry flow'r, that heav'nly bloom I ſee,
At ev'ry line, my wiſhes ſpring to thee.
Read what I pleaſe, remembrance, ſtill I find,
Breathes in each page, and holds thee to my mind.
Oh why—too gentle for the tyrant's part—
Since heav'n has made thee miſtreſs of my heart,
Why ſhouldſt thou wave the rod of hard controul,
And raiſe ſuch tumults in my vanquiſh'd ſoul!
Let kindneſs cheer me, and I'll hug my chains,
Nor wiſh for liberty while LAURA reigns;
In ev'ry pulſe thy ſoft dominion own,
Each ſenſe thy ſubject, and my heart thy throne.
Vain hopes! whoſe falſehoods ev'ry proſpect ſhade,
For LAURA ſlights the conqueſt ſhe has made.

Cloſe to Vaucluſe*, and neighb'ring on my cot,
Romantic nature ſpreads a friendly grot.

* Vaucluſe is a delightful romantic ſpot, ſituate in the neighbourhood of Avignon, and facing the Mediterranean. It is ſurrounded on all ſides by a ſtupendous chain of rocks in the form of a horſe-ſhoe. At the foot of one of thoſe enormous cliffs, you behold a prodigious cavern hollowed by the hand of nature. A fountain riſes in the middle, and forms the river Sorgia.

Beyond the reach of tumult's buſtling crew,
By rocks o'erhung, and perilous to view;
Dark as my ſoul, the diſmal hollow lies,
Diſjoin'd from earth, and ſtranger to the ſkies;
For not a ray can pierce the gloomy round:
There echo reſts, nor wakes to human ſound.
The whiſtling winds, that tear the ſkirted ſky,
Here loſe their rage, and into murmurs die;
While Sorgia's rills in trickling horror creep,
And kindly prompt my aching eyes to weep.
Down my wan cheek the tear of anguiſh flows,
And lends a mournful reſpite to my woes.
There mayſt thou view what havoc charms, like thine,
Inceſſant make, and add one ſigh to mine:
Nor couldſt thou, callous to the tend'reſt flame,
See pain and ſickneſs waſte a lover's frame,
And not relieve the tortures of deſpair
By one kind look—perhaps by one ſoft tear.
There, in ſucceſſive agonies, I prove
Reflection's horrors, and the pangs of love.
Vain is each hope, foreboding reaſon cries;
Vain are thy tears and more than human ſighs.

Beyond the reach of tumult's bustling crew,
By rocks o'erhung, and perilous to view;
Dark as my soul, the dismal hollow lies,
Disjoyn'd from earth, and stranger to the skies;
For not a ray can pierce the gloomy round:
There echo rests, nor wakes to human sound.

Car. James inv. C.R.Ryley delin. W.Skelton Sculp.

PETRARCH.

BRITISH
3 NO 74
MUSEUM

Rous'd by diſtreſs, I ſoar to op'ning heav'n,
Plead for each crime, and find each crime forgiv'n:
Conviction beams, and, arm'd in ev'ry part,
I riſe to tear thee from my ſtruggling heart.
Deluded wretch! no ſooner am I ſpread,
Worn down by thought, on mournful ſorrow's bed;
Scarce are my ſenſes lull'd to broken reſt,
And thy lov'd image wav'ring from my breaſt,
Than, with reſiſtleſs magic, o'er the whole
Thy beauty ſtreams, and faſcinates my ſoul.
In that kind hour, when all, ſave PETRARCH, know
A calm ſuſpenſe from wretchedneſs and woe,
Thrice have I known thee pierce the night's ſtill reign;
Thrice have I heard thee claim thy ſlave again.
A conſcious tremor every ſenſe diſarms;
I hear! I ſee thee burſt in all thy charms.
Rob'd as thou wert on that ill-fated day,
When ev'ry wiſh was yielded to thy ſway,
With ſtedfaſt look and dignity divine,
On ev'ry ſide I feel, I ſee thee ſhine.
'Turn'—didſt thou ſay—'ungrateful wretch! and ſee
'The ſlighted friend, whoſe cares are all for thee.

'Ingrate! unkind! thy LAURA to diſown,
'Becauſe her breaſt is purer than thy own.
'Is there no realm, beyond this mortal ſpot*,
'Where lovers meet, and ev'ry pain's forgot?'
Heav'ns! with what inward anguiſh did I ſtart,
What ſearching chillneſs ſhook my troubled heart,
Till, cold as marble, or the ling'ring breath
That feebly flutters on the lip of death,

* I have extracted this note from the Memoirs to which I am ſo much indebted. 'PETRARCH retired to this delightful ſpot, to cure himſelf 'of his paſſion, and indulge his taſte for letters, but in vain.' (The author means Vaucluſe.)

'I may hide myſelf,' ſays he, 'among the rocks and in the woods; 'but there are no places ſo wild or ſolitary whither the torments of love 'do not purſue me.

'Thrice in that dark and lonely hour when nought but ghaſtly ſhades 'is ſeen or heard, LAURA, with ſtedfaſt look, approached my bed and 'claimed her ſlave. My limbs were frozen with fear; my blood fled 'from my veins, and ruſhed upon my heart. Trembling I roſe ere morn, 'and left a houſe where all I ſaw alarmed me. I climbed the rocks; I 'ran into the woods; watching with fearful eyes this dreadful viſion: I 'may not be believed, but ſtill it followed;—here I perceived it ſtarting 'from a tree—there riſing from a fountain—now it deſcended from the 'rocks, or floated on the clouds. Surrounded thus, I ſtood transfixed 'with horror!'

This deſcription alone is ſufficient to vindicate my opinion of PETRARCH's paſſion.

Congeal'd

Congeal'd I lay, tumultuous terror o'er,
Gaz'd on thy face, and throbb'd at ev'ry pore.
Guilt ſtalks around, and ſtings my tortur'd ear,
While conſcience adds to ev'ry ſound I hear.
Led by deſpair, and heedleſs of my doom,
Reſtleſs I riſe, and pierce the midnight gloom;
Up the ſteep rock with madd'ning anguiſh fly,
Wrapp'd in the thickeſt horrors of the ſky;
Along the ridge, aghaſt and ſad, I move,
Or try to ſhun thee in the deepeſt grove.

How vain each ſtruggling effort of my breaſt!
On ev'ry ſcene thy image ſtands impreſt,
I hear! I ſee thee, ſpite of rocks and trees,
Float on the cloud, and whiſper in the breeze;
Beam from the browneſt ſhadows of the wood,
Shake in each branch, and murmur in each flood.

Unkind deluſion! where ſhall reaſon find
The peaceful tenour of a virtuous mind?
Why ſeeks the ſoul imaginary reſt,
Or courts poſſeſſion to the troubled breaſt?

Ah me! in puniſhment, ſhould heav'n beſtow
The ſecret wiſh that makes my boſom glow,
To what eternal agonies of pain
Muſt PETRARCH turn, and where he turns remain!
The ſea would ſooner with the ſcorching ray
Of ſultry Sirius float along the day;
In calm connection to the Line retire,
And roll his current thro' a flood of fire;
There undiminiſh'd mingle with the light,
And all its cooling particles unite,
Than—into ſcenes of recollection thrown—
My God ſhould tear me from the joys I'd known.
For ſtill remembrance, to reflection preſt,
Would ſigh for raptures which I once poſſeſt;
Back to thoſe ſcenes my giddy ſoul would move,
And even piety give way to love.

Loſt in ſome awful ſolitary ſhade,
A thouſand fears oppreſs the timid maid.
On ev'ry wind ſome gliding ſpectre moves,
Or ruffian iſſues from the neighb'ring groves;
Trembling ſhe treads, and ſtarts at ev'ry ſound,
When gath'ring darkneſs veils the meadows round.

Forward

Forward each look's ſolicitouſly caſt,
Nor dares reflection venture on the paſt.
Transfix'd, ſhe ſtops at ev'ry lane to come,
Then darts, in ſcar'd precipitancy, home.
There end her fears, contentment beams anew,
And gladneſs ſprings from ev'ry pain ſhe knew.
Not ſo thy PETRARCH; torn on ev'ry ſide,
By fruitleſs hopes of comfort ſtill deny'd;
At ev'ry ſtep ſurrounding ſorrows flow,
Recal the paſt, and wake ſome future woe.
Penſive I move to all I left behind,
With aching boſom and a waſted mind.
Complaints ſucceed to melancholy grief,
I call thee *barb'rous*, and I feel relief.
Alas! how weak! how tranſient does it prove!
One thought ſubdues me to the gentleſt love.
For ah!—though rapid as the ray that flies
In awful tumult o'er the darken'd ſkies—
Deluſion brightens on my clouded heart,
And flatt'ring ſighs—'Thy LAURA ſhares a part!'
Back on my ſoul each giddy tranſport turns,
I think thee *gentle*, and my boſom burns.

Again

Again I view thee in thy blaze of charms,
My ſenſes madden, and my ſoul's in arms.
'Tis then—for fiction ne'er can paint it ſo—
Our wiſhes meet, and both united glow.
Say! does remembrance wake the tender ſigh,
Spring from thy breaſt, and prompt thy gazing eye,
If, in that hour, when ſorrow loves to muſe,
A ſoft idea wanders to Vaucluſe?
Does one kind wiſh, congenial to my own,
Steal from the ſick'ning grandeur of the town,
And ſweetly beam on this deſerted ſpot,
While all, but love and PETRARCH, is forgot?
Ah doſt thou, LAURA, echoing ſighs to mine,
Feel in each ſenſe that PETRARCH *ſhould* be thine?
Recal thy vows, in wiſh'd-for freedom move,
And mix with marriage all the ſweets of love?
Seducing dream! once more to madneſs wrought,
My hungry ſenſes ſnatch the pleaſing thought:
Once more I leave my ſolitary bow'rs,
And ſee thee beckon from Avignon's tow'rs:
With haſty ſtep and keen aſpiring eye,
Quick to thoſe fatal well-known walls I fly;

Talk

Talk to each gale, and in each murmur hear
A ſigh, that calls me to thy partial ear.
So the deſerted bird, whoſe mates are flown,
Floats in the void of elements unknown;
While angry waves in tumult roar below,
And boiſt'rous winds from ev'ry quarter blow;
At laſt he ſees a friendly ſail appear,
And drops, unconſcious of a danger there*.
How beats my heart, what varying paſſions riſe,
That fondly cheat me into future ſighs,
When, near the ſpot where all my wiſhes reſt,
With flutt'ring pulſe, quick ſtep, and throbbing breaſt,
Madd'ning I tread, till all united meet,
And tranſport throws me trembling at thy feet!

* The following account which PETRARCH gives of himſelf and of LAURA's behaviour will eaſily prove the agitated ſtate of his mind.—'As ſoon as I appear, you turn your eyes away; you recline your head; 'and your countenance is troubled. *Alas! I perceive you ſuffer.* O LAURA, 'why theſe cruel manners? Could you tear yourſelf from a heart where 'you have taken ſuch deep root, I ſhould commend your ſeverity; in a 'barren and uncultivated ſoil, the plant that languiſhes requires a kinder 'ſun; but you muſt for ever live in my heart. Since then it is your deſ-'tiny, render your ſituation leſs diſagreeable.'

Chain'd

Chain'd to thoſe knees, in vain you cry—Forbear!
Dim are my eyes, and deaf my love-ſick ear;
With quiv'ring lip, from hand to hand I rove,
And ſighs proclaim how much—how well I love.
O precious interval, when ſilence ſhows
The mutual tenderneſs that inly glows!
Touch'd by thoſe ſighs, my anguiſh and my tears,
Compaſſion melts to ev'ry ſound ſhe hears:
Nor canſt thou burſt from PETRARCH's longing arms,
Till ſpotleſs virtue fills thee with alarms.
Still on my ear the pious accents dwell,
Which heav'n inſpir'd, and eloquently fell
From thoſe dear lips, when, to thyſelf reſtor'd,
Diſcretion ſpoke, and PETRARCH bleſs'd each word.
'I am not,' ſaidſt thou, tremulouſly faint,
'The wretch you think me, and your paſſions paint.
'If PETRARCH love, ah! let his flame aſpire
'Beyond low-thoughted paſſion and deſire:
'Free from each earth-born particle of clay,
'The virtuous love in heav'n's eternal day.
'In humble hope, then, let us jointly riſe
'From lawleſs wiſhes, and repentant ſighs.

'Yet,

'Yet, O forbear to make this boſom feel
'One wiſh, that innocence dares not reveal.'
Abaſh'd I riſe, and, ſtartling at the view
Of conſcious guilt, juſt catch a laſt adieu;
Back to Vaucluſe my wretched footſteps bear,
And turn, alternately, to love and pray'r.
Fix'd on the dear reſemblance of that face*—
Thoſe eyes, ſweet manſions of each ſoft'ning grace!
Lips that can ſhame the roſe-bud in its prime,
And forehead, whiter than the lock of Time!
Convuls'd I ſtand—till, touch'd by heav'n and you,
Each ſenſe is quell'd, and virtue blooms anew.

Embow'ring ſhades! ye rocks and murm'ring floods,
Sequeſter'd vales, and ſolitary woods!
Scenes where my ſoul, ſubdu'd by love and grief,
In ev'ry black idea found relief:
And thou, ſad cave, receptacle of ſighs,
Whoſe mournful echoes oft have borne my cries!

* PETRARCH had a ſmall picture of LAURA, which was drawn by one Simon Martin, a pupil of Giotto, who was patronized by Benedict XII. 'She appears, according to a copy yet at Avignon (ſay the Me-'moirs), dreſſed in red, holding a flower in her hand, with a ſweet and 'modeſt countenance, rather inclined to tenderneſs.'

To

To ev'ry ſhade its ſtillneſs I reſtore,
And loſe in piety the woes I bore.

Yet thou, my guardian, advocate, and friend!
Still on my ſteps with gentleſt care attend;
Lead to thoſe realms, where, free from earth's alarms,
New-born and ſpotleſs, in celeſtial charms—
We both may riſe, ſtill loving and belov'd,
From all the miſeries each other prov'd.
And if—for heav'n, all conſcious of thy worth,
Will ceaſe to want thee for ungrateful earth—
If thou, my LAURA—ſpotleſs as thou art,
An angel's figure, and an angel's heart!
By virtue wafted, ſhouldſt in triumph riſe,
And leave thy PETRARCH exil'd to his ſighs,
Let, in thy gen'rous pleading for us all,
On *me* one look of ſeparate pity fall:
And, oh remember! that it once was thine
To raiſe my wiſhes, and my thoughts refine;
To point, where ſaints in trembling hope have trod,
And truſt, like you, my SAVIOUR and my GOD.

CON-

CONCLUSION.

I CANNOT take leave of my indulgent reader without firſt ſatisfying a curioſity, which I ſhould myſelf experience on a like occaſion: it is, however, with the utmoſt deference to inquiſitive knowledge. Neither can it prove ſuperfluous to treſpaſs upon the Public by extracting from PETRARCH's Memoirs a brief account of LAURA's death.

'In the year 1348, about the month of January, 'a dreadful plague broke out at Avignon, which 'ſhewed itſelf by a continual fever, with ſpitting of 'blood; and thoſe whom it ſeized died generally on, 'or at the end of the third day. It was moſt violent 'in Lent; ſo that in the three days which preceded 'the fourth Sunday in Lent, there died at Avignon 'fourteen hundred perſons; and if we may believe 'an hiſtorian of that time, this calamity carried off 'in that city only, in the ſpace of three months, a

'hundred

'hundred and twenty thouſand ſouls. LAURA felt 'the firſt attacks of it, the 3d of April: ſhe had the 'fever, with ſpitting of blood. As ſhe was perſuaded 'ſhe could not live above the third day, ſhe took the methods her piety and reaſon ſuggeſted to be imme-'diately neceſſary. LAURA, ſeated on her bed, ap-'peared quite tranquil; no hideous and threatening 'phantoms had power over her divine ſoul. Her com-'panions, who ſtood round her, wept and ſobbed 'aloud. It is a ſingular circumſtance,' obſerves the writer of theſe Memoirs, 'that ſo beautiful a perſon 'ſhould be ſo beloved by her own ſex. Nothing can 'be a higher eulogy on her character.—Her ſoul de-'parted gently, without a ſtruggle. She had the 'air of a weary perſon who ſlumbers, and death had 'penetrated through all her veins, without diſturbing 'the ſerenity of her countenance. She died about 'ſix in the morning, on the 6th of April, 1348. The 'body of LAURA was found in the chapel de la 'Croix, with an Italian ſonnet of PETRARCH's, in 'the year 1533; and it was then proved that the 'LAURA of PETRARCH, which ſome took it into 'their heads to doubt, was the ſame with Laura de

'Noves,

'Noves, wife of Hugues de Sade. PETRARCH adds, 'LAURA, illuſtrated by her own virtues, and long 'celebrated in my verſes, appeared to my eyes for 'the firſt time the 6th of April, 1327, at Avignon, 'in the church of St. Claire, at the firſt hour of the 'day: I was then in my youth. In the ſame city, 'on the ſame day, and at the ſame hour, in the year '1348, this luminary diſappeared from our world. 'I was then at Verona, ignorant of my wretched ſitu-'ation.'

It ſhould not, however, be forgotten, that, before PETRARCH's acquaintance with LAURA, he had been particularly attached to another woman; the iſſue of which connection was a ſon, who afterwards proved to our unfortunate lover a ſource of affliction. In this he ſhared the fate of his beloved LAURA, who was doomed to ſee the tendereſt care thrown away upon a diſſolute ſon and daughter.

'With reſpect to PETRARCH, after having led the 'life of a wanderer, to whom the ſweets of a kind and 'cheerful home are unknown and unhoped for, to al-

'leviate the toils of life, and the diſtreſſes of humanity, 'he finally departed this life at Venice. He had long 'been afflicted by a fever, which undermined him very 'ſenſibly; and languiſhed through a tedious diſorder, 'expiring by inches. He was found dead in his library, 'July 18, 1374, with one arm leaning on a book. 'His tender and ardent paſſion for LAURA had en-'tirely unſettled him for twenty years, and produced 'a reſtleſſneſs in his mind (not formed perhaps by 'nature in the calmeſt mould) through every ſuc-'ceeding period of life. From youth to manhood, 'he was a prey to the keeneſt ſenſibility: from man-'hood to old age, he was ſtruggling to recover a calm 'and virtuous ſtate of ſoul.'

VANITY OF FAME,

ADDRESSED TO

SIR CARNABY HAGGERSTON, BART.

" Primâ dicte mihi, ſummâ dicende camænâ."

HORATII EPISTOLÆ.

FAME's ſacred heat, how wide it ſpreads, how ſmall
The faithleſs pleaſure it affords to all:
The mad ambition of its fruitleſs aim,
To catch the wand'ring echo of a name,
I ſing—O HAGGERSTON! the verſe inſpire!
Breathe on each line thy elegance and fire;
Teach me this maze of errour to pervade,
And call neglected reaſon from her ſhade.

Science to thee has ſpread her ſacred ſtores,
And crown'd thy labours with her choiceſt flow'rs;

Thy breaſt the Critic and the Bard inform,
With truth to judge us, and with fire to warm;
Nor is thy heart unequal to thy mind;
There glows each paſſion of the purer kind;
Kind to the laſt where'er thy friendſhip moves,
And more than gen'rous where thy reaſon loves.

Come then, my guide—O thou, whoſe rank and birth,
Though great, are ſtill inferiour to thy worth;
Pilot my little bark, and with the gale
That ſped thy veſſel, ſpeed my riſing ſail!
But if, unequal to the dang'rous theme,
*Advent'rous youth ſhould miſs its arduous aim,
Point to that path which humbler bards attend,
And be the muſe's patron and her friend.

How ſhall we gain what vanity would have,
What ſoon or late muſt periſh in the grave?

* The greateſt part of this poem was written at a very early age, when the author was neither in the practice, nor had the opportunity of ſeeing men and manners. Much therefore ſhould be allowed to the ſolitary dictates of pure imagination; and not a little to the original deſign of the undertaking, which was literally a ſchool-boy's ſelf-enjoined taſk for the improvement of his native language in a foreign country.

How

How ſhall we catch this ſhadow of renown,
Which, meteor-like, is ſeen, and quickly gone!
Say, ſhall we ſail where wand'ring fancy guides,
In ſearch of honour, thro' the furtheſt tides?
Columbus-like, another world explore,
In other ſuns, where other oceans roar?
Through ſavage nature meditate the prize,
And catch the ſhadow while it tempts our eyes?

How dear, alas! the tribute which we pay,
For bays ſcarce ſprung, but deſtin'd to decay!
Our warmeſt wiſh can honour's breath acquire,
When in the tomb that honour muſt expire?
There heroes, kings, and poets humbly lie,
Without a paſſion, and without a ſigh:
There titled wickedneſs, and injur'd worth,
Contented occupy their ſpeck of earth:
And THERE, thou giddy coxcomb of an hour,
Inſulting mimic of the man in pow'r!
Slave to the dazzling nonſenſe of the times!
Thy duſt ſhall mingle with the man of rhymes:
And if remembrance ſhould hereafter trace,
In ſome ſad daub, that ignominious face,

Still ſhall contempt attend thy hated name,
And ages ſpare thee to be damn'd by fame!

Why then, ye vain! thus ever on the ſtretch,
Why blindly graſp at what you cannot reach?
Is it in man his humbleſt wiſh to gain,
Or, if once gain'd, uninjur'd to maintain?
Scarce round the brows of Ammon's warlike ſon,
The laurel circles which his courage won,
Drunk with his conqueſts, triumphs, and his pow'r,
When fate commands, and Ammon's Son's no more!
Now what avail the terrours of his name,
His Perſian laurels, or his Indian fame?
Loſt! or at beſt unnotic'd, ſee they paſs,
And millions know not Alexander was.
What heroes fall! what honours diſappear,
Nor fame itſelf can tell us that they were!
To-day all triumph! ſcarce to-morrow's come,
When ev'ry laurel withers in the tomb;
The ſtoried arch, adorn'd with many a rhyme,
Betrays its charge, and owns the touch of time.
So ſink the great, ſo Tully's hope was vain;
Which HYDE has loſt, and CHATHAM ſcarce could gain.

Go madly then, in reaſon's ſpite aſpire,
Where fancy points, and vanity can fire;
Shine forth in arms, the bloody combat guide,
Bid nations bleed, and ruin ſwell the tide;
Supremely vain, the giddy height explore
Of ſov'reign pride, and riſen—be no more!
Or vainly great in ſcience, ſhew the plan
Creation form'd, and fathom into man;
Sound all his turns, his paſſions, and his end,
Point how to one fair common whole they tend;
Look nature through with ſtudy's choiceſt ray,
Pervade this whole, and all its parts diſplay;
Spring from our earth, this little ſpot deſpiſe!
Frame worlds on worlds, and range along the ſkies;
Bid planets roll, bid ſuns and moons appear
At ſtated hours, and tell us how they ſteer:
Yet, ſpite of all, this bitter truth adore,
" Fate drops the veil, and ſcience is no more."
Fate drops the veil!—ambition, take thy ſting,
And wiſely curb the mad advent'ring wing;
What millions look for, think not ſolely thine!
'Tis Cockburn's! Eliott's! Palliſer's, and mine;

'Tis the vile wretch's, in whoſe trait'rous breaſt
Lurks ev'ry vice by which the world's oppreſs'd.

Weak, fooliſh man! is thirſt of fame confin'd
Within the partial limits of thy mind?
Look round our world, each little being ſee,
And ſay, vain wretch, is fame alone for thee?
All nature feels, nor can her breath inſpire
One ſingle atom with unequal fire;
The ſmalleſt part, though in an humbler ſpace,
Roams as we roam, and eyes the flying chaſe:
The courſer foams, and meaſures o'er the plain,
Champs the ſtiff bit, and toſſes in the rein;
Burns while his rider ruſhes on the foe,
And points his boſom to receive the blow;
Triumphant ſpurns the relics of the ſlain,
And beats with wanton hoof the hollow-ſounding plain:
'Tis not the ſpur that makes his eye-ball roll
With dauntleſs fire, and calls forth all his ſoul,
Reſiſtleſs drives him where the battle glows,
Through ſeas of blood, and heaps of dying foes.

The

The feather'd bards that chaunt in ev'ry grove,
And tune their voices to the ſound of love,
Announce the ſpring, and with ſoft muſic hail
The bright'ning beauties of the flow'ry vale;
Say, does not fame their little ſouls inſpire,
And honour's breath the little concert fire?
If chance a linnet, on the glitt'ring thorn,
Warbling ſalute the riſing of the morn,
The lark attends; it liſtens to the note,
And pours forth all the muſic of its throat;
With envy ſwells, and ſtretches out the lay,
Till the poor vanquiſh'd linnet quits the ſpray.
The packs that echo thro' the ſounding wood,
Start ev'ry game, and riot in its blood,
With all the rage of emulation bear,
Through thorns and thickets, on the ſylvan war:
The love-ſick bull, whoſe jealous eyes ſurvey
A beauteous heifer with his rival ſtray,
Provokes the fight with butting horns, and pours
Reſounding echoes through the diſtant bow'rs;
Undaunted ſpreads his terrours round the field,
Attacks his foe, and, living, ſcorns to yield:

Rapine

Rapine and love act but a ſecond part,
'Tis thirſt of fame that vibrates to the heart.

With diff'rent names, though in effect the ſame,
Our ruling paſſion is but thirſt of fame;
Luſt, pride, and gain, have all one common end,
And E—— would expire, did none commend.
There are, 'tis true—but ſuch we ſeldom find—
Whoſe wiſhes ſeem to wander from mankind:
Dull, ſullen ſouls! whoſe great and only ſigh,
Is juſt to breathe! be ſparing, and to die!
A grov'ling, mean, ſelf-intereſted ſect!
Neglected, yet unconſcious of neglect;
With not a beam of ſocial worth adorn'd,
By wit unnotic'd, and by folly ſcorn'd;
Whoſe very faults are foreign to the wiſe,
Whoſe very virtues wiſdom muſt deſpiſe!
Whoſe narrow feelings narrow proſpects bound,
And whoſe ſad life is one unalter'd, ſick'ning round!
Yet if, by ſome ſtrange miracle, you catch,
Lur'd from his cell, the ſolitary wretch;
If from her cage the fetter'd ſoul ſhould ſpring,
And keep to nature with a trembling wing;

Pride

Pride will awake the momentary ſigh,
And bid its wiſhes into public fly.
Thus does this ſov'reign inmate of the ſoul
Act on mankind with more or leſs controul;
Urge them to deeds which Heav'n and virtue love,
Or bid their boſoms with each meanneſs move.

FARMER*!—whoſe name's a monument of worth!
Whoſe death ennobles both thy race and birth!
When fate was uſher'd in each breath of wind,
And every element appear'd unkind,
Did aught, beſides what glory could ſupply,
Diſturb one thought, or wake one human ſigh?
No! not thy DEARER SELF could ſteal between,
Or bribe one pang from ſuch an awful ſcene;
Reſign'd thou ſtood'ſt, more like a god than man,
And gave to Britain all a Briton can;
Leaning on HOPE, thy fellow-warriour by,
Till all that could was ſav'd, thou wouldſt not die;
Then, hero-like, the fatal mandate giv'n,
Amid the burſt of war, thy ſpirit ſprung to Heav'n.

* Of the Quebec.

Bold

Bold Curtius, riſe! ſay, was it for the ſake
Of Rome alone, thy courage ſcorn'd the lake?
Or thou, brave youth! whoſe * wither'd hand confeſs'd
The dauntleſs vigour of a Roman's breaſt;
When vengeance took expiring freedom's part,
And aim'd its poignard at the tyrant's heart,
Did not a ſomething whiſper at that hour,
"To this ſhall future times their homage pour!"
Why wept a Cæſar in the wilds of Spain,
Big with each triumph that e'er thought could gain?
Did not a ſomething urge thoſe tears to flow?
Did not a ſomething, Brutus! prompt thy blow?
And yet how vain the tranſitory dream,
To you a nothing! and to us a name!
Fearleſs the virtuous Porcia met her doom,
And fled with freedom from expiring Rome!
Her name was echo'd thro' the Latian ſhore,
She died, was honour'd, and the ſcene was o'er!
Nor did her mould'ring relics catch the breath
Which fancy warbled to the ear of death.

Here let the Muſe—and ſure each Britiſh ſoul
Will, for the youth, with ev'ry muſe condole—

* Scævola.

To

To thee, brave MANNERS! pour the votive ſtrain,
And waft her tribute o'er the Weſtern Main.
RUTLAND, a race ſo honour'd by mankind,
For acts of valour, and a godlike mind,
Now doubly glorious brightens in thy fate,
And adds one peerleſs laurel to the ſtate.
In thy warm breaſt was felt that gen'rous fire,
Which Heav'n and virtue could alone inſpire:
Unaw'd by death, though wounded to deſpair,
Fair Albion's glory was thy only care!
All elſe expir'd: e'en fame itſelf forgot,
At that bright hour, to wake one private thought.
Oh, while beyond the ken of fancy's ray,
Thy ſpotleſs ſoul is loſt in endleſs day,
Wand'ring with Granby through your native ſkies,
Beyond a brother's, and a nation's ſighs!
Long may the Muſe, to pious rapture fir'd,
Repeat the ſtrain which dauntleſs worth inſpir'd:
Long may remembrance, with a ſigh ſincere,
Point to the deep, and ſhed the grateful tear;
Britannia's ſons ſhall catch the godlike flame,
And ſcorn each private view for public fame.

Juſt broke from ſchool, as when a ſtripling ſtrays
Along the murm'ring ſhore, in health and eaſe,
Anxious to cull what in his thought excels,
Careful he wanders o'er a thouſand ſhells;
And ſtill, as on he moves, new charms ariſe,
Something more pleaſing, or in ſhape, or dyes;
Till tir'd with thoſe he finds, yet wiſhing more,
He drops them, one by one, and leaves the ſhore:
So man, whom ev'ry guſt of flatt'ry fires,
Who knows no pleaſure but what fame inſpires,
With endleſs toil purſues the dazzling ſcheme,
And graſps, deluded, at an empty dream.
And ſure, if aught can touch an heav'nly mind,
Amid the feeble efforts of mankind;
If aught that's human can approach divine,
Or lend perfection to a great deſign;
'Tis that bold ſoul which int'reſt cannot ſpoil,
Ambition win, or flattery beguile;
Which owns no frailties but what nature bears,
And, if ſhe errs, through human weakneſs errs.
Fain would the Muſe, on vent'rous pinion, ſcale
Yon glorious rock, and catch the wondrous tale

Of

VANITY OF FAME.

Car. James inv. C.R. Riley del. W. Skelton sculp.

Just broke from School as when a stripling strays,
Along the murm'ring coast, in health and ease;
Anxious to cull what in his thought excells,
Careful he wanders o'er a thousand Shells,
Till tir'd with those he finds, yet wishing more,
He drops them, one by one, & leaves the Shore.

BRITISH
3 NO 74
MUSEUM

Of vet'ran worth; the grateful theme inſpires
My youthful voice, and all my boſom fires.
Amidſt the claſh of war methinks I riſe,
And dauntleſs flutter in Heſperian ſkies,
While on his rock brave Eliott nobly glows
With patriot valour, and repels our foes—
Scenes yet unſung the trembling deep deform,
And angry Mars in horrour mounts the ſtorm;
Pours from his cave the fiery bolts of ire,
And wraps the floating armament in fire;
Carnage and death appear on ev'ry ſide,
And Spain's choice youth lie welt'ring in the tide;
While Britain's genius, conſcious of his might,
Breathes on his ſons, and prompts them to the fight;
Darts the bright ray of valour, nobly great,
And mingles pity with a foe's defeat.
Yet what avail'd it? Where is Heathfield now?
Or what was Heathfield when he ceas'd to glow
With reaſon's ſpark? A driveller at moſt,
In childiſh whims and contradiction loſt.

As when ſome comet, long foretold to riſe,
Burſts on mankind, and ſtreams along the ſkies,

In

In ſilent wonder, and with inward awe,
We ſee it treſpaſſing on nature's law;
The glorious blaze, majeſtically bright,
Effulgent ſcatters unaccuſtom'd light;
Shorn of their beams the ſtars diminiſh'd lie,
And faintly glimmer in the glowing ſky:
At length, worn out, the dazzling wonder's o'er,
And Heav'n's whole aſpect glitters as before.
Long does remembrance view the wondrous blaze,
And fancy baſks, unfearful, in its rays,
Till, in revolving years, the ſplendour's laid,
A new one riſes, and the old's decay'd.
So CHATHAM, pouring with unbounded ſoul,
Forc'd all the tides of eloquence to roll;
On ev'ry ſtream reſiſtleſs luſtre threw,
At once our wonder and our guardian too.
Through Britain's Iſle, and thence on all mankind,
He beam'd the various ſplendours of his mind;
To Britain's foes, intolerable flame!
To Britain's friends, her conqueſt, and her fame.
Thus to the virtuous—philoſophic eye,
The meteor ſhines * benignant from the ſky,

* Benigno numine is the motto of the Chatham family.

While

While guilt beholds it with a ſecret dread,
And moves in anguiſh till the terrour's fled.

Thee, CHATHAM, long, by patriot fondneſs led,
The Muſe has viſited among the dead;
Where kings and ſtateſmen, never to return,
Slumb'ring aſide, are honour'd by thy urn.
May he, whoſe eminence more juſtly ſprings
From thee, than from the prejudice of kings,
With dauntleſs worth and honeſt views impreſt,
Still hold the bright example to his breaſt;
True to his king, his country, and his friend,
And acting nobly for the nobleſt end,
Like thee, reſiſt whate'er with canc'rous ill
Can taint the path of freedom's ſacred will;
Thy ſon's renown ſhall mingle with thy fame,
Nor yet eclips'd, nor yet beyond thy name!
Alas, how trifling is the breath we give,
To thee a nothing, though the triumph live!
To him how little! who in early hour,
* In ſpite of prejudice, is rais'd to pow'r.

* The indulgent reader will be pleaſed to recollect that this paſſage was written when, in the genial ſoil of national expectation, talents and paternal fame were cheriſhed by belief.

Though malice foams, and reſtleſs envy wakes
Her half-exhauſted, ſtill envenom'd ſnakes;
Yet PITT ſhall be what CHATHAM was before,
Like CHATHAM paſs away, and BE no more.

Preſumptuous man! why then attempt a toy,
Which each one covets, and which none enjoy?
A ſomething, which is ever in our view,
Yet ever flies as giddy men purſue:
An empty bubble, which a breath devours,
Which ſtill is promiſing, yet never ours.
In ev'ry age ſome follies we enjoy,
The child its rattle, and his game the boy;
The man with books or pleaſure muſt agree,
And tott'ring age is mimic of the three.
Yet love of fame the various ſcene inſpires,
The old man WISHES, and the young DESIRES.
Aſk yonder muſing, melancholy ſage,
That ſeeks the lonely walk, and ſhuns the age,
Why from the buſtle of the world he flies,
And ſeems to value what the reſt deſpiſe?
Why, cynic-like, within himſelf confin'd,
He lives a niggard of his cultur'd mind?

Is it becauſe he knows, what few men know,
That all is trifling vanity below?
Ah, no!—his ſoul the gen'ral paſſion feels,
And warmly covets what his heart conceals.
Deep in philoſophy the ſage who dives,
Whoſe breaſt enlarges as his fancy thrives;
For whom glad ſcience opens all to light,
Does virtue only, or does fame excite?

Thus in our breaſts do diff'rent paſſions move,
Some with a ſocial, ſome a ſelfiſh love.
Whether in public, or in private life,
In peaceful ſolitude, or noiſy ſtrife;
Whether a king, or e'en a king's own knave,
A fawning courtier, or a galley-ſlave;
A ſmooth-tongued merchant, or a bluſt'ring tar,
The quiet ſtudent, or the ſon of war;
This various paſſion mingles with the whole,
And ſways mankind by more or leſs controul.

The greedy wretch, whom thouſand fears command,
Whene'er the pence muſt quit his trembling hand,

Who ſees a cheat in honeſty itſelf,
And thinks e'en virtue meditates his pelf;
The frugal crone, whoſe maxim is, to live
Beneath the means that heav'n and nature give,
Who dreads her ruin in each crumb that drops,
And juſt ſubſiſts on dirty cruſts and ſops,
Preſerves the leavings of a ſtale repaſt,
And ne'er—but when ſhe viſits—breaks her faſt;
The greedy wretch, and partner of his care,
The frugal crone, both undiſtinguiſh'd bear
The living mark; would feel an inward ſore,
Should babbling echo whiſper—they were poor!
Venture a momentary flaſh of pride,
And turn out GEN'ROUS, once before they died.

E'en ſingularity,—that fooliſh elf,
Whoſe deareſt impulſe centres in itſelf,
For partial notice will abſurdly move,
Ingenious hero of a *ſtring* or *glove!*
" Fie," cries Sir Harry, vanity's beſt fool!
" Write like a ſchool-boy that has learnt by rule!
" Shall GREAT MEN imitate the merchant's clerk?
" Ah, rather let them blunder round a mark,

" Than for the STUPID, clear indited line,
" Renounce, O faſhion, ſuch a ſcrawl as thine!
" Let dear confuſion gather at each word—
" Scribbling's the ſureſt index of a Lord."
Why ſhould Sir Harry, faſhionably vain,
What others wiſh for, think of with diſdain?
Why ſhould Narciſſus, lamentably gay,
Deſpiſe the writer, yet admire the play?
Why ſhould Clorinda run an author down,
And from mere wantonneſs delude the town?
Tom weds for victuals, Harry for parade,
And both are wretched differently made;
The firſt has luxuries he can't digeſt;
The ſecond rank, that robs him of his reſt.
'Tis rare diſtinction bids the folly riſe,
For *that* they love you, hate you or deſpiſe.
And yet how faintly beams the ſcatter'd fire!
The whole ſhall vaniſh when the whims expire.

Yet harmleſs theſe! and innocent, though mean,
The gen'ral paſſions through the varying ſcene:
Curſe to themſelves alone, the public weal
Receives no wound from their ambitious ſteel:

Nor is the country, for a private end,
Shook to her vitals by a treach'rous friend;
But ſoon or late the fetter'd ſtreams return
Within their channel, from the ſecret urn.
See yonder viſionary, thoughtleſs fool *,
Whoſe great ambition is a mob to rule!
Bid rage inſenſate ſeize an harmleſs prey,
And flaſh deſtruction on the bluſhing day:
In blind deluſion's tranſitory pride,
Dragg'd by fanatic errour, ſee him ride;
Blaze like the dreaded meteor in the ſky,
And pour, like that, confuſion from his eye;
Clothe in religious zeal ambitious ends,
Abuſe his ſov'reign, and miſlead his friends.
Behold him madden round the good man's wall,
And meanly triumph in the fabric's fall:
Deaf to the voice of injur'd nature grown,
The mother's ſhrieks, and ſoft-ey'd virgin's moan.
Bid him be all that modeſt worth can dread,
Call forth his pride, and erring thirſt to lead:

* Lord George Gordon.

Bid

Bid him be all that can afflict mankind,
Then ſearch the ruling paſſion of his mind:
Break but the tickling ſtraw that works his brain
To all this rage, and ev'ry proſpect's vain:
Then Nero drops to what he was before,
And all his vaſt ambition is no more;
Then—though redeem'd by int'reſt from the fate
Which Heav'n and juſtice ow'd an injur'd ſtate—
His baſe intention wanders into nought,
A madman's viſion, and an empty thought!
Thus did ambition's wild devouring luſt
Lay the fair dome of Epheſus in duſt;
The Grecian * own'd the tyrant in his breaſt,
And gave to fame what wiſdom muſt deteſt.
And thus our Nero, borne on wings of fire,
Shall blaze through ages, till the world expire
In one wide waſte; while horrour ſtamps his name
With burning letters on the front of fame.

* Eraſtothenes, an ancient madman, who ſet fire to the beautiful Temple of Diana, at Epheſus, with a view of tranſmitting his name down to poſterity; and which he has effectually accompliſhed, by ſecuring to his memory the deteſtation of every honeſt man.

And yet, ambitious of a ſhort renown,
What mortals periſh, and what nations groan!
Much pitied Rome! the terrour and the jeſt
Of thoſe, whom once thy matchleſs arm oppreſt;
Say, where are now thoſe honours of thy name,
Their laurels wither'd, and extinct their fame?
One heap of ruin loads our aching eye,
And ſcarce a ſtone can tell us where they lie;
Of moulder'd monuments few marks remain,
The ſtructure vaniſh'd, and a deſert plain!
Yet once, the glorious miſtreſs of our earth,
Rome gave a Cato, and a Cæſar birth;
Surrounding nations trembled at her word,
Receiv'd her laws, and yielded to her ſword:
And once ſhe thought a never-ending fame
Would deck her triumphs, and attend her name:
Her heroes caught the madd'ning flame, and bore
The conqu'ring Eagle to the furtheſt ſhore:
How fruitleſs all! ſince envious fate was there,
To twine their laurels with the thorns of care.

Happy the man, ſome dazzled fool will cry,
Who owns no limits but the diſtant ſky;

To

To whom a thouſand homages are paid,
As hero flatter'd, and as god obey'd!
Poor empty ſlave, of freedom the diſgrace!
Go then, and pay thy tribute of amaze.
To rule unaw'd, have nations at the nod,
To reign a monarch, and be thought a god,
Attracts, 'tis true, and, dazzling man's weak eye,
Allows the ſoul but narrow bounds to fly:
Yet, in a crown—poor ornament of pride!
What vipers gather, and what worms abide!
Haſte then, ye monarchs of the Eaſt, to raiſe
The column-buſt of monumental praiſe;
Bid the gay pyramid, aſcending, ſhew
What folly, pride, and weakneſs lie below.

Range through the tombs, and, with a pitying eye,
Turn to where kings and ſons of kings muſt lie:
Where peaceful urns are truſted with the clay,
That, unambitious, haſtens to decay;
Where * Royal innocence—oh early loſt!
A CHARLOTTE'S treaſure, and a GEORGE'S boaſt—

* Prince Alfred.

With

With vet'ran heroes mixes, in his prime,
And ſtands recorded guiltleſs of a crime;
And when thou ſeeſt the various flatt'ring theme,
Their worth *remember'd*, and their *deathleſs* name;
When poets, ſtateſmen, kings, and chiefs, are brought
Before the ſerious viſion of thy thought;
Tell me, thou ſage obſerver, whoſe deſires
The ſame frail paſſion, like the reſt, inſpires;
Whoſe reaſon mourns the weakneſs of mankind,
Yet owns the tyrant lurking in thy mind;
What do their boaſted honours now avail,
The name unnotic'd, and forgot the tale?
Oblivion's wing, by waſting ages ſpread,
Wraps in its ſhade the ſolitary dead,
Clouds the gay beams which gild the name of pride,
And bids the momentary flaſh ſubſide.

Painting in vain her flatt'ring touch applies,
To ſooth the great, the fooliſh, or the wiſe,
With mimic life deceives the living eye:
She ſaves a hero as ſhe ſaves a fly.
Behold yon ſketch, were valiant Marlb'rough glows,
And darts confuſion on his routed foes:

See

See Gallia's boaſtful ſons retire with ſhame,
And plunge precipitate in Danube's ſtream;
Britannia's colours float along the ſky,
And all her triumphs gather on the eye;
While low in duſt the vanquiſh'd *Lily* lies,
And flaps indignant, as its hero flies!
Though captive Tallard add to Marlb'rough's fame,
And humbled France exalt Britannia's name,
Yet, as at laſt the ſketch muſt wear away,
Victor and vanquiſh'd both alike decay.
The faithful Muſe, the record, and the plate
May ſave, awhile, ambition from its fate;
Yet ſoon or late the baſeleſs work muſt fall,
And dark oblivion gather round it all.
The bloody *Croſs*, triumphant now ſo long,
Which, like the *Lily*'s, truſted to a ſong,
And Marlb'rough's name with Tallard muſt reſign,
When Heav'n or time ſhall waſte the Muſe's line.

Unequall'd CLODIA! faireſt of the fair!
The pride of Leic'ſter, and the Muſe's care!
E'en thou, at laſt, ſhalt yield to nature's lot,
Thy beauty vaniſh'd, and thy name forgot!

The

The roſe and lily, which ſo ſweetly grace
The bright'ning features of thy youthful face,
Thoſe eyes, that dart a conqueſt in each glance,
Thoſe feet, that ſhame the Graces in the dance,
Muſt ſoon or late ſubmit to nature's lot,
Their OWNER vaniſh'd, and her name forgot!
Reſiſtleſs magic ſhall no longer roll
From thoſe bright eyes, and fix the captive ſoul:
No more, as gaily thro' the dance you move,
Delight ſhall ſteal the rapt admirer's love,
Or rob ſome hapleſs virgin of her ſwain,
While am'rous Cupids flutter in thy train:
Some other maid, when thou ſhalt bloom no more,
Will ſhine the little goddeſs of the hour;
With half thy charms be flatter'd to the tomb,
And bear, with half thy ſenſe, her tranſient bloom;
Some other bard, in ſtrains outlaſting mine,
May ſing of charms that ne'er can equal thine;
Confide, like me, the fond-deluding ſigh
To ſome frail verſe, which ſoon or late muſt die.

Yet thirſt of fame mortality inſpires,
Warms palſied age, and lights his dying fires;

Attends

Attends expiring greatneſs to the tomb,
And leads the ſoul through centuries to come.
Why toils the patient patriot in a ſtate,
And ſhields an empire from impending fate?
Why, curs'd with ev'ry foible of mankind,
The meaneſt boſom and the baſeſt mind,
With ſenſe perverted to the blackeſt ends,
Faithleſs alike to enemies and friends,
Did * * * ſpend the moments he could ſpare
From vice and pleaſure, in his country's care?
Was it becauſe he ſaw her glory ſtain'd,
Her laurels with'ring, and her name diſdain'd?
Shook from her baſe, and wav'ring in each plan,
Which ſtill beginning as the laſt began,
Was fruitleſs ſtill? No: truſt me, all that hoard
Of wealth ill-gotten, which has dubb'd him LORD!
Snatch'd from the ruin of his country's name,
Truſt me, that hoard's a ſacrifice to Fame.
Oh, when will Britons, ſtarting from their trance,
With Britiſh ſpirit ſcorn the tricks of France?
When will our ancient fire, abſorb'd ſo long
By Gallic nonſenſe, and Italian ſong,

Burſt

Burſt from its cloud reſiſtleſs on the main,
And light our ſons to conqueſt once again?
What though her ties America diſclaim,
And baſely ſtab the womb from whence ſhe came;
What though with deeper perfidy be found,
The faithleſs friend that gives the ſecret wound;
Shall Britain, conſcious of unrivall'd fame,
Forget her triumphs, or neglect her name?
No: while as yet one ſpark exiſts below
Of that bright flame which made a MANNERS glow;
While patriot valour, with untainted fires,
Breathes on her youth, and vet'ran worth inſpires;
Britain ſhall riſe, and, from her envied ſhore,
Teach boaſtful Gallia to be vain no more;
FREEDOM, no longer ſubject to controul,
Aſſert her rights, and animate the whole.
And ſure, if aught that's gen'rous, good, or great,
Can ſtretch mortality beyond its date;
If hungry Time e'er ſpar'd a fav'rite name,
And lent his pinion to the voice of fame;
'Twas when the ſoul, diſdaining ſervile art,
Stepp'd boldly forth, and took her country's part:

'Twas

'Twas when—the dauntleſs guardian of our laws—
A CHATHAM, vindicated freedom's cauſe.
Thus ſhall the name of RODNEY bloom alone,
When mould'ring monarchs are no longer known;
The glorious title which his valour gain'd,
No PARTY purchas'd, and no BRIBE obtain'd,
Shall laſt; when they, whoſe blood has STRICTLY run
From titled father down to titled ſon,
Sunk in oblivion's univerſal cloud,
Unnotic'd waſte, and vaniſh with the crowd.
And yet how vain, illuſtrious chief! muſt be
The breath of fame, ſo juſtly due to thee;
Since, ſoon or late, how long ſoe'er it laſt,
Remorſeleſs time will fling it to the paſt!

Man, mortal born, ſo mortal is his lot,
One moment wept, prais'd, honour'd, and forgot;
Or if he live, 'tis only with a few,
Whoſe praiſe may fall alike on me or you.
Look into pride, ſee mad ambition frame
His airy ſchemes, and flutter at a name;
Blown up with hopes unlimited, behold
The little ſoul her mighty views unfold!

And

And ſay, O you, whom vanity conveys
In ſearch of fame, yet never catch the blaze;
Whoſe life's a feather on the toſſing wind,
Eager for praiſe, yet ſeldom of a mind;
What toil, what trouble, and what cares attend
The ſhifting ſcene that never has an end!
Fame, truſt me, Fame and Titles cannot give
That only bleſſing—happily to live!
A ſudden blaze from ſudden joy may ſtart,
Play for a while, and gild the dazzled heart;
But one unſtain'd, one unrepenting hour
Nor fame can give, ambition, wealth, nor pow'r;
Such as my friend, my Pylades enjoys,
Whom virtue charms, and innocence employs;
High up in life who never ſtrove to fly,
Nor courted favour from a ſtateſman's eye;
But, bleſt and ſatisfied with what is giv'n,
Secure who lives, and leans on none but Heav'n.

In Scythia's ſnows, what heroes have excell'd,
Wiſe in the ſtate, and valiant in the field!
Yet Europe knows not what, or when, or where
Thoſe heroes fought, not even—that they WERE!

While

While meaner ſouls, though but a day they ſhine,
Live for a time in record, or deſign.
What have they loſt? Can honour from decay
Bid merit ſpring and brighten into day?
Or ſnatch from murder'd innocence the ſhame
That malice planted on its ſpotleſs name?
DEATH—bleſt beginning of a better ſtate!—
Sweeps off the ſtage the little and the great:
Unmatch'd Achilles met his final doom,
And wiſdom yielded Tully to the tomb;
Cruſh'd as a moth, when vanity leaſt thought
Each hero ſunk, and vaniſh'd into nought.

The vain, the tranſitory ſcenes of life
Alas! what are they but a world of ſtrife?
Where, from the ſtraw-built cottage to the throne,
Nothing ſecurely can be call'd our own:
For care, unaw'd, unlimited will range,
And treach'rous Fortune bid her fav'rites change.
If ſuch our fate, if nothing long can laſt,
But ſtill the PRESENT muſt abſorb the PAST;
If ev'ry wiſh has ſtill its end to gain,
Yet ev'ry art to gain it turn out vain;

Why not to ſomething durable aſpire,
Something beyond this QUICKSAND of deſire?

Ye bleſt, whoſe ſouls ſublimer ends purſue,
Wiſely the falſe to ſever from the true;
Whoſe only wiſh is happineſs uncloy'd,
By pride untainted, and of vice devoid;
Who from among your ſpotleſs train ſhall ſtand,
As firſt in virtue, pattern to the land?
Come thou, my friend*, whoſe boſom can diſdain
A thing ſo brittle, and a toy ſo vain;
In whom each grace with innocence is join'd,
The ſweeteſt temper, and the pureſt mind;
Whoſe ev'ry ſtep is meaſur'd out by truth,
To age a comfort, and a charm to youth;
Come thou, and prove, whatever be our aim,
"Virtue alone is never-ending fame!"
Shew but thyſelf; bid giddy youth attend,
And learn of thee, the brother, ſon, and friend;
Learn to deſpiſe this bubble of renown,
And, great in virtue, care not to be known.

* Honourable Charles Clifford.

THE

THE YEAR

ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED;

OR,

IT WILL BE SO!

Ma muſe tudeſque et bizarre,
Jargonnant un Français barbare,
Dit les choſes comme elle peut ;
Et du compas parfait bravant la ſymmétrie,
Le puriſme gênant et la pédanterie,
Exprime au moins ce qu'elle veut.

K. of Pruſſia's Pref. to his Poet. Works.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Poem was written ſome time back, for no other purpoſe than to ſhew, that, however virulent the generality of pſeudo-critics are, it ought to be the office of the man of real *knowledge coolly to inveſtigate the merits of a writer, without peremptorily condemning what, perhaps, he little underſtands, or does not chooſe to examine: and, on the other hand, to excite thoſe who may have poetical abilities, to adhere cloſely to the dictates of Nature, and not to be diſheartened by the tranſient puff of affectation, or the ſpite of malice.*

Some are bewilder'd in the maze of ſchools,
And ſome made coxcombs, nature meant but fools.
In ſearch of wit theſe loſe their common ſenſe,
And then turn critics in their own defence:
Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,
Or with a rival's, or an eunuch's ſpite.

POPE's *Eſſay on Crit.*

THE YEAR

ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED.

AS when with murm'ring tumult to the ſhore
Autumnal tides in quick ſucceſſion roar,
Loud and more loud the frequent ſurges riſe,
Wave treads on wave, and, like its rival, dies:
So with the wild uncertain tide of things,
Revolving fate rolls miniſters and kings;
Through ev'ry age its various current pours,
And ſweeps ambition from his ſinking tow'rs;
Whilſt genius decks the ſolitary cell,
Reſerv'd to triumph where ambition fell.
As one drops off, another ſtarts to view,
Sinks like the laſt, and yields to ſomething new;

While num'rous tribes on int'reſt's ſubtle wing,
That wall between a people and a king *,
As party dictates, or as whim inſpires,
Change with their lords, and burn with varying fires.
PELHAM the great, the gen'rous and the good,
Rul'd for a time, and ſtemm'd corruption's flood:
B—TE, at whoſe preſence Liberty turns pale,
And Slav'ry riſes on a northern gale;
CHATHAM, the boaſt and ſaviour of our iſle,
Whoſe mem'ry bids fair Freedom wear a ſmile!
Fix'd at her helm, the bark of Britain ſped,
To various ends, by various motives led;
Then fell to faction, or to nature's ſtroke,
The boaſt of virtue, or the Muſe's joke.

While ſcenes like theſe the dazzled earth delude,
Support the bad, and baſely ſtrip the good,
Wilt thou, my friend, indulgent as thou art,
Of pureſt morals, and of ſoundeſt heart;

* The reader will readily perceive, by the opening of the poem, that the author's original intention was very different from the one he ſubſequently adopted. Politics, he well knew, bore honeſt conviction more forcibly through the medium of proſe, than through the gilded channel of ornamented reaſon.

Bleſt

Bleſt in thy youth with all that's wiſh'd for *here*,
Juſt to mankind, and to thyſelf ſincere;
With ev'ry hope and proſpect to be great;
Say, with the Muſe, wilt thou, my friend retreat;
Steal from the buſtling nonſenſe of the Town,
To this ſtill ſpot, which ſtudy calls her own?
Here ſhalt thou ſee, by nature taught to ſing,
The Muſe aſcend to ſtateſmen and their king;
Unaw'd by pow'r, thro' grandeur dare to pierce,
And yield a ſacrifice to truth, in verſe.

Lamented CHURCHILL! in whoſe chequer'd fate
Each tint was blended of eſteem and hate,
Who, true to virtue, ſtruck at ev'ry crime;
Of ſpotleſs tenets in each nervous rhime:
At thy fair tomb admiring let me bend,
And tune my numbers for a virtuous end.
What were thy faults, avails not now to tell;
May pitying candour on thy writings dwell:
And if remembrance treſpaſs on the mind,
Wak'd by the partial cenſures of mankind,
To thy pure ſheets in juſtice let me turn,
Admire thy genius, but thy nature mourn.

Teach me, regardleſs of the villain's hate,
The frown of int'reſt, or the ſneer of ſtate,
The dirty ſycophant's enſnaring ſmile,
Whoſe treach'rous kindneſs ſooths me to beguile;
Teach me to dart, with juſtice on my ſide,
The Muſe's weapon thro' the breaſt of pride—
Unfold foul vice, and, careleſs of each groan,
Probe ev'ry part, till all her filth be known.
Teach me, in ſpite of MANSFIELD and the law,
If truth acquits me, not a judge can awe!
Teach me—nor let one ſelfiſh view miſlead
A Muſe unpractis'd, or direct her reed
To pour one ſound that's foreign to the breaſt,
Or lull the ſplendid villain into reſt—
Teach me to viſit, in his ſerious hour,
The ſlave of grandeur, and the tool of pow'r;
Diſplay the ſecret cloſet of his ſoul,
Where flatt'ring meanneſs cringes to controul;
And hold the gilded torture up in air,
Ambition's rack, and wheel of anxious care.
Teach me, like thee, to ſcorn the tinſel trim
Of modern bards, pert, impudent, and prim;

Who

Who move like coxcombs in a dancing ſchool,
Write ere they think, or learn to think by rule.

The ſons of method may be taught to move
By ſuch degrees as order muſt approve:
But let not genius, touch'd with nature's flame,
Drop from his height, in dread of *Crito*'s blame:
Nor in a ſtupid, uniform career,
*Crawl thro' a birth-day ode up to great GEORGE's ear.
WH—T—D may rock the monarch to repoſe,
And ſing the *conquer'd conqu'ror* of his foes;
WH—T—D may ſpread the lullaby around,
But let not genius catch the paltry ſound.

Dauntleſs and firm, unaw'd and uncontroul'd,
By virtue prompted, and thro' virtue bold,

* When poetry becomes the enjoined taſk of adulation, it is not ſurpriſing to ſee fulſome praiſe and dull monotony together. The arts and ſciences ſhould undoubtedly be foſtered and ſupported. But the price of patronage is great, when the efforts of talents and education are fettered by time, place, and cuſtom. It is natural on ſuch occaſions to ſee truth perverted, and under the glare of fiction reality concealed. If genius be worth the notice of majeſty, conſiſtency ſhould be worth its own; and as few modern crowned heads afford diverſity of greatneſs, the good qualities of each monarch ſhould be *once* recorded.

Satire ſhall riſe with lightning on her wing,
Beyond the boaſted ſplendours of a king.

E'en he, the firſt and kindeſt of my friends,
Who blames with judgment, and with taſte commends,
Whoſe godlike ſpirit with impartial views
Allows a gen'rous freedom to my Muſe—
E'en he!—though gratitude and friendſhip ſtart
At ev'ry line, and bleed thro' every part—
Should vice delude him to the paths of pride,
From ſacred virtue's fair and ſpotleſs ſide—
Foe to myſelf, e'en *He* ſhould ſee me riſe,
Condemn his weakneſs, and his frown deſpiſe.
Nor thou—the dazzling wonder of us all,
Ambition's ſlave, and fortune's reſtleſs ball,
Cloth'd as thou art in all the power of ſpeech,
Above thy country's and thy ſov'reign's reach—
Nor thou, deluded, think the Muſe below
Thy ſplendid orb's imaginary ſhow:
Satire ſhall ſearch thee with reſiſtleſs blaze,
And ſtrip the ſpotted planet of its rays.

Hold! cries Palæmon—hacknied in the ways
Of courting favour, and of vending praiſe—
Why, ſtung to madneſs, impotently wrong,
Tranſgreſs the limits of an harmleſs ſong?
And ſhall the firmneſs of the poet then
Skulk from the ſpite or arrogance of men?
Shall *that*—while virtue decks the Britiſh throne—
Forbid the Muſe to make ſuch virtue known?
Or hide—when truth the flagrant picture draws—
The wretch that tramples on affection's laws?
Shall *that* a ſafeguard to Corruption yield,
And leave her, baſking in her guilt, conceal'd:
Give ſcarlet Vice the virgin's lily grace,
And clothe Adult'ry in a ſpotleſs face?
Shall *that* to Groſv'nor lend Lucretia's fame,
Or render vice and innocence the ſame?
No! while the tide of Liberty remains,
And rolls her current thro' a Briton's veins,
Juſtice and candour ſhall be ſeen at large,
Give horns to cuckolds, and maintain the charge.

So ſung the Muſe, regardleſs of her foes,
Anxious the traitor's boſom to expoſe

Bare

Bare to the ſlighted land; anxious to ſhoot
Her ſearching arrow at corruption's root;
When Caution—clad in B—tt—'s rev'rend form,
Her heart-ſtrings throbbing at a monthly ſtorm,
Appear'd half palſied—for the hour was come
When critics beat the literary drum,
And wits impreſs'd, in regular array,
Before their gen'rals widen into day;
Fearleſs I view'd the field, where many a name,
Damp'd in its infant ſtruggle up to fame,
Extinguiſh'd lay; where Dulneſs in her prime
Reign'd o'er the wide extended regions of—a rhime!
Wond'ring I gaz'd, for wondrous was the plan,
And with a ſmile beheld the tricks of man;
Saw nature vanquiſh'd by the worſt deceit,
And proſtrate Genius bound at Folly's feet:
While gilded Faſhion's mercenary train
O'er the wide realm of letters held their reign,
In ev'ry province would at once preſide,
And wav'd the rod of inſolence and pride.
With more than common knowledge in his look,
And not a word unauthoris'd by book,

Preciſe,

Preciſe, ſlow, ſolemn, Punctuoſo ſpeaks;
Dull, ſullen method ſettled on his cheeks:
Exact each word; ſo critically juſt,
That ev'ry ſentence has unbounded truſt;
While tortur'd Genius, pitifully ſcann'd,
Is cloſely fetter'd by Preciſion's hand.

SIDDONS herſelf, though on her angel face
Each look of nature ſhone with matchleſs grace,
Unnotic'd for a time, neglected play'd,
Beneath the weight of int'reſt's heavy ſhade.
SIDDONS could look the ſavage into love,
Subdue the tigreſs, and her pity move;
Wring from each breaſt involuntary ſighs,
When Bath beheld her—yet forbad to riſe!
Nor can ſhe *now*—for nature could no more—
Awake one paſſion ſtronger than before.
Critics in vain would teach thoſe eyes to roll,
Or guide the boundleſs tumult of her ſoul:
Critics in vain would teach that breaſt to heave
With throbs of anguiſh, or in ſilence grieve.
SIDDONS and Nature will forget their rules,
And leave inſtruction to the pride of ſchools.

GARRICK

GARRICK himſelf, when in his full career
He trod the walks of hatred, love, and fear;
When every paſſion ſeem'd to be his own,
With SIDDONS gladly would have ſhar'd the crown.
Yet---ſtrange to think!---all perfect as ſhe is,
Malice can find there's *ſomething* ſtill amiſs.

Ere honeſt truth o'er prejudice prevail,
And Nature triumph when her dictates fail,
Papiſts ſhall print what Proteſtants believe,
And * * * * * * * ceaſe to flatter and deceive:
Stateſmen ſhall be the characters they feign,
* * * * * * * polite, and *delicately* plain.
In vain ſhall Genius truſt to Judgment's ſkill,
When Int'reſt holds the proſtituted quill.
Through that falſe light perfection cannot pleaſe,
Pope has no charms, and Dryden's void of eaſe.
Behold---the ſacred compaſs in his hand,
To mark each acre of poetic land,
To grant the bold aſpirer to renown,
A juſter claim and title for his own---
Behold yon ſage!—does juſtice only draw
The ſtern concluſion, and diſtribute law?

Does,

Does juſtice hold up Ignorance to ſhame,
If meanly circled with another's fame?
Does juſtice only with delight reſtore
To Merit's brow the bay that Dulneſs wore?
Does juſtice urge him from himſelf to ſtart,
And range beyond the limits of his art?
Believe it not:---'tis prejudice that guides
The mad award, and o'er each act preſides.

* Tyrants there are, deteſted and abhorr'd,
Yet freedom ſees them courted and ador'd;
The ſlaves that hate them, venerate their pow'r,
Till nature ſtarts, and vengeance marks their hour.
Not ſo with theſe more arbitrary lords,
Tyrants whoſe malice feeds on harmleſs words;

* The reader will eaſily diſcover that, although, in the opening of the poem, I profeſſed to have relinquiſhed my firſt intention of meddling with politics, the ſubject of the whole is treated upon ſimilar principles. But if—as he unqueſtionably muſt be—he is acquainted with the intrigues of modern literature, this adoption will not appear extraordinary. The ſame arts to riſe are made uſe of by the candidates for fame, as mark the characters of government dependants, and the ſame inſolence when riſen, as portrays the behaviour of thoſe in power; with this difference, that the conduct of the one is ſecretly mean, ſelfiſh, and contradictory; the purſuits of the other equally baſe and little, but ſplendidly diſguiſed.

Whom

Whom one falſe ſpelling tortures into rage,
And not ten thouſand beauties can aſſuage:
Struck by their frown, the bold advent'rer drops,
To prompt the ſneer of literary fops;
While ſov'reign Dulneſs guards her fav'rite throne,
And Pride and Ignorance the ſceptre own.

Let men, ſupported by the poet's brain,
Deep-veil'd in darkneſs, ridicule his ſtrain;
With lawleſs rancour rail at gen'rous truth,
And ſtrive to cruſh him in his op'ning youth.
Let pride, let envy, wit, or vice conſpire,
To quench the glimm'ring of an infant fire;
While truth approves, and cool-ey'd taſte commends,
Who cares if envy, wit, or pride be friends?
The wretch, whoſe int'reſt holds me up to-day
To public laughter, and condemns my lay,
For that *ſame int'reſt* would to-morrow raiſe
A paltry monument of monthly praiſe.

Gods! how I laugh, when, tuneleſs to the ſoul,
A coxcomb judges how my numbers roll;

Swears

Swears that they move inſufferably rough,
Then calls for chocolate---and " damn ſuch ſtuff!"
Yet, how I laugh, when, *wondrouſly* ſevere,
Sir Fopling's wit commands the female ear!
Sent from the hand of ſome rich titled fool,
How feebly drops the ſhaft of ridicule!
Weakneſs of brain the Muſe with pity ſees,
Nor cares to anſwer whom ſhe ſcorns pleaſe:
But when, from downright inſolence and pride,
A mind well cultur'd ventures to decide
On ev'ry talent, as its gift alone,
Rouz'd into rage, ſhe ſtrikes the tyrant down;
Indignant ſpreads him to the ſearching beam
Of truth's ſtrong light, and breaks the gilded dream.
Yet, how I laugh, when vet'rans in the trade
Bend at the ſhrine which Indolence has made;
With rev'rence liſten to the victim's crime,
And help to ſacrifice an harmleſs rhime!
Yet, how I laugh, when, cramm'd up to the throat,
On each oblation Pride and Dulneſs glote;
Like hungry prieſts, by ſuperſtition fed,
Deſtroy the living, *and new-ſlay the dead*;

While * * * * * * *, trembling at the venal frown,
Admires their wiſdom, and forgets his own!

Nurs'd from his birth at ſacred Method's ſhrine,
By fools ſupported, and of right divine;
Where ſlumb'ring Folly takes her ſolemn nap,
And deeply meditates in Bibo's cap;
Behold *Punctilio*, proſe-man from his heart!
Stung into rage, if Poetry ſhould ſtart
Beyond the point where judgment, cloth'd in proſe,
Decides thro' ſpectacles on Bibo's noſe.
Thus have I ſeen the gen'rous courſer fly
With quiv'ring noſtrils ſnorting to the ſky,
Skim o'er the graſs, precipitately gay,
And not a veſtige mark his pathleſs way;
The ſluggiſh aſs ſurveys him in his flight,
Brays to the wind, and looks with envious ſpite;
Turns to the mumbling of his thiſtle food,
And *ſcorns* ſuch wild extravagance of blood.

Some, by the blaze of dazzling fiction caught,
Strain to the laſt extremities of thought:

With

With looſen'd rein imagination runs,
And dips her pencil in a thouſand ſuns:
On every ſide a ſtrong effulgence flows,
And reaſon's exil'd to the realms of Proſe.
And laughs not Nature, when ſhe calmly views
The gariſh progreſs of the gaudy Muſe;
Beholds each trifling circumſtance appear
In all the various colours of the year?
Eat, drink, or ſleep—be joyous, or be ſad,
Still is each act in *heav'nly ſplendour* clad.
If breakfaſt's call'd for—in celeſtial ſtyle
Angels deſcend to make the *kettle boil:*
Some guardian ſpirit pours the *nectar* out,
And ſimp'ring Cupids *hand the toaſt about:*
Nature, with eaſe, judiciouſly diſplay'd,
Rich in herſelf, *requires no foreign aid;*
Shewn as ſhe is, though e'er ſo void of care,
She's always proper, and ſhe's always fair.

Yet what is nature, if oppos'd by thee,
Almighty modern * *Poſſibility!*

* See a Poetic Epiſtle lately publiſhed, in four cantos. When poetry, or rather fictions in verſe, ſo far exceed probability, that the extravagance of novels is outdone; little more can be expected than ſtrained conceits, diſtorted into a thouſand poſſible ſhapes and ſituations.

Are letters ſent—then aid them, all ye gales ;
For all are requiſite to love-wrote tales :
The ſoft complaint let zephyr gently ſigh,
And catch—*if poſſible*—the fond reply.
For, ah ! ſweet *Poſſibility* can prove
The beſt reſtorer of deſerted love !
For, ah ! ſweet *Poſſibility* can wreſt
The faithleſs ſcriptures from a virgin's breaſt.
Pride, virgin-pride, will quench the ſubtle fire,
And cold reſerve ſucceed to warm deſire.
If not—in anger let the ſhrill Eaſt break,
And Eurus thunder—for a lover's ſake !
Loud, and yet louder, ſhall the tempeſt roar,
Proclaim his pain, and mutter round the ſhore ;
Till, like a ſummer's ſea, the tumult ceaſe,
And all is lull'd---at pleaſure---into peace.
When villains treſpaſs on the ſocial law,
And fear alone the mad intent can awe,
The *rattling hoof* may, *poſſibly*, reſound
An hundred miles, and ſpread a terrour round :
The *rattling hoof*, with echo's friendly aid,
Perhaps, may reſcue an inſulted maid.

This

This, and much more, that's wondrous ſtrange below,
To thee, ſweet Poſſibility, we owe.
From thee, the ruling paſſion of the day
Receives a ſtamp, and bears it to the Play *.
The tinſel flaſh that gilds the bawdy line,
By muſic aided---as it may be thine,
On dazzled weakneſs throws the ſpecious hue,
And robs neglected genius of its due.
If judgment ſtartle at a wild conceit,
To the poor mortals readily retreat;
From thy broad look the puzzled mind receives
Augmented faith, and what *may be* believes.
And yet how oft, deluded by thy ray,
Does wanton wit irregularly ſtray!
Beneath thy wing what monſters of the mind
Are fondly nurs'd, and ſent among mankind!
From thence what rank abſurdities are brought,
Children of nonſenſe in the garb of thought!

How ſtrangely various are the practis'd ways
To force thro' reaſon, and to pilfer praiſe!

* Vide the plots of our modern operas.

A well-paid paragraph, a borrow'd name,
Will rank a blockhead in the liſt of fame.
EDWIN, *well touch'd*, will ſtrike from dulneſs fire,
And traſh run current, if O'KEEFE's the ſire.
And muſt true humour, in itſelf too weak,
Like foreign mountebanks, thro' puppets ſpeak?
Muſt it, without them, flutter and go down,
Damn'd to neglect, or ſneer'd at by the Town?
Who ſhall condemn—a foe to nature's charms—
The baby trembling in his father's arms?
A father, long ſince favour'd by the nine,
And far beyond the reach of Satire's line!
On *his own* theatre, with *his own* tribes,
Through love paternal ev'ry father bribes;
With *his own* prologue, pleads for *his own* ſon,
And *Two to One* is puff'd by *Two to One**!

Actors themſelves, in this prolific age—
And what's more prais'd or cenſur'd than the ſtage?
For

* Theſe lines were written at a time, when, for little or no pretenſion, extravagant praiſe was laviſhly beſtowed. Puſhed into a ſpecies of temporary applauſe by intereſt and dependance, the production alluded to muſt have been poor indeed, had it not lived its day; and, like a butterfly, fluttered

For there Ambition from the gay Green-room
Steps into light, and ſpreads his gaudy plume;
For there the wretched offſpring of diſtreſs,
Who, once oppreſs'd, will in his turn oppreſs—
Imbibes the ſubtle poiſon of conceit;
And there the worſt of inſolence we meet.
Yet there—let Candour in her turn be heard—
Merit ſometimes with judgment is preferr'd;
Actors themſelves, whoſe higheſt boaſt ſhould be,
To mimic juſtly what in life they ſee,
Lur'd by the flatt'ring plaudits of the Town,
Try learning's path—and wander from their own.
Should real knowledge or invention fail,
Induſtrious fancy flies to ſome old tale;
Oblivion yields the captive to her hands,
And in ſcower'd garb the *Maid of Honour* ſtands.

fluttered about till the expiration of ſummer conſigned it to oblivion. It muſt not however be inferred from this obſervation, that the author wiſhes to detract from the *real* merit of either. The public has long been indebted to the father for much entertainment; and the ſon bids fair, in following his foot-ſteps, to partake the profit and the praiſe; but no man has a right to anticipate ſucceſs and voluntary contribution, on the ground of partial favour. When once a ſpecies of hereditary tenure is received in the realms of literature, the honeſt efforts of adventuring minds will experience as many obſtacles to riſe, as there are eaſy avenues to promotion for mercenary pride and folly.

To judge of painting, painters have a right :
Poets ſhould criticiſe what poets write.
The wretch that's hackney'd thro' the live-long year
In filling parchments, or in copying clear
The lawyer's deed, may ſometimes hint a fault :
But then he does it as a copier ought :
Rais'd into public by the cringing art,
Which ſprings congenial with oppreſſion's heart,
The *partial* wretch, in low ſubmiſſion led,
With humble toil firſt gains his weekly bread ;
Till by degrees, to ſlander uſeful grown,
He trims his wing, and hums about the town.
From ev'ry flow'r—how kind ſoe'er it blow—
This waſp, to literature the deadlieſt foe !
With hungry malice rifles every ſweet,
New-whets his ſting, and loads his dirty feet :
Till with his blaſting touch he kills the whole,
Then ſteals, in buzzing triumph, to his hole.

Better from books to turn with cold diſdain,
Stroll thro' the ſtreets, or plod along the plain,
By trifles caught, to trifle time away,
And baſk with ignorance in faſhion's ray ;

Better

Better to fly from ſtudy's calm retreat,
To thoughtleſs faſhion and its gay deceit;
From mild ſimplicity to ſpecious art,
Better to warp each feeling of the heart;
Better—if nature, with reſiſtleſs force,
Muſt bear the mind from reaſon's ſteady courſe—
Pleas'd with the faſhionable tinſel taſte,
Our ſtore of knowledge on *acroſtics* waſte,
Breathe thro' initials love's enrapt'ring ſtrain,
And make poor ſenſe the play-thing of the brain;
Than ſit in anxious dread of every word,
To gaze at envy's viſionary ſword.

Sacred and ſafe is ev'ry tradeſman's name,
Whoſe honeſt labours are his deareſt fame:
Whate'er he proffers, wholeſale or retail,
To private chapmen, or to public ſale,
The candid purchaſer, if led to buy,
Blames or approves—but ſcorns the partial lie:
Nor will malicious jealouſy—that ſees
With jaundic'd eyes, and is its own diſeaſe—
Dare to defame, for Mansfield's voice can awe
The worthleſs villain trembling at the law.

Science

Science alone—hard lot for him, whoſe ſtars
Severely force him to the worſt of wars,
Where every foe's in ſecret ambuſh laid,
And friends with coolneſs ſee their friends betray'd—
Science alone is doom'd by partial fate
To bear a rival's, or a dunce's hate:
With endleſs toil to graſp at envied praiſe,
And ſcale the mound that Wit and Folly raiſe.

To turn to ridicule the nobleſt ſtrain
Requires no vaſt exertion of the brain.
One fault ſuffices—if ill-nature chooſe
To pick each op'ning laurel of the muſe—
One careleſs fault, by malice ſeen, may ſpoil
The brighteſt effort of the poet's toil.
E'en Shakeſpeare's genius cannot ſtand the teſt,
Though ALL is godlike, and though ALL is beſt*!
Drawn thro' the various comments of mankind,
His ſterling lines are variouſly refin'd:
While each adopts the ſenſe he moſt admires,
And faſhion praiſes as the whim inſpires.

* *Pars ſumitur pro toto.*

Some

Some from Religion on each work decide;
And ne'er had Literature a blinder guide.
Seen thro' the glaſs of prejudice and ſpite,
The Muſe is tarniſh'd by diſcolour'd light.
When in her cell ſad Eloiſa lies,
And breathes to Abelard repentant ſighs:
When heav'n and earth divide her tortur'd ſoul,
And each, by turns, is flatter'd with the whole;
How nature liſtens to the tender moan!
How ſoon we make the ſoft complaint our own!
How ſoon we feel each tumult of the breaſt,
With equal force in ev'ry line expreſt!
There paſſion ſpeaks a language yet untaught
By flow'ry fiction, or unmeaning thought:
No glaring metaphor, with turgid ſound,
Deſtroys the charm by which our fancy's bound:
No forc'd idea ſtarts up to the view;
But all is ſoft, and eloquently true.
Still on each line with rapt'rous bliſs we dwell,
And learn to love from what is told ſo well.
Yet even Eloiſe—ſhould wit depart
From reaſon's pale, and proſtitute its art—

May look disfigur'd, like a Britiſh face,
Which Heav'n makes perfect, and which paints diſgrace.

How long ſhall truth be ſubject to ſuch elves,
Or when will critics criticiſe themſelves?
With inward malice, and a ſpecious ſmile,
The fond believing Briton to beguile;
With partial knowledge, boundleſs fame to gain;
With artful cunning to ſupport his reign;
With ſeeming candour ſecretly to wound
The riſing bard, and pull him to the ground;
With ſeeming juſtice, but with real ſpite,
To plunge the bold advent'rer into night;
On ruin'd genius to erect his throne,
And judge of talents, tho' poſſeſt of none:
Theſe are the tricks by which oppreſſion reigns
O'er Britiſh faith, and leads that faith in chains;
Theſe are the tricks which bounteouſly ſupply
The dirty fount of many a dirty lie;
Theſe are the tricks, which, in apparent zeal
For ſterling wit, the needy dunce conceal.

Shew me the man, that rare, that wondrous elf,
Who can with juſtice ſcrutinize himſelf;
Reviews each action with impartial eye,
Nor, like a lover, gives his ſenſe the lie.
Shew me the man, who kindly can peruſe
The blameleſs efforts of a ſiſter muſe;
Reads with delight what charms another's ear,
And ſcorns to be, from jealouſy, ſevere.
Too ſoon, alas! is treach'rous envy rais'd;
E'en Milo's peeviſh when an author's prais'd.
FORDYCE—this humble tribute let me pay
To genius blazing in the frame's decay—
* FORDYCE will trim the poet's youthful wings,
Direct his fire, and liſten while he ſings:
Yet, warp'd to niceties, he curbs the muſe,
Confines her aim, or timidly purſues.
O ſkill'd to ſearch the boſom's inmoſt part,
To wake the tend'reſt feelings of the heart,
Whoſe words, pure echoes of the ſenſe, combine
At once to charm, to poliſh, and refine

* Rev. Dr. James Fordyce.

Britannia's

Britannia's youth—O doubly ſkill'd to pleaſe
With ſocial eloquence, and friendly eaſe;
In thee the beſt affections of the ſoul,
As virtue prompts them, innocently roll;
Spring to thy ſpeaking eye, and ſtrongly tell
What ſenſe and goodneſs in their owner dwell.

Johnſon will ſnarl, but then with candour's wand
He'll bid the blemiſh drop, the beauty ſtand;
Not from pure malice run a tilt at all
With Gothic fury, till the ſtructure fall.
O bleſt with all the virtues of the mind,
Of matchleſs judgment, and of taſte refin'd!
While ev'ry ſcience is familiar grown,
And boundleſs wiſdom marks thee for her own;
Say, ſhall an infant warbler dare to ſing
Beneath the friendly covert of thy wing?
Catch the leaſt beam that ſparkles on thy plume,
And ſnatch one deathleſs laurel from the tomb?

Yet, what avails it that, in early youth,
Unaw'd by prejudice, and ſworn to truth,
Pale Study leads us thro' the peaceful walks,
Where ſacred wiſdom with creation talks?

Ah,

Ah, what avails it, that with niceſt ſkill
We try to fathom man's myſterious will,
Diſperſe the cloud of ignorance and ſhow,
And, ſtudying others, learn *ourſelves to know?*
A pedant's anger ſhall with eaſe deſtroy
Whole years of toil, and feaſt with greedy joy;
Like ſmooth-tongu'd Atticus each part diſſect,
And baſely ſmile our labours to neglect.

Through what viciſſitudes muſt genius ſteer,
Aſpiring hope and joy-conſuming fear,
Ere time and truth have plac'd him in his right,
Beyond the reach of pride and envious ſpite!
From yonder monument let candour tell
* How Otway periſh'd, and how Dryden fell!
That tongue, whoſe accents on our ſenſes now
Affection's impulſe, and its rapture throw,

* It has been, and ever will be, the fate of genius to be the living object of neglect, the departed inſtance of admiration. Whilſt the dictates of pride, luſt, and ſenſuality are indulged beyond every limit of prudence, honour, and diſcretion—the impulſe which may grow from the conſciouſneſs of merit, will ſeldom exceed the ſelfiſh bounds of fear, faſhion, or ambition.

Rochefoucault juſtly ſays, Nature gives merit, and fortune ſets it to work.—MAXIMS.

With ev'ry pang of penury diſtreſt,
Was parch'd by hunger, and by want ſuppreſt.
Who, that to matchleſs harmony reſign'd,
E'er own'd Cecilia miſtreſs of his mind,
But looks indignant at the monſtrous tale,
Which points reflection to the loathſome jail?
Of what importance is unrivall'd praiſe,
To gild affliction's ſolitary days,
If anguiſh mingles with its lateſt breath,
And fame's the cold acknowledgment of death?

In days of old, when honeſt truth had room,
And trembling guilt was ſcouted to the tomb,
If Folly threaten'd, and in anger roſe
To queſtion Satire at the bar it choſe,
The only anſwer fearleſs honour gave,
Was—*Heav'n deſert me when I ſpare a knave!*
And ſhall the ſpirit of the free-born muſe
Yield to neglect, or tremble at abuſe?
Shall proud Drawcanſirs lord it thro' our iſle,
And Genius court the mercenary ſmile?
Who gave theſe bold exciſemen of the mind
Such wondrous powers, or made them ſo refin'd?

Unſeen

Unſeen from darkneſs iſſues forth their gall,
Spreads thro' the public, and envenoms all;
With ſecret filth infects the ſervile fool,
And turns his jaundic'd judgment into rule.
As when diſtemper rages in the vein,
Diſorder'd appetites their food diſdain;
The ſweeteſt luxury's beneath our wiſh,
And ſick'ning nature droops at ev'ry diſh;
Subject to all the changes of diſeaſe,
We hate to-day what yeſterday could pleaſe;
But when the ſtrange diſorder is no more,
Reſume our taſte, nor think of what we bore:
Not ſo with wit—that toy of ev'ry fool,
The dunce's rattle, or the great man's tool,
Stamp'd like *receipts*, muſt quit the ſacred ſpot
Where Folly's own'd, and Wiſdom is forgot.

Who but muſt laugh, when, burſting from their
ſhade,
They dig up genius with an hungry ſpade;
Strike at its root, and, with voracious eye,
Bid the torn plant before the public lie;

Mangle each part in true barbarian ſpite,
And live by cens'ring what they cannot write?
Yet let them rail in pity to their wants;
Candour forgives when half-ſtarv'd Malice rants:
Yes, let them rail, and make each dunce a friend,
Blame by command, and by command commend.

Who but muſt laugh, when ſeated in his box—
While Dulneſs perks it from his powder'd locks,
And fond conceit, with conſequence of face,
Reads the Review, and credits what it ſays—
Who but muſt laugh, when Clodio's youthful mind,
By dear mamma and folly ſo refin'd!
Which dreams of literature, and thinks as well
As any lordling, when he learns to ſpell—
Who but muſt laugh, when ſuch a mind is caught
By critic-nets, and trammell'd into thought?
While paſſive fops ſubmiſſively receive
The ſov'reign mandate—*read us, and believe!*
Who but muſt laugh, when ladies—oddly kind,
To make the *perſon* anſwer for the mind—
With wondrous knowledge ſearch thro' ev'ry part,
And treat a wit as Groſv'nor treats a heart?

Clodio,

* Clodio, ſupremely clever in conceit,
To ev'ry circle a poetic treat,
In all that's taſty has a juſt pretence;
For who like Clodio warbles without ſenſe?
Not like the mean pretenders to renown,
Who pilfer others to ſecure their own,
Moves *his rare pen*; that more than human bard,
To compaſs novelty, can ſenſe diſcard.
Soft as the down that clothes his tender chin,
Gentle as Delia when ſhe yields to ſin,
His jingling numbers faſhionably flow;
Sure to delight—the Bard is ſuch a beau!
Critics themſelves forget their wonted rage,
And ſpare the beauteous, *dear unmeaning page.*
The name of plagiariſt belongs to none,
But that poor wretch whom nature will not own;
Who yokes, by violence the moſt abſurd,
Thought after thought, and tortures every word;
Toils for a rhime, from penury of brain,
And ranſacks others to ſupply the ſtrain.

* In this *enlightened* age, to uſe the current phraſe of modern refiners, half the ſucceſs of a writer depends upon the good or bad account which is given of him in *faſhionable* converſation.

But when fair fancy treads, with native eaſe,
The flow'ry walks where others us'd to pleaſe,
* A word, an epithet, which Pope may claim,
Shall not obſtruct the young advent'rer's fame.

Of all the follies which infect mankind,
The greateſt, ſure, is *ignorance refin'd.*
Let flagrant Nonſenſe be the Muſe's fire,
No wiſdom lead him and no genius fire;
A rhime the utmoſt limit of his range,
A brain too barren ſuch a rhime to change:
Let contradiction ſtart at ev'ry clauſe,
And want of fancy make an hideous pauſe;
Borne on the wing of eaſe, a Lord ſhall riſe,
With nice cravat, and fond-inſpiring eyes;
Perch on my Lady's furbelow or cap,
And, ſcorning wiſdom, wait for Folly's clap;

* The principles of modern criticiſm are ſo different from thoſe eſtabliſhed by the ancients, that the generality of productions, eſpecially poetical, are ſcarcely ever honoured beyond a partial extract, to which is tacked a laconic ſentence. Should there be a ſimilitude to any former writer, ſome of our literary judges, without examining whether it proceed from imitation, barefaced plagiariſm, or accidental occurrence of idea, will peremptorily pronounce the whole to be a languid copy propped upon the toil of others.

While admiration ſinks in am'rous trance,
To hear his ſing-ſong on the modes of France.
If once a ſcribbler with his rhimes can claim
Great wealth and titles to procure them fame,
" Ah !" cries the fair one, ſnatch'd on golden wings,
Ambition fluttering with each verſe he ſings;
" Who can reſiſt ſuch eloquence and fire,
" Or curb the pleaſing tumults of deſire?
" Language ſo ſmoothly flowing into rhime,
" And every cadence faithful to the time!
" Ah, ſure the ſofteſt melody combines
" To form the peerleſs ſweetneſs of your lines.
" The Muſes rock'd the cradle as you lay,
" With infant muſic warbling to the day:
" Nor could harſh cries invade that tender tongue,
" So form'd to charm in converſe and in ſong."
Pleas'd with the tickling of a female's word,
And ſcarce more flatter'd by the term—My Lord!
His teeming fancy breaks upon the town,
To ſcatter laurels on a *cap* or *gown*.
Aſtoniſh'd grandeur catches at the bit,
And rich ſtupidity proclaims it wit.

*Bufo, more pleas'd when ſome dull peer indites
His golden numbers, than when Genius writes,
Receives the precious bantling from its ſire,
Adorns the whole, and bids the world admire.
Foremoſt in rank the gaudy thing behold,
Morocco-bound, and edg'd with pureſt gold;
Blazing conſpicuous to the dazzled eye,
And proudly ſummoning mankind to buy.
Long ere the *firſt* edition is run through,
Behold a *ſecond* ſtarts to public view,
In type moſt elegant, and cuts moſt rare;
Who would not buy when dulneſs looks ſo fair?
The maids of honour, and the white-wand beaux,
Whoſe judgment centres in an author's clothes,
All in one breath ſubſcribe to Clodio's book,
All with one eye had ſeen his courteous look.

* It may appear ridiculous, but it is not leſs true, that a work ſhould be acceptable in our days, not ſo much from the probability of real ſenſe and utility becoming a laſting recommendation, as from a certainty of ſale being produced by the peculiar ſituation and name of the writer. In fact, as a ſhrewd veteran of the trade obſerved, it is of little conſequence to a bookſeller whether there be *real* merit in the work or not, ſo the matter be *new* and *current*. Had this principle been invariably attended to among our forefathers, the Paradiſe Loſt might probably never have placed the poetical character of this iſland on a par with Greece and Rome —Riſum teneatis, amici!

Thus

Thus kind ſubſcription ſmooths his eaſy way,
And, imp'd by friends, he flutters into day;
There lives his moment, till the whim is o'er,
Then drops unnotic'd, and is heard no more.

Who ſhall diſpute the merit of my Lord,
When plenty's ſcatter'd on his ſplendid board?
Who ſhall diſpute the gay Parthenia's taſte,
By wealth exalted, and in grandeur plac'd?
Though from obſcureſt ſolitude ſhe came,
A race of weeds that ſcarcely bore a name!
Till, meanly ſpread to gilded folly's eyes,
At once his charm, and mercenary prize,
The *thing* was grafted on a fool of ſtate,
To bud, and ſtrangely bloſſom with the great.
And yet Parthenia, arrogantly proud,
Deems wit ignoble, if it deck the crowd*;

* The man that feels himſelf ridiculous becauſe he is poor, deſerves all the taunts and inſolence of pride. Rouſſeau juſtly obſerves, "L'homme d'eſprit qui eſt né fier ſe roidit contre la fortune, et ne perd rien de ſa fierté par la pauvreté; au contraire, ſi quelque choſe peut l'amollir, c'eſt un peu de proſpérité." I quote this paſſage entirely from memory, and without the leaſt ability of reference to page or ſection.

To birth alone pre-eminence allows,
And owns no laurel but on titled brows:
Nor once remembers, for the time is flown,
What filth and meanneſs gather'd at her own.

But ſhould—a ſtranger to the dang'rous road—
Some wretch unknown preſume to ſtep abroad,
With nature only for his artleſs guide,
And not a friend among the ſons of Pride:
If ſuch appear in this unthankful time,
And dare to publiſh what he thinks, in rhime;
How quickly brandiſh'd is the critic's quill!
How glotes the wretch on what he longs to kill!
Pierc'd thro' each part the poor advent'rer lies,
And even Candour's deaf to Merit's cries.
Yet ſoon or late, the boiſt'rous tumult o'er,
Juſtice may guide my little bark to ſhore;
While puff'd-off dulneſs, like the gilded thing
Of ſome rich fool, or bauble of a king,
Shall ſpread its banners for a month, a year,
Nor live to flutter round its owner's bier.

Subject to public cenſure or applauſe,
To public candour I ſubmit my cauſe;
Think for myſelf, tho' hundreds round me rail,
Nor ſhift my tenets with the ſhifting gale;
Or own, like Atticus, with ſlaviſh awe,
The vaſt importance of the critic law.
Wild as the flow'r that ſcents the deſert air,
Wild as the note which nature loves to hear,
With careleſs eaſe, unconſcious of controul,
I catch the genuine impulſe of my ſoul.
Still let me gild the tranſitory day
With glowing fancy's unaffected ray;
Still let me ſmile, in life's ſequeſter'd vale,
At envy's cenſure and ill-nature's tale;
With rapture meditate how reaſon acts,
Conſult my feelings, and decide from facts.
With conſcience for me, can reflection fear
The villain's whiſper, or the coxcomb's ſneer?
Secure within, it recks not how without;
The bad may cenſure, and the good may doubt:
Nor doubt nor cenſure can a crime impart.
If virtue ſhield me, what is envy's dart?

ACONTIUS

TO

CYDIPPÉ.

ACONTIUS TO CYDIPPÉ.

ARGUMENT.

ACONTIUS happening to viſit the Temple of Diana, which is ſituated on the Iſland of Delos, in the Ægæan Sea, and is the moſt celebrated of the Cyclades, became violently enamoured with Cydippé, a young lady of illuſtrious deſcent; who, together with a number of other virgins, was at the cuſtomary performance of Diana's rites. Not daring to pay his addreſſes openly, on account of their diſparity of birth and rank, he conceived a new ſpecies of amorous fraud, and wrote on the rind of a beautiful apple the two following lines:

Juro tibi ſanè per myſtica ſacra Dianæ,
Me tibi venturam comitem, ſponſamque futuram.

By Delia's worſhip, and at Delia's ſhrine,
To thee my heart I willingly reſign:
In all the changes of uncertain life,
Thy fond companion, and thy tender wife!

This apple he artfully threw at Cydippé's feet; which having been imprudently taken up by her, ſhe became in-

ſtantly engaged to Acontius: for it was an eſtabliſhed law among the ancients, that whatever words were uttered or read in the Temple of the Delian Diana, ſhould be binding. Accordingly, when her father, who was ignorant of what had paſſed between his daughter and Acontius, ſome little time after promiſed her in marriage to another, ſhe fell ſuddenly ill of a violent fever. Acontius, in this Epiſtle, very artfully endeavours to perſuade Cydippé, that it was a puniſhment inflicted by Diana, for neglecting the vows ſhe had made at her ſhrine.

ACONTIUS

ACONTIUS CYDIPPÆ.

Accipe, Cydippé, deſpecti nomen Aconti,
Illius in pomo qui tibi verba dedit.

PONE metum: nihil hìc iterum jurabis amanti:
Promiſſam ſatis eſt te ſemel eſſe mihi.
Perlege: diſcedat ſic corpore languor ab iſto;
Qui meus eſt, ullâ parte dolente, dolor.
Quid pudor ora ſubit? nam, ſicut in æde Dianæ,
Suſpicor ingenuas erubuiſſe genas.
Conjugium pactamque fidem, non crimina, poſco:
Debitus ut conjux, non ut adulter, amo.

Verba

ACONTIUS to CYDIPPÉ.

Accipe, Cydippé, deſpecti nomen Aconti,
Illius in pomo qui tibi verba dedit.

THINK not, Cydippé, plighted as thou art,
Freſh vows are wanted to ſecure thy heart.
Read; and may health its op'ning luſtre throw
On ev'ry charm, and ſooth a lover's woe.
Yet why in bluſhing diffidence withdraw,
Averſe to Hymen, and his deareſt law?
* Touch'd! as when kindly witneſſing my flame,
Diana fill'd thee with ingenuous ſhame.
I come not, madd'ning with adult'rous fires,
Unlawful wiſhes, or corrupt deſires:
The right that heav'n to nuptial truth allows
I claim, in holy conſciouſneſs of vows.

* Alluding to the natural confuſion into which Cydippé was thrown when ſhe firſt peruſed what was written upon the apple; and by which, as our ingenious author artfully perſuades her, ſhe felt herſelf irrevocably engaged to Acontius.

What,

Verba licet repetas, quæ demptus ab arbore fœtus
Pertulit ad caſtas, me jaciente, manus.
Invenies illic id te ſpondere, quod opto,
Ni tibi cum verbis excidit illa fides.
Id metui, ut divæ diffuſa eſt ira, decebat
Te potius, Virgo, quam meminiſſe Deam.
Nunc quoque idem timeo: ſed idem tamen acrius illud
Aſſumpſit vires; auctaque flamma morâ eſt.
Quique fuit nunquam parvus, nunc, tempore longo,
Et ſpe, quam dederas tu mihi, creſcit amor.
Spem mihi tu dederas: meus hic tibi credidit ardor,
Non potes hoc factum teſte negare Deâ.
" Me tibi nupturam," felix ait omen, " Aconti,
" Juro, quam colimus, numina magna Deæ."
Adfuit; et præſens, ut erat, tua verba notavit,
Et viſa eſt motâ dicta tuliſſe comâ.

Deceptam dicas noſtrâ te fraude licebit:
Dum fraudis noſtræ cauſa feratur amor.

Fraus

What, fondly charg'd, the faithful apple bore,
Again peruſe, and meditate once more;
Affection's tribute, and its ſoft demands!
By me directed to thoſe ſpotleſs hands.
There wilt thou find, tho' ev'ry word be loſt,
Cydippé's promiſe, and the wiſh I boaſt;
Unleſs—which Heav'n avert!—with words ſhould die
The fond confeſſion of a mutual ſigh.
Conſent had better from your yielding mind
In ſoftneſs murmur, eloquently kind,
Than angry Delia ſhould avenge her cauſe,
Or truth remind you of its ſlighted laws.
I dread the laſt, but more the former woe,
Suſpect your faith, and into madneſs grow.
Love, ſtrong in hope, with time new vigour gains,
And, once ſcarce limited, unbounded reigns.
You gave that hope, on *that* my paſſion grew;
What Delia witneſs'd muſt be own'd by you.
" By *her* I worſhip, I'll become the bride
" Of lov'd Acontius!" the kind omen cried.
Each word recording, with propitious air
The goddeſs heard, and ſhook her flowing hair.

Say that your heart too eaſily was caught
By proſp'rous fraud; yet love inſpir'd the thought.

Fraus mea quid petiit, niſi uti tibi jungerer uni?
Id me, quod quereris, conciliare poteſt.
Non ego naturâ, nec ſum tam callidus uſu:
Solertem tu me, crede, puella, facis.
Te mihi compoſitis, ſi quid tamen egimus, à me
Adſtrinxit verbis ingenioſus amor.
Dictatis ab eo feci ſponſalia verbis:
Conſultoque fui juris amore vafer.
Sit fraus huic nomen facto; dicarque doloſus,
(Si tamen eſt, quod ames velle tenere, dolus)
En iterum ſcribo, mittoque rogantia verba;
Altera fraus hæc eſt: quodque queraris habes.
Si noceo quòd amo, fateor ſine fine nocebo;
Teque petam: caveas tu licet ipſa peti.

Per

'Tis *he* muſt anſwer for the ſnare you blame,
Since *you* were all its object and its aim.
By nature frank, and ready to believe,
'Twas you, my charmer! taught me to deceive.
Ingenious arts thoſe ſparkling eyes inſpir'd:
I only coveted what love deſir'd.
If aught were wanting to ſecure my claim,
The lines you read can ratify the ſame;
* As Love directed, I the contract dreſs'd,
His humble ſlave, and copier at beſt.
This may be fraud, and I deceitful too—
(If that's deceit which keeps our bliſs in view,
As nature dictates innocently moves,
And fondly meditates the prize it loves)
E'en now you'll blame me for this ſuppliant ſtrain,
This other fraud, and ſubject to complain.
If ſighs diſtreſs you, you'll for ever prove
The keen purſuit of unremitting love.

* Acontius inſinuates that he had only obeyed the dictates of the goddeſs, who, through the medium of Cupid, had inſtructed him what to write.

Per gladios alii placitas rapuêre puellas :
Scripta mihi cautè litera crimen erit ?
Dî faciant, poſſim plures imponere nodos !
Ut tua ſit nullâ libera parte fides.
Mille doli reſtant : clivo ſudamus in imo :
Ardor inexpertum nîl ſinet eſſe meus.
Sit dubium, poſſiſne capi ; captabere certè ;
Exitus in Dîs eſt : ſed capiêre tamen :
Ut partem effugias, non omnia retia falles :
Quæ tibi, quàm credis, plura tetendit amor.
Si non proficient artes, veniemus ad arma ;
Inque tui cupido rapta ferêre ſinu.

Non ſum qui ſoleam Paridis reprehendere factum :
Nec quenquam, qui, vir poſſit ut eſſe, fuit.

Nos

Some gain the fair amid the claſh of ſwords:
Is it a crime to try perſuaſive words?
May Heav'n ſo bind you with its ſacred chain,
That not a wiſh in liberty remain!
Still in reſerve a thouſand arts I find,
And none too arduous for my daring mind.
Though doubt and ſtrange viciſſitude attend
The dear attempt — for heav'n muſt mark its end—
Yet in my ſnares you ſoon or late muſt fall;
Tho' ſome ſhould fail, you cannot ſhun them all.
And more, believe me, are the well-laid ſchemes
Of artful Cupid, than Cydippé dreams.
If cunning fail, to violence I'll move,
And bear thee, trembling, on the breaſt of love.

No more I blame, as formerly I us'd,
The wily Trojan and the bride ſeduc'd:
What Paris dar'd, was but a manly deed;
Nor is it ſhameful to be bold in need;
Nor him, nor others, who like him have ſtrove,
Can Honour blame, while Nature pleads for love.

Nos quoque : ſed taceo. Mors hujus pœna rapinæ,
Ut ſit, erit, quàm te non habuiſſe, minor.
Aut eſſes formoſa minùs, peterere modeſtè :
Audaces facie cogimur eſſe tuâ.
Tu facis hoc, oculique tui ; quibus ignea cedunt
Sydera ; qui flammæ cauſa fuêre meæ.
Hoc flavi faciunt crines, et eburnea cervix ;
Quæque precor veniant in mea colla manus :
Et decor et vultus ſine ruſticitate pudentes :
Et Thetida quales vix rear eſſe pedes.

Cætera

* E'en I——diſcretion cannot ſpeak the reſt—
'Tis death to raviſh—but to die were beſt,
Than *thus* to live!—Be leſs to Venus dear,
And modeſt ſighs ſhall murmur on your ear.
For while ſuch charms enraptur'd I behold,
Their very beauties force me to be bold.
This to yourſelf I owe, and thoſe dear eyes,
Than ſtars more bright, and cauſe of all my ſighs.
This to that neck, as poliſh'd iv'ry fair;
Thoſe wiſh'd-for circling arms, and auburn hair:
This to that kind inſinuating grace,
And chaſte politeneſs bright'ning on your face:
This to your ſnowy feet, which ſcarce can be
By † Thetis equall'd in her native ſea.

Ah,

* The reader will eaſily perceive that the drift of Acontius, through the whole of this charming epiſtle, went to eſtabliſh in Cydippé's mind an entire conviction that their union was predeſtined, and fixed upon by the gods; and that, if his approaches alarmed her innocence, ſhe muſt attribute them not only to *their* inſpiration, but likewiſe to her own perſonal charms; artfully intimating, by this means, the irreſiſtible neceſſity which ruled him by impulſe and attraction. Ovid, by this maſterly paſſage, has afforded a lively inſtance of the foible by which the generality of women are actuated. He makes Acontius, in acknowledging the power of the goddeſs, pay the moſt flattering compliment to the perſonal beauties of Cydippé.

† Among the allegorical beauties allotted to the different gods and

Cætera ſi poſſem laudare, beatior eſſem ;
Nec dubito, totum quin ſibi par ſit opus.

Hâc ego compulſus, non eſt mirabile, formâ,
Si pignus volui vocis habere tuæ.
Denique, dum captam tu te cogare fateri,
Inſidiis eſto capta puella meis.
Invidiam patiar : paſſo ſua præmia dentur.
Cur ſuus a tanto crimine fructus abeſt ?
Heſionen Telamon, Briſeïda cepit Achilles :
Utraque victorem victa ſecuta ſuum.
Quamlibet accuſes, et ſis irata licebit ;
Iratâ liceat dum mihi poſſe frui :
Iidem, qui facimus, factam tenuabimus iram :
Copia placandi ſit modo parva tui.

Ante

Ah, happier much! and more than doubly bleſt,
Where all is perfect—could I praiſe the reſt.

Urg'd by thoſe charms, no wonder if I ſtrove
To gain your promiſe, and ſecure my love.
Equal to me (provided you allow
The dear ſucceſs), if cunning ſtole the vow.
Your rage I'll bear, but with it ſweetly take
The joys that make me paſſive for their ſake.
Ah, why—the venture and the crime ſo great!—
Should *you* refuſe me what your charms create?
Undaunted Telamon ſoft Heſio won,
And fair Briſeïs turn'd to Peleus' ſon.
Cheerful they yielded to the youths who dar'd
Each danger conquer, and their conqueſts ſhar'd.

Accuſe, condemn me for this raſh deſign—
I'll court your anger, if it makes you mine.
Yield but the tender liberty to plead,
Your rage to ſoften and explain the deed.

goddeſſes in the Heathen mythology, Thetis, the mother of Achilles, was diſtinguiſhed by the ſmallneſs of her feet, as Juno was by the largeneſs of her eyes.

Let

Ante tuos flentem liceat conſiſtere vultus;
Et liceat lacrymis addere verba meis.
Utque ſolent famuli, cùm verbera ſæva verentur,
Tendere ſubmiſſas ad tua crura manus.
Ignoras tua jura, voca: cur arguor abſens?
Jamdudum dominæ more venire jube.
Ipſa meos ſcindas licèt imperioſa capillos,
Oraque ſint digitis livida facta tuis.
Omnia perpetiar: tantum fortaſſe timebo,
Corpore lædatur ne manus iſta meo.

Sed neque compedibus, nec me compeſce catenis:
Servabor firmo vinctus amore tui.
Cùm benè ſe, quantumque volet, ſatiaverit ira;
Ipſa tibi dices, *Quam patienter amat!*
Ipſa tibi dices, cùm videris omnia ferre,
Tam benè qui ſervit, ſerviat iſte mihi.
Cur reus infelix abſens agor? et mea, cùm ſit
Optima, non ullo, cauſa, tuente perit?
Hoc quod amor juſſit, ſcriptum, eſt injuria noſtra,
Quod de me ſolo nempè queraris, habes.

Non

Let me, at leaſt, in tears before you lie,
And with my tears the pow'r of language try!
Let me, like ſlaves, whoſe backs the laſh have borne,
Hold up my hands, and as a ſuppliant mourn.
Aſſert your pow'r, command me to appear,
And ſit in judgment with a ſov'reign's ear.
Enjoin'd by you, each puniſhment I'll bear,
Struck be my face, and torn my ſcatter'd hair!
Your very blows in tenderneſs I'll take,
And only tremble for the giver's ſake.

Bound by deſire, and rivetted to love,
What pow'r, Cydippé, can your ſlave remove?
No force is wanting where the ſoul remains;
Captive I ſtand, and court my willing chains.
Yet when your ſoul her laſt reſentment proves,
Say to yourſelf—*How patiently he loves!*
Say, when the penſive criminal you ſee,
A ſlave ſo gentle, ſhall be ſlave to me!
Ah, wretch! in painful abſence to behold
My cauſe neglected, and my tale untold.
Let me, the conſcious meſſenger of love,
Thy boſom's anger and its vengeance prove;

Non meruit falli mecum quoque Delia: ſi non
Vis mihi promiſſum reddere, redde Deæ.
Adfuit, et vidit cùm tu decepta rubebas:
Et voçem memori condidit aure tuam.
Omina re careant; nihil eſt violentius illâ,
Cùm ſua, quod nolim, numina læſa videt.
(Teſtis erit Calydonis aper: nam ſcimus ut illa
Sit magis in natum ſæva reperta parens.)
Teſtis et Actæon, quondam fera creditus illis,
Ipſe dedit letho cum quibus antè feras.
Quæque ſuperba parens, ſaxo per corpore oborto,
Nunc quoque Mygdoniâ flebilis adſtat humo.

Hei mihi, Cydippé! timeo tibi dicere verum;
Ne videar cauſâ falſa monere meâ.

Dicendum

Of me alone thou juſtly canſt complain,
Cauſe of each tear, and ſource of ev'ry pain!
Yet give Diana what's denied to me;
The goddeſs ſhould not be deceiv'd by thee.
She ſaw thee redden at the dear deceit,
She heard thy lips the ſacred words repeat.
May Heav'n ſecure thee from the vengeful ire
That omens mark, and perjuries inſpire!
The murder'd offspring and its ſavage dame*,
Actæon, chang'd in nature and in name†,
And haughty Niobé, whoſe form remains
A ſenſeleſs column on the Lydian plains,
The ſad remembrance of her vengeance ſhew,
And bid thee ſhun ſimilitude of woe.
O ſtate of inward agony, to prove
Doubt's reſtleſs anguiſh from the maid we love!
See bleak ſuſpicion on each op'ning flow'r
Of cheering hope, ungenerouſly low'r.

* Althæa, the mother of Meleager, who was the cauſe of his death, in conſequence of Diana's rites having been ſlighted by her.

† Actæon, for having imprudently glanced at Diana whilſt ſhe was bathing, was ſuddenly metamorphoſed into a ſtag, and, being purſued by his own dogs, was torn to pieces.

Hence

Dicendum tamen eſt: hoc eſt, mihi crede, quòd ægra
Ipſo nubendi tempore ſæpe jaces.
Conſulit ipſa tibi; neu ſis perjura laborat:
Et ſalvam ſalvâ te cupit eſſe fide.
Inde fit, ut, quoties exiſtere perfida tentas,
Peccatum toties corrigit illa tuum.
Parce movere feros animoſæ virginis arcus,
Mitis adhuc fieri, ſi patiare, poteſt.
Parce, precor, teneros corrumpere febribus artus:
Servetur facies iſta fruenda mihi.
Serventur vultus ad noſtra incendia nati:
Quique ſubeſt niveo lætus in ore rubor.

Hoſtibus è ſi quis, ne fias noſtra, laborat,
Sic ſit, ut invalidâ te ſolet eſſe mihi.
Torqueor ex æquo, vel te nubente vel ægrâ;
Dicere nec poſſum, quòd minus ipſe velim.

Maceror

Hence ev'ry grief that bids thy boſom pine,
Whene'er thou flieſt, and Heav'n would make thee
mine.
Diana warns you, and with anxious fear
Strives with your health to keep your honour clear.
For this, when careleſs of her laws you move,
Her arrows threaten, and your guilt reprove.
Ah! ceaſe to wake them; I conjure thee, ceaſe!
Prevent her vengeance, and the maid appeaſe.
Ah! let not ſickneſs thoſe ſoft limbs annoy,
Since Heav'n has form'd them for my deareſt joy.
Preſerve thoſe cheeks, that charm'd my raviſh'd ſight,
And lips ſurrounded by the pureſt white!

If there be one—the bitt'reſt of my foes—
Whoſe hate would injure, or my wiſh oppoſe,
May ſuch experience what Acontius feels,
When through your limbs the fev'rous poiſon ſteals!
With doubtful agonies of wild deſpair
My boſom heaves, and throbs with anxious care;
Nor can I tell you which the moſt alarms,
To ſee you grieve, or bleſs another's arms.

Cauſe

Maceror interdum, quòd ſim tibi cauſa dolendi:
Teque meâ lædi calliditate puto.
In caput hæc noſtrum dominæ perjuria, quæſo,
Eveniant: pœnâ tuta ſit illa meâ.

Ne tamen ignorem quid agas; ad limina crebrò
Anxius huc illuc diſſimulanter eo.
Subſequor ancillam furtim famulumve, requirens
Profuerint ſomni quid tibi, quidve cibi.
Me miſerum! quòd non medicorum juſſa miniſtro,
Aſtringoque manus, inſideoque toro!
Et rurſus miſerum! quòd, me procul inde remoto,
Quem minimè vellem, forſitan alter adeſt.
Ille manus iſtas et fingit, et affidet ægræ,
Inviſus ſuperis, cum ſuperiſque mihi.
Dumque ſuo tentat ſalientem pollice venam,
Candida per cauſam brachia ſæpe tenet:
Contrectatque ſinus; et forſitan oſcula jungit:
Officio merces plenior iſta ſuo eſt.

"Quis

Cauſe of that grief, in ſolitude I pine,
Suſpect you wrong'd, and make each ſorrow mine.
May all your perjuries—as ſource of all!—
To eaſe that boſom, on Acontius fall.

Oft round your gates, ſolicitouſly led,
With watchful eyes and anxious ſoul I tread;
In ſage diſcretion to your ſervants creep,
And learn what food you take, and how you ſleep.
Ah, wretch! to covet what the gods deny,
Each want to feel, and not a want ſupply!
Ah, doubly wretched, with a keen diſtreſs,
Abſent to feel that others round you preſs.
Above the reſt, averſe to Heav'n and me,
I view my rival inſolently free:
Fix'd on your face the daring monſter ſtands,
Obſerves your eyes, and holds your lily-hands;
With fond pretext to preſs that arm, he feels
The bounding pulſe, and o'er each beauty ſteals;
Hangs on that neck—and oh! too high the price
Of boaſted ſkill—perhaps ſome freedom tries;
Yields to the ſtruggling impulſe of his breaſt,
Grows to your lips, and ſighs you into reſt.

" Quis tibi permiſit noſtras præcidere meſſes?

" Ad ſepem alterius quis tibi fecit iter?

" Iſte ſinus meus eſt: mea turpiter oſcula fumis:

" A mihi promiſſo corpore tolle manus.

" Improbe, tolle manus; quam tangis noſtra futura eſt.

" Poſtmodo ſi facias iſtud, adulter eris.

" Elige de vacuis, quam non ſibi vindicet alter.

" Si neſcis, dominum res habet iſta ſuum.

" Nec mihi credideris, recitetur formula pacti:

" Neu falſam dicas eſſe; fac ipſa legat.

" Alterius thalamo, tibi nos, tibi dicimus, exi.

" Quid facis hîc? exi, non vacat iſte torus.

" Nam quod habes et tu humani verba altera pacti,

" Non erit idcirco par tua cauſa meæ.

" Hæc mihi ſe pepigit: pater hanc tibi, primus ab illâ:

" Sed propior certè, quàm pater, ipſa ſibi eſt.

" Promiſit pater hanc: hæc adjuravit amanti;

" Ille homines, hæc eſt teſtificata Dea.

" Who gave thee leave to mow that rip'ning grain,
" Or led thy footſteps to another's plain?
" That boſom's mine! and, barefac'd as thou art,
" Thoſe kiſſes too—forbear! nor touch a part
" Of what is plighted to my longing heart:
" Take off thoſe hands—'tis mine that angel frame;
" Such acts, hereafter, with adult'rous ſhame
" Would mark thy days: chooſe where the maids
" are free;
" Thoſe charms, I tell thee, are deſign'd for me.
" Shouldſt thou miſtruſt me, let the claim be clear,
" And from her lips the binding contract hear.
" Begone!—too heedleſs of the lines ſhe read;
" Nor meanly treſpaſs on another's bed!
" Wretch that thou art! what would thy frenzy dare?
" Begone! I tell thee; thou'ſt no bus'neſs there.
" Thy claim, at beſt, is form'd on human ties,
" But mine has all the ſanction of the ſkies.
" *I* gain'd the daughter, *you* the father won—
" Whoſe right is firſt—the father's, or her own?
" My vows herſelf, whilſt yours the fire preferr'd;
" Men witneſs'd theſe, and thoſe the Goddeſs heard*.

" *He*

* Acontius was well aſſured, that ſo long as he could prevent the intruſion of that ſort of idea which gradually weans us from the fear of a ſuperior being, he muſt eventually get the better of her natural timidity. The neceſſity he ſo repeatedly urges being ſtrengthened by the conſciouſneſs ſhe felt from having read the words which were written upon the

" Hic metuit mendax, timet hæc perjura vocari :
" Num dubites, hic ſit major, an ille metus ?
" Denique, ut amborum conferre pericula poſſis,
" Reſpice ad eventus : hæc cubat ; ille valet.
" Nos quoque diſſimili certamina mente ſubimus,
" Nec ſpes par nobis, nec timor æquus adeſt.
" Tu petis ex tuto : gravior mihi morte repulſa eſt ;
" Idque ego jam, quod tu forſan amabis, amo.
" Si tibi juſtitiæ, ſi recti cauſa fuiſſet,
" Cedere debueras ignibus ipſe meis."

Nunc quoniam ferus hic pro cauſâ pugnat iniquâ :
Ad quid, Cydippé, litera noſtra redit ?

Hic

" *He* ſhuns a falſehood, *ſhe* Diana's arm:
" And can you queſtion *which* ſhould moſt alarm?
" If, ſpite of truth, each argument be loſt,
" Judge from effects, and ſay—who ſuffers moſt?
" Whilſt health is bright'ning in the father's eyes,
" Stretch'd on her couch the ſick'ning daughter lies.
" Our boſoms too unequal ſorrow tears;
" Nor ſuch your hopes, nor ſuch your anxious fears.
" You ſue in peace; but death to me has charms,
" Compar'd with aught that tears me from her arms.
" Unvex'd by keen ſolicitude you move,
" Whilſt I adore what you perhaps may love!
" If truth or juſtice could aſſert their claim,
" Your ſoul had long ſince yielded to my flame."

You ſee, Cydippé! for what end I preſs
My deareſt cauſe, and languiſh for ſucceſs:

apple, wanted nothing more to complete his wiſhes, than to be familiarized with the object of her fears. He therefore, with the ſame ingenuity that marks the whole, expreſſes the keeneſt ſolicitude about her health; artfully inſinuates a wiſh to have acceſs to the houſe, deprecates the wrath of the gods from her upon himſelf, as the cauſe of her uneaſineſs and fever; and, to put the ſincerity of his paſſion beyond ſuſpicion, abruptly breaks out in all the ravings of a jealous lover. The apoſtrophe to his rival is inimitably fine, and natural: it at once conveys the moſt flattering ideas to the object beloved, and ſecretly undermines, by inference, whatever aſcendancy parental authority might have gained in favour of the other ſuitor.

Hic facit ut jaceas, et ſis ſuſpecta Dianæ:
Hunc tu, ſi ſapias, limen adire vetes.
Hoc faciente ſubis tam ſæva pericula vitæ:
Atque utinam pro te, qui movet illa, cadat!
Quem ſi repuleris, nec quem Dea damnat, amâris;
Et tu continuò, certè ego ſalvus ero.

Siſte metum, virgo; ſtabili potiere ſaluti;
Fac modò polliciti conſcia templa colas.
Nec bove mactato cœleſtia numina gaudent;
Sed, quæ præſtanda eſt et ſine teſte, fide.
Ut valeant aliæ, ferrum patiuntur et ignes:
Fert aliis triſtem ſuccus amarus opem.

Though heav'nly vengeance all his vows purſue,
My rival triumphs, and is heard by you.
Lawleſs he pleads, whilſt you the traitor hear,
And mingle falſehood with affliction's tear.
Hence all the pains my lov'd Cydippé knows,
Diana's anger, and its ſleepleſs woes.
Far from your gates the bold intruder ſend,
Each joy recover, and the conteſt end.
So ev'ry ſorrow from your heart remove;
And he who caus'd it all its anguiſh prove!
No more this object of her wrath allow,
And health will brighten on our cheerful brow.

Haſte, firm in hope, to where the Goddeſs heard
Your plighted promiſe, and my vows preferr'd.
The victim, led to ſacrifice and death,
Charms not the gods ſo much as gen'rous faith.
Some for repoſe ſubmit to fire and ſteel*,
With bitter roots while others hope to heal:

No

* The circumſtance of Cydippé's actual indiſpoſition at the time Acontius was preſſing her to comply, rendered every thing he advanced relative to the interference of Diana powerfully convincing. He accordingly

Nil opus eſt iſtis, tantum perjuria vita;

Teque ſimul ſerva, meque, datamque fidem.

Præteritæ veniam dabit ignorantia culpæ:

Exciderint animo fœdera lecta tuo.

Admonita es modò voce meâ, modò caſibus iſtis;

Quos quoties tentas fallere, ferre ſoles.

His quoque vitatis, in partu nempe rogabis,

Ut tibi luciferas afferat illa manus.

No need have you ſuch trials to endure;
Obſerve your vows, and ev'ry joy's ſecure.
For paſt omiſſions ignorance may plead:
Your mind forgot what thoſe dear eyes could read!
Warn'd by diſeaſe, whene'er thou wouldſt deceive,
And urg'd by me the goddeſs to believe,
Ah, what ſhould force thee from thy vows to fly,
Each pain to covet, and each joy deny?
E'en this neglected, ſtill a time may be,
When kind Lucina muſt be call'd to thee.

dwells upon her diſpleaſure, and ſuggeſts that all the art of medicine muſt prove abortive, ſo long as ſhe continues reluctant and unkind. To this argument, which, by the doctrine of that age, was unanſwerable, he adds another; which, in awakening the moſt ſerious apprehenſions that a woman is capable of receiving, makes the ſucceſs of every ſuit, but his own, the inevitable cauſe of a fatal delivery. Diana, under the appellation of Lucina, preſides at the birth of every child, and being incenſed at the diſobedience of Cydippé in not marrying Acontius, would, ſo far from alleviating, increaſe the pains of labour. In fact, the whole of this heroic is one of thoſe numberleſs inſtances of refinement, which diſtinguiſhed the reign of Auguſtus from every other. Horace and Ovid are of themſelves ſufficient to prove that neither the frippery of France, the ſolid magnificence of Britain, nor the heavy grandeur of Germany, has been able to produce half the poliſh of antiquity. If the modern poet, from the earlieſt dawn of knowledge, be taught to repeat, in the conſciouſneſs of antient ſuperiority, "Si placeo tuum eſt!" the man of the world, the courtier, patron, and dependant may with equal juſtice ſay, on every occaſion, political or domeſtic, "Sequimur non paſſibus æquis."

She'll

Audiet ; et, repetens quæ ſint audita, requiret
Ipſa, tibi de quo conjuge partus eat.
Promittes votum ; ſcit te promittere falsò :
Jurabis : ſcit te fallere poſſe Deos.

Non agitur de me : curâ majore laboro ;
Anxia ſunt vitæ pectora noſtra tuæ.
Cur modò te dubiam pavidi flevêre parentes,
Ignaros culpæ quos facis eſſe tuæ ?
Et cur ignorent ? matri licet omnia narres :
Nil tua, Cydippé, facta ruboris habent.
Ordine fac referas, ut ſis mihi cognita primùm,
Sacra pharetratæ dum facis ipſa Deæ.
Ut, te conſpectâ, ſubitò (ſi fortè notaſti)
Reſtiterim fixis in tua membra genis.
Ut te dum nimium miror (nota certa furoris)
Deciderint humero pallia lapſa mea.

Poſtmodo

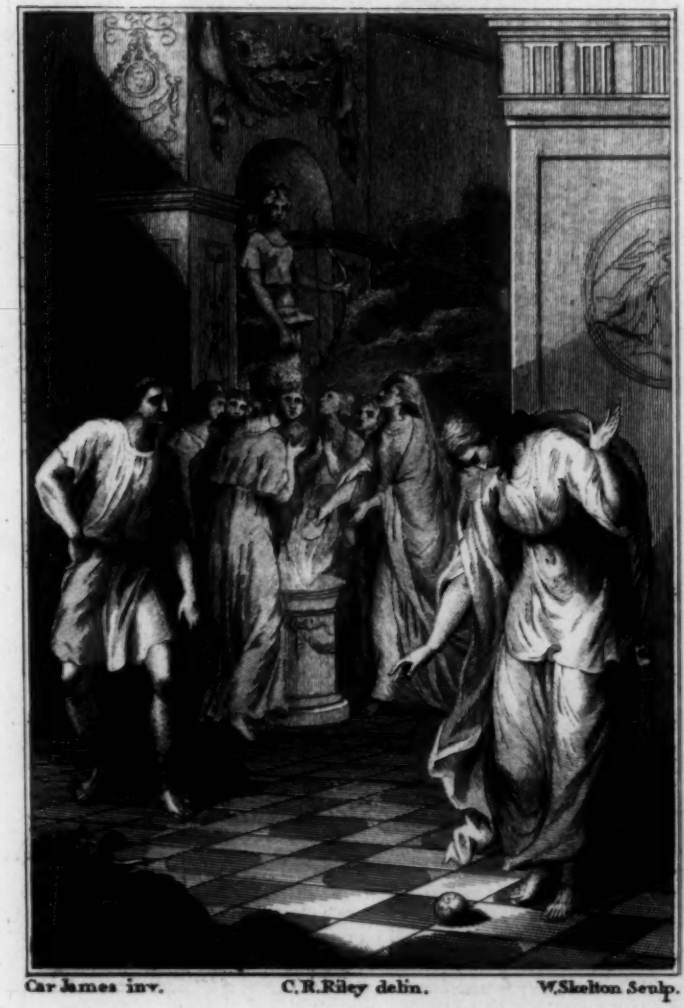
She'll hear, and, mindful of her vot'ry's claim,
Aſk from whoſe loins the ſtruggling infant came.
Vows will be made, and oaths for ſafety giv'n;
How fruitleſs all, from one who laughs at heav'n!

Careleſs of mine, far other griefs I bear,
And anxious tremble for a life ſo dear.
Unkind! in death-like agony to feel
Severeſt anguiſh, yet the cauſe conceal;
To ſee your neareſt relatives in grief,
When heav'n enjoins, and you might give relief.
If none, Cydippé, can obtain regard,
The womb that bore thee ſhould at leaſt be ſpar'd.
No cauſe has ſhe the ſuitor to deſpiſe,
No cauſe have you to redden at his ſighs.
The earlieſt impulſe of my heart explain,
How firſt I ſaw you in Diana's fane;
How, touch'd by Venus and her ſoft alarms,
My eyes were fetter'd to thoſe angel charms;
Whilſt you, perhaps no ſtranger to them all,
Obſerv'd my looks, and ſaw my garment fall;
From ev'ry motion my diſorder gueſs'd,
And felt the triumph of your eyes confeſt:

Poſtmodo neſcio quâ veniſſe volubile malum,
Verba ferens doctis inſidioſa notis.
Quod, quia ſit lectum ſanctâ præſente Dianâ,
Eſſe tuam vinctam, numine teſte, fidem.
Ne tamen ignoret quo ſit ſententia ſcripta;
Lecta tibi quondam nunc quoque verba refer.
" Nube, precor," dicet, " cui te bona numina jungunt;
" Quem fore jurâſti, ſit gener ille mihi.
" Quiſquis is eſt, placeat; quoniam placet ante Dianæ."
Talis erit mater; ſi modò mater erit.
Sed tamen inquirat, qui ſim qualiſque, jubeto:
Inveniet vobis conſuluiſſe Deam.
Inſula Coryciis quondam celeberrima nymphis
Cingitur Ægæo nomine Cea mari.
Illa mihi patria eſt: nec ſi generoſa probaris
Nomina, deſpectis arguor ortus avis.

Sunt

ACONTIUS to CYDIPPE'.



Car James inv. C.R.Riley delin. W.Skelton Sculp.

How next, an apple to my charmer's feet —
Ingenious messenger of dear deceit! —
The plighted union of our souls convey'd,
While Delia listen'd in her sacred shade.
In vain to shun me diffidence is driv'n:
What law can tear thee from myself and heav'n?

BRITISH
3 NO 74
MUSEUM

How next, an apple to my charmer's feet—
Ingenious meſſenger of dear deceit!—
The plighted union of our ſouls convey'd,
While Delia liſten'd in her ſacred ſhade.
In vain to ſhun me diffidence is driv'n:
What law can tear thee from myſelf and heav'n?
But leſt, too heedleſs of the weighty ſtrain,
Thy mother reſt, ah! read it once again.
"Take," will ſhe ſay, "whom heav'n has bid thee
"chooſe;
"The vows thou gav'ſt him, I dare not refuſe:
"Who pleaſes Delia, ſhould be lov'd by thee,
"Whate'er his name or parentage may be."
Thus, in maternal fondneſs, will ſhe prove
The tend'reſt impulſe of a mother's love.
From thee, to fond ſolicitude be known
The blood I boaſt of, and the name I own.
In each the deareſt of your friends will find
Diana careful of your virgin-mind.
Ceòs, an iſle which once the Muſes choſe,
And where the circling deep Ægæan flows,
My country's nam'd: nor yet ſo humbly born,
If birth's an object, to deſerve your ſcorn.

My

Sunt et opes nobis : ſunt et ſine crimine mores ;
Amplius utque nihil, me tibi jungit amor.
Appeteres talem vel non jurata maritum :
Juratæ vel non talis habendus erat.

Hæc tibi me in ſomnis jaculatrix ſcribere Phœbe ;
Hæc tibi me vigilans ſcribere juſſit amor.
Et quibus alterius mihi jam nocuêre ſagittæ :
Alterius noceant ne tibi tela, cave.
Juncta ſalus noſtra eſt ; miſerere meique tuique.
Quid dubitas unam ferre duobus opem ?
Quod ſi contigerit, cùm jam data ſigna ſonabunt,
Tinctaque votivo ſanguine Delos erit,
Aurea ponetur mali felicis imago,
Cauſaque verſiculis ſcripta duobus erit :
" Effigie pomi teſtatur Acontius hujus,
" Quæ fuerint in eo ſcripta, fuiſſe rata."
Longior infirmum ne laſſet epiſtola corpus,
Clauſaque conſueto ſit ſibi fine, vale.

My ſpotleſs honour and my wealth agree;
But love has join'd me, more than all, to thee.
A youth ſo gifted, tho' no vows were made,
Might gain thy wiſhes, and thy breaſt perſuade.

This in my dreams the quiver'd Huntreſs told:
Love bade me write, and to thy heart unfold.
As Cupid's arrows have been felt by me,
Beware leſt Phœbe's ſhould be aim'd at thee.
Link'd are our fates: ah, why ſhould two be griev'd,
Since, *one* conſenting, *both* might be reliev'd?
But when—ſo heav'n permit—the ſignals ſound,
And bleeding victims ſtain the ſacred ground:
A golden image of the fruit be ſeen,
With theſe two verſes to the quiver'd Queen:
" By this reſemblance of an apple's prov'd
" Cydippé's kindneſs to the man ſhe lov'd."
Shook by diſeaſe, and languid as thou art,
No more I'll preſs the bus'neſs of my heart;
But, fondly ſilent, ev'ry wiſh renew,
And end, as uſual, with a dear adieu.

POST-

POSTSCRIPT.

HAVING acquitted myſelf of a promiſe I made my friends ſome years back, it remains to acquaint the indulgent Reader, that the chief motive which induced me to undertake the tranſlation, was a conviction that it may be poſſible to render every ſentiment of the original, and not deviate from its eaſe and familiarity of phraſe.—Without arrogating to myſelf any ſuperiour knowledge of the claſſics, or preſuming to do better than thoſe who have gone before me, I am free to ſay that no ancient has been more unworthily handled than OVID. The preſent Epiſtle has already appeared in Engliſh; but, whether from ignorance or precipitancy in the compoſition, there is little more to be found than a literal verſion of the Author, without elegance of phraſe or harmony of numbers. The Sappho to Phaon, by Pope, is an exception to this remark, ſo far as it relates to poetical beauty; yet even here ſome inaccuracies occur.—The following lines,

lines, for inſtance, are not entirely devoid of meaning in the original, yet it will be difficult to find them in the tranſlation:

> Vilis Amythone, vilis mihi candida Cydno:
> Non oculis grata eſt Atthis, ut ante, meis;
> Atque aliæ centum, quas hic *ſine crimine* amavi.

For the whole of this very ſignificant paſſage two lines are ſubſtituted, one of which is unqueſtionably the very reverſe of what Ovid meant, viz.

> No more the Leſbian dames my paſſion move,
> Once the dear objects of my *guilty* love.

Quas hic ſine crimine *amavi*, conveys a very different idea of Sappho's amours; in whoſe age a connection with the ſame ſex was probably leſs ſtigmatized than in the preſent.

In another place we are obliged to be ſatisfied with a couplet, which is general and collective, for ſix verſes that are perfectly deſcriptive of the painful anxiety

a well-wiſher feels, when the neareſt relative becomes a prey to licentious love. The paſſage is:

Arſit inops frater, victus meretricis amore;
Miſtaque cum turpi damna pudore tulit.
Factus inops agili peragit freta cærula remo:
Quaſque male amiſit, nunc male quærit opes.
Me quoque, quod monui bene multa fideliter, odit.
Hoc mihi libertas, hoc pia lingua dedit.

My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame,
Ignobly burn'd in a deſtructive flame.

Invidious as the taſk of criticiſm muſt certainly be to a fellow adventurer, I cannot cloſe theſe obſervations without adding, that no Tranſlator is juſtified in giving a ſingle ſentiment which the original does not contain. The whole of this beautiful Heroic in the Latin is plaintive, but not reproachful. How far Mr. Pope was right in tacking the following lines to what was purely expoſtulatory, the judicious will decide.

Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu
(At leaſt to feign was never hard to you);
Farewell my Leſbian love, you might have ſaid;
Or coldly thus,—Farewell, oh Leſbian Maid!

Si tam certus eras hinc ire, modeſtius iſſes,
Et modo dixiſſes : Leſbi puella, vale !

I am now to apologize to the patient reader, and to the admirers of an Engliſh Poet, whoſe works I peruſe with pleaſure and inſtruction, for the liberty I have taken. The only excuſe I can offer is (in the conſciouſneſs of my own imperfections) the natural wiſh every man muſt feel to vindicate himſelf by the precedent of others. If I have been diffuſe in rendering any part of Acontius to Cydippé, it was becauſe I wiſhed to be clear : and if, on the other hand, I have injured its harmony by being too confined, it was becauſe I would not fatigue. But I am bold to aſſert, there is not a ſingle ſentiment or idea introduced which the original does not fully juſtify. I ſhall conclude with an obſervation of Mr. Pope's, that perfectly ſuits the whole of my productions, but more eſpecially this Epiſtle, which, when very young, I undertook to tranſlate merely for improvement.

'All that is left us is to recommend our produc-
'tions by the imitations of the ancients. And it
'will be found true, that in every age, the higheſt
'character for ſenſe and learning has been obtained by

'thoſe who have been moſt indebted to them. For, 'to ſay truth, whatever is very good ſenſe, muſt 'have been common ſenſe in all times; and what we 'call learning is but the knowledge of the ſenſe of our 'predeceſſors. Therefore, they who ſay our thoughts 'are not our own, becauſe they reſemble the an-'cients, may as well ſay our faces are not our own, 'becauſe they are like our fathers; and indeed it 'is very unreaſonable, that people ſhould expect us to 'be ſcholars, and yet be angry to find us ſo.'

It was my intention to have concluded with this obſervation; but having accidentally ſeen a general critique upon a former edition of ſome of theſe poems; I think it bare juſtice to ſay they have been unhandſomely treated. I do not mean to infer from this, that any peculiar ſeverity was uſed. General criticiſm, without pointing out particular defects, only proves to the wiſe and candid an inclination to depreciate without having the means to do ſo; verifying in the ſtrongeſt manner Pope's admirable remark in his Eſſay on Criticiſm—

Each burns alike who can, or cannot write,
Or with a rival's, or an eunuch's ſpite.

But

But I muſt not diſmiſs the Poſtſcript of Acontius to Cydippé, without honeſtly confeſſing that I have been moſt completely diſappointed from the firſt month after its publication to the preſent hour. Having thrown the gauntlet, I reaſonably expected the challenge would have been anſwered by ſome champion of literature, who would not tacitly allow any individual to explore the errours of others, without forcing him to eſtabliſh, by claſſical information, a ſort of right: for I am by no means of opinion that the freedom of criticiſm ſhould be general and unconfined; nor would I ſubſcribe to the judgment of a foreigner on the productions of a native, becauſe by the means of tranſlation and enquiry he might *poſſibly* be right.—Voltaire's comments upon our inimitable Shakeſpeare ſufficiently corroborate my idea on this ſubject.

Non quivis vidit immodulata poemata judex. HORACE.

EPISTLE.

Written in conſequence of a Converſation the Author had with his worthy friend Capt. * * *, at* MAGDEBOURG, *on his way to Ruſſia. He has endeavoured to clothe in poetical language ſentiments which he heard delivered with all the energy of proſe.*

WHERE will at laſt my wretched wand'rings end ?
Where ſhall I find contentment and a friend ?
Not ſuch as grandeur, in its poliſh'd trim,
Lends honeſt faith in charities of whim :
Not ſuch as Clodio, with a boaſting mood,
Affords his neareſt relatives in blood ;
Whom famiſh'd nature to his gates has borne,
The bitter pittance of his hand to mourn :
Not ſuch as ſycophants from fools obtain,
The tranſient earneſt of a venal ſtrain !

Or new-created inſolence affords,
Mongrels in rank, and *viſionary* lords*!
But ſuch as freedom, with unclouded mind,
Can dare receive, and publiſh to mankind:
Where friendſhip, careful of its friend in need,
Prevents the burning bluſh, and hides the deed.

On ev'ry ſide by diſappointment foil'd,
With hopes deceiv'd and promiſes turmoil'd,
Misfortune gathers on my ſick'ning eye,
And melancholy prompts the gnawing ſigh,
And can my friend—whom Heav'n has kindly bleſt
With ev'ry comfort of the human breaſt;
Whoſe deareſt pleaſure is to ſooth diſtreſs,
Its ſorrow ſoften, and its ſigh repreſs,
To eaſe, by ſtealth, the miſeries of life,
And ſcatter roſes o'er the thorns of ſtrife—
And can my friend the memory renew
Of ſcenes to which I breath'd a long adieu?
When anguiſh, viſiting ſecluded care,
Within the deep receſſes of deſpair

* Les inſenſés! qui ne voient pas que ce n'eſt point la place qui fait la vraie grandeur. WERTER.

Her

Her dwelling takes; ah! what avails it then,
To talk of friendſhip or the ties of men?
Ah! what avails it from ourſelves to fly,
Or mingle comfort with affliction's ſigh?
Lull'd for a time the bitt'reſt grief may reſt,
To wake with tenfold anguiſh in the breaſt.
And if the ſolace of Amintor 's vain,
What other balm can mitigate my pain?
Oh that oblivion could enwrap the whole,
And cloſe each information of my ſoul!
Contented then, this reſtleſs heart at eaſe,
No friends to promiſe, and no views to teaſe!
Unknown to all the flatt'ry which beguiles
Full many a youth, and ruins with its ſmiles;
Unknown to luxury's deſtructive ways,
The wanton harlot's, or the villain's praiſe,
In rural peace my ſpotleſs hours might run,
My wiſhes equal, and my proſpects one!
E'en thou, mad Love! thou tyrant of mankind,
Faithleſs to all, to *me* the moſt unkind;
Save education, firſt and direſt foe!
From which, with knowledge, all my ſorrows flow—

E'en

E'en thou, mad Love, my troubled heart would ſpare,
And ſcatter comfort in the room of care.

How bleſt is Ignorance, whoſe humble lot
Is juſt to vegetate, and be forgot!
No ſpark ethereal, ſuch as wiſdom knows,
(Wiſdom, the ſureſt entrance into woes!)
Shines o'er the cottage of unletter'd eaſe,
Where rudeſt nature and her gambols pleaſe.
Untouch'd by grandeur or ambition's ray,
The peaceful night's an index of the day.
Health o'er his fields the whiſtling peaſant leads,
Contentment bright'ning where each wiſh ſucceeds.
On hard neceſſity's induſtrious plan,
His only ſtudy is the wants of man:
For them the ploughſhare thro' the furrow's drawn,
For them his fleeces whiten o'er the lawn.

O Thames, majeſtic guardian of the plain,
Where beauty triumphs and the graces reign;
Where ling'ring freedom, as her laſt retreat,
In Britiſh liberty maintains her ſeat;

(And

(And may that liberty, my pride and boaſt!
Unalter'd flouriſh on our envied coaſt!)
Oh how I wiſh to muſe along thy ſide,
Far from thy neighbour's poverty and pride;
Paſs o'er each charm, each little ſcene review,
And with remembrance many a joy purſue.
Oh how I long thy fruitful banks to ſee,
The ſpacious meadow, and the winding lea;
The peaceful vale, where flow'rs unnumber'd riſe,
Where nature wantons in her choiceſt dyes,
And earlieſt zephyrs from the ſouth repair,
To gather fragrance for the vernal year!
What if Italia boaſt a cloudleſs ſky,
And France unrivall'd luxuries ſupply;
In ſervile languor droops oppreſſion's ſlave,
While Britain triumphs on her native wave.
Active and bold her dauntleſs children roam,
Each country gleaning for their dearer home.
On Calpé's blazing height, or in the vale
Where echo murmurs to the peaceful gale,
Unbroken ſtill the vig'rous *Briton* moves,
Each danger ſmiles at, and his freedom loves;

Sees, with exulting tranſport in his eyes,
From native oaks triumphant navies riſe:
No ties reſtrain him, and no views controul,
The *patriot* bright'ning on the *father*'s ſoul!—
From all the pleaſures of domeſtic life,
A prattling infant and a tender wife;
From ev'ry relative that ſooths below,
The Briton plunges on his country's foe;
Looks at deſtruction with unalter'd eye,
And drops, if conquer'd, with a patriot's ſigh.
Alluring thought! on which my ſoul has dwelt,
And fondly triumph'd in the pride ſhe felt,
When rip'ning manhood bade her pant for fame,
And all my wiſhes were a ſoldier's name.
Ah! why ſo ſoon the flatt'ring dream deſtroy,
And bid me mourn imaginary joy?
To comforts, dearer than ambition knows,
Reflection leads, and points me to repoſe.
Back through the paths of guiltleſs youth I move,
And trace, with many a ſigh, my native grove.
Ah ſcenes belov'd! to me more precious far
Than all the gay magnificence of war!

How

How throbs my heart to meditate each flow'r;
The hawthorn twining thro' the darkling bow'r,
The ſlighted blue-bell peeping thro' the corn,
The roſe uncultur'd, and its ſcented thorn:
Dear ſcenes of youth, of innocence and eaſe!
Where virtue charm'd, for not a vice could pleaſe!
Compar'd to you, how grandeur ſinks away,
A gilded torture in illuſion's ray!
With you—diveſted of her uſeleſs pride,
No art to cheat, or prejudice to guide—
Plain nature triumphs, unadorn'd and fair,
Without one teaſing faſhionable care.
And though the vain, the giddy may contemn
Her ruſſet garb, and all her ways condemn;
Yet hence the bleſſings of a kingdom riſe,
And hence is drawn the very wealth they prize.

Ah! what avails the momentary blaze
Of ſhifting faſhion and its venal praiſe?
Can ſtars or gilded coronets afford
A dearer comfort to their garter'd lord?
Or ſilks the tortures of a breaſt conceal,
And teach ennobled apathy to feel?

Is virtue more congenial to the Crown,
Than ſpotleſs honour in the meaneſt clown?
And are the ſmiles of innocence more pure
Among the wealthy virtuous than the poor?
Yon hearſe can witneſs, as it moves along,
That *all* are equal in the mould'ring throng!
Diſeaſe could witneſs, ere the parting breath
Bade anguiſh ceaſe, and loſt its pang in death,
That *all* are ſubject to affliction's tear,
And none completely bleſt, or happy here.

Yet once—ere manhood with its ſick'ning train
Of various griefs and complicated pain,
Ere tyrant ſenſe ſimplicity deſtroy'd,
And curs'd the boſom with an aching void—
This heart, ſo pang'd and agonizing now,
In rays of peace ſat ſmiling on my brow.
To ev'ry feeling of my ſoul attir'd,
The morning came, and as it came retir'd.
No pains could treſpaſs on that happy breaſt,
Whoſe toil was pleaſure, and whoſe ſports were reſt.
Each duty, flatter'd by the winning ſmile
Of him, whoſe praiſe would ſooner mend than ſpoil,

Made

Made ſtudy brighten with a cheering ray,
And fondly clos'd the profitable day.

How, kindly lur'd and innocently ſped,
My wiſhes haſten'd where affection led!
How ſweet each toy that flatter'd my young heart,
To take with rapture all the ſchool-boy's part!
The morning pray'r, the nicely figur'd food,
Which, tho' not rich, was wholeſome and was good;
The wiſh'd-for kiſs, the leſſon of the day,
The precious penny for the hour of play;
The ſugar'd cake, that glitter'd in my bag,
And made me hate the very name of lag;
A father's ſmile that brib'd my little breaſt,
And made me love what others would deteſt;
The prize of learning, which, though ſmall, ſeem'd great,
The gilded volume, or the ſculptur'd plate:
Ah me! what joy, what rapture to be read
Firſt in the liſt, and of each form the head!
From pleas'd mamma ſome precious gift receive,
And ſhare the deareſt kiſſes ſhe could give.

How

How often, ſpringing with the reſt from ſchool,
Light as the morn, I loiter'd round a pool;
At duck and drake the little combat tried,
And ſent my ſoul with ev'ry ſtone I plied!
How often, heedleſs of the ſtream beneath,
I leap'd the ditch, and meaſur'd o'er the heath;
More bleſt, if matchleſs in the race I prov'd,
Than WOLFE expiring for the fame he lov'd!
More charm'd to conquer where no ſorrow roſe,
Than ſnatch one laurel from my bleeding foes.
Along the green what various tricks I play'd,
How oft I wreſtled in the neighb'ring ſhade;
Climb'd the tall tree, and on its trembling bough
Exulting triumph'd o'er the crowd below!
Whilſt to my breaſt an infant paſſion ſtole,
And pour'd its object on my wak'ning ſoul.
Ah ſcenes belov'd! to me more precious far
Than all the gay magnificence of war!
No ſecret care my pleaſures could deſtroy;
The morning roſe, and with it roſe my joy.
No reſtleſs ſighs the coming ev'ning croſs'd,
In guiltleſs joys each fleeting hour was loſt:

To

To mutual raptures, innocently lent,
Our boſoms heav'd, and ſettled in content.

Such were the hours of youth and harmleſs eaſe,
No day beginning but whoſe hours could pleaſe;
And ſuch the promiſe, which in fondneſs grew
On ev'ry ſcene imagination drew:
Serenely clear the tide of being ran,
Till time had urg'd it into boiſt'rous man.

Unkind remembrance! whither wouldſt thou bear
Diſtreſs, already tortur'd to deſpair?
O come, thou ſoft oblivion, man's beſt friend,
Breathe o'er my ſoul, and bid her anguiſh end;
Quench in my breaſt the wild-devouring fire
Of thoughtleſs paſſion, and its vain deſire;
And then may virtue, reconcil'd at laſt,
In ſpotleſs peace forget the guilty paſt;
With ev'ry impulſe of my breaſt agree,
And point where truth and innocence are free!
And thou, my friend!—if ſtill thy boſom knows
The ſafe and laſting earneſt of repoſe;

If ſtruggling Nature 's by thy reaſon taught
To yield the ſenſual for the godlike thought—
Still keep the path, and ſhun the canc'rous ſmile
Of female ſoftneſs, deſtin'd to beguile:
Far from thee caſt ſeduction's luring bait,
Nor yield to charms whoſe poiſon ſtings too late.
Looſe on her couch the trait'reſs fondly lies,
With marſhall'd feelings and laſcivious eyes;
In artful negligence her limbs repoſe,
And various attitudes thoſe limbs expoſe:
Whilſt am'rous looks a ſecret magic roll,
Arreſt each ſenſe, and faſcinate the ſoul;
Wake ev'ry ſenſual feeling of the breaſt,
Till luſt enjoys what hundreds have poſſeſt.

Bleſt, as thou ſeem'ſt, with ev'ry pleaſing art,
And form'd by nature for the nobleſt part;
With youth to bear thee where thy feelings tend,
And ſenſe to point them to the worthieſt end;
Beyond the reach of diſappointment plac'd,
Secur'd by fortune and with titles grac'd;
On Britain's coaſt, where all that's beauteous moves,
Thou ſoon ſhalt flutter till thy boſom loves.

Then

Then wilt thou ſhare the fond enrapt'ring ſigh,
The melting ſoftneſs of a Britiſh eye:
Then wilt thou, far from Italy's deceit,
And French deluſion, *feel* that love is ſweet,
Partake the bliſs which nuptial honours lend,
And fondly mix the lover with the friend.
Unequall'd tranſports to that ſhed repair,
Where virtue brightens o'er a wedded pair;
Unequall'd ſorrows to thoſe joys ſucceed,
Where reaſon bluſhes at illuſion's deed.
The very tear, that dews a mother's cheek,
A dearer rapture to thy heart ſhall ſpeak,
Than all the joys a libertine can boaſt,
Whoſe brighteſt tranſports are diſtreſs at moſt.

Oh that *my* heart, a ſtranger to the truth
Experience prompts, could vindicate my youth!
Reflection's thorn from reas'ning manhood tear,
Or make the pangs of conſcience leſs ſevere!
Illuſive wiſh! whoſe momentary beam
Gilds, for a time, imagination's dream,
And fondly leads us, as our feelings urge,
Through life's viciſſitudes to folly's verge;

Why to the mind a baſeleſs fabric ſhew,
To rack the boſom when it wakes to woe?
Add to this bleeding heart one torture more,
And tear it ſlumb'ring to my native ſhore?

Yet there, alas! what could this boſom find
But wav'ring friendſhip, faſhionably kind?
Prompt to adviſe, and, oh, too prompt, I fear,
To wound misfortune with a galling ſneer!
The deed in private generouſly done,
By kindneſs feeling for deſert alone,
Too oft in public all its value drops,
To flatter women, or encourage fops.
Inſulted Freedom, to reſentment mov'd,
Shrinks from the crowd, and ſpurns the man ſhe lov'd.
The bluſh, that, mantling o'er the cheek of pride,
Betrays what vanity might wiſh to hide,
To calm reflection miſerably ſhews
That half our kindneſs from ambition flows.
How then, my friend, tho' dearer to my ſoul
One native acre than the world's controul—
Ah, how, of ſentiment the willing ſlave,
Could faſhion teach me what I hate to brave?

In

In ſumptuous dulneſs what does reaſon find
But gilded ſloth and barrenneſs of mind?
When genius, pall'd by inſolent parade,
Sighs to be loſt in meditation's ſhade,
To talk with nature in unfetter'd eaſe,
No rank to flatter, and no lord to pleaſe,
What magic, tell me, can our wiſhes lead
To ſcenes where ſycophants on folly feed?
To feel ſo little in a crowd of fools,
So much beyond their nonſenſe and their rules,
That with an equal appetite we ſit
To ſhare their banquets, or to taſte their wit,
Is more than Tantalus was doom'd to own,
Who ſaw each comfort, and was bleſt with none.

Here let me range, till Heav'n or chance has ſpent
The rankling ſhafts of pain and diſcontent;
Whilſt you*, my friend, a ſervant at your ſide,
Whom uſe has made interpreter and guide,

* The young gentleman to whom this addreſs is directed, was on the eve of his departure for Italy in the beginning of November, at which time the author ſeparated from his unfortunate friend, and purſued his journey to Pruſſia.

With ſpirits op'ning like the new-born day,
To fair Italia gladly bend your way.
And though ſtern winter, gath'ring on your eye,
Expand the rigour of a frozen ſky;
Though hills, array'd in everlaſting ſnow,
Which ſeldom mixes with the ſtreams below,
In unaccuſtom'd majeſty ſurpriſe
The trav'lling youth, and fix his gazing eyes;
Yet dauntleſs fancy bears you thro' the whole;
The neighb'ring warmth and proſpects fill your ſoul;
The rough Tyrrol's already left behind;
Recorded wonders crowd upon your mind;
And all you've read or heard of ancient years
In local ruins to your view appears.

So flies my friend—and may that Heav'n which lent
An eaſy fortune, wiſdom and content,
Still ſmile where'er thou go'ſt; may reaſon guide
Thy youthful boſom from inſulting pride.
Thus nobly born, let not, ignobly proud!
Thy conduct ſink thee lower than the crowd;
Or wounded friendſhip meet thee with a tear,
Lament thy weakneſs, and bewail thy ſneer.

For

For me—whom fortune ſees with look aſkance,
Whoſe fate is checquer'd by the hand of chance—
Still to the Great—hard lot for him who feels!
Whoſe ſoul's in tumult while his brow conceals
The yoke ſhe bears—ſtill to the Great I fly,
And watch the ſunſhine of a courtier's eye.
Through various ſcenes I've pick'd the crumb of life,
Contentment ſeeking, and avoiding ſtrife;
Peaceful, when honour whiſper'd to be ſtill,
And once too proud to proſtitute my will.
Lull'd into thoughts of momentary reſt,
Deluſion caſt its magic o'er my breaſt:
Still as I mus'd the gilded meteor ſhone,
Each hope was flatter'd, and each object won.
I'd heard of friendſhip, kindling at diſtreſs,
By virtue driven to relieve and bleſs;
The godlike impulſe dwelt upon my ear,
And as I heard, I fondly wiſh'd to hear.
Though bleak misfortune ev'ry ſcheme invade,
I ſtill have friends! in fooliſh faith, I ſaid:
I ſtill have friends, with all my wiſhes roſe,
Stole to my breaſt, and lull'd it to repoſe;

Till ſad reality, deluſion's foe!
Each errour ſtripp'd, and bar'd the lurking woe.
Thus into manhood roſe my barren youth,
Through falſehood gilded by apparent truth.
Though in each place, each cuſtom, and each plan,
My keeneſt ſtudy was the mind of man,
I've ſtill to ſeek—and let the world believe,
For *that* which wounds, forbids me to deceive—
I've ſtill to ſeek, from peaſant to the lord,
The man who *promiſes* and *keeps* his word.

ABELARD.

ARGUMENT.

HAVING accidentally met with the following paſſage in a book, entitled Vie d'Abeilard et d'Héloiſe, the ſituation of this unfortunate lover ſtruck me ſo forcibly, that I could not refrain from attempting to deſcribe one of thoſe paroxyſms of awakened paſſion, by which he muſt have been agitated at the commencement of his retreat.

' A peine Abeilard eut-il reçu l'ordre de prêtriſe, ' que ſon ſupérieur lui commanda de ſe retirer, ſans ' aucun délai, dans une petite maiſon de campagne, ' qu'il lui aſſigna pour ſes fonctions; ajoutant que le

'tumulte du monde, et le grand abord qu'il y avoit 'à Saint-Denis, étoient contraires à des études ſi 'ſérieuſes; qu'un lieu retiré ſeroit plus convenable 'pour ſes leçons.'

The candid will eaſily ſee, that, after what has already been written on a ſubject nearly ſimilar, I could not preſume to offer any thing more than an irregular tranſcript of ſentiments and emotions, which the recollection of paſt pleaſures, and the conſciouſneſs of unremitted perſecution, might naturally produce. Exiled from all the active ſcenes of life, by the moſt barbarous and unprecedented effect of malice and revenge, his misfortune was increaſed in not finding that conſolation which he had a right to expect under the roof of charity and virtue. In a ſituation of this ſort, human nature will not eaſily forego imaginary comforts; and theſe are more frequently pictured to the mind by the contraſt of what has been enjoyed with what is ſuffered, than by the unſocial dictates of religion. Abelard, whoſe exquiſite ſenſibility could not be overcome ſo long as he poſſeſſed the faculty of thinking, it is eaſy to be imagined, muſt have had many conflicts between the voice of repentance that urged

urged him to future peace, and the murmur of recollection that dragged him into ſcenes of paſt enjoyment. It is in one of theſe inſtances of triumphant frailty that he is ſuppoſed to yield to every impulſe of rouſed imagination, to repreſent to himſelf the raptures of returned affection, and to experience all the inquietudes of faith and conſcience queſtioned by humanity.

'La ſolitude où j'ai cru trouver un aſile contre 'vous, déſoccupé de tout le reſte du monde, vous 'laiſſe ſeule remplir mon cœur et mon eſprit; & je 'ſuis convaincu que c'eſt un ſoin inutile de travailler 'à ne vous plus aimer. Toujours occupé de re-'mords ou d'amour, je n'ai pas un moment tran-'quille; j'ai beau m'éloigner de vous, votre idée & 'ma paſſion me ſuivent par tout. Je n'ai rien à eſ-'pérer de l'amour, & je ne puis me donner à la 'vertu!'

Lettre d'Abeilard à Héloiſe.

ABELARD.

IN awful ſilence at religion's ſhrine,
Whilſt ev'ry thought I patiently reſign,
And humbly meditate a world that lies
Beyond the tumult of complaints and ſighs;
Where all is rapture, and where all are bleſt,
Eternal joys, and everlaſting reſt;
Still ſhall remembrance to my rebel heart
For abſent Eloiſe the wiſh impart?
Still on the glowing embers of deſire
Muſt nature languiſh with unhallow'd fire?

Bleſt hours! on pinions of the brighteſt hue,
With joy triumphant that unheeded flew,
And fondly witneſs'd, in each ſcene ye mov'd,
The bliſs that Abelard and nature prov'd;

How

How oft does mem'ry, with its buſy train
Of paſt ideas, to my ſoul again
Recall each ſcene! Ah, whither are ye flown,
Bleſt hours of rapture, that were once my own?

From doubt, and cold unſatisfied belief,
Suſpended hope, and ſolitary grief;
From pictur'd ſcenes of happineſs I turn;
Lights dimly ſeen, and never felt to burn:
Unbleſt contrition and its monſters fly
To meet the beam of Eloiſa's eye.
Sunk into dreams of viſionary bliſs,
Affection's throb, and agonizing kiſs,
In mingling tranſports of attraction toſt,
My reaſon vanquiſh'd, and its terrours loſt,
With fond deluſion from my God I tear
The gath'ring ſighs of penitence and pray'r.
How faintly glimmer to my ſenſes then
The ſmile of angels, and the fears of men!
Nor heav'n nor earth that rebel heart can win,
Whoſe pulſe is paſſion, and whoſe object ſin.
In vain religion to my partial eyes
Bids God in vengeance or in mercy riſe;

In

In vain the bloody crucifix appears,
And claims from Abelard remorſe and tears;
Points to the ſuff'ring innocent that hangs
With paſſive meekneſs in unequall'd pangs:
The ſlighted Scriptures from my hands I caſt,
And yield futurity for what is paſt.
Of bliſs immortal I reſign the claim,
For ſounds of love and Eloiſa's name.
Still on that name in ſolitude I gaze,
To me more tuneful than the ſeraph's lays,
The ſoft illuſion of its echoes meet,
And ſnatch the gleam of amorous deceit:
Still in its light imagination roves,
And baſks enamour'd on the form it loves;
Recalls each image of unfeign'd deſire,
Bliſs unimpair'd, unqueſtion'd, and entire!
Endearing proſpect, viſionary joy!
When mov'd to madneſs, not a wiſh can cloy;
Where nature, ſtruggling with the keen exceſs,
Still ſighs for pleaſure, and would ſtill poſſeſs.
To thee—dear impulſe of my warmeſt thought!
Whoſe lov'd idea to my mind is brought,

Where'er

Where'er I move (for fancy to the laſt
By ſweet reality was ſtill ſurpaſt)—
To thee—Heav'n ſpare me to this ſad retreat,
Ah, more than ſpare me, pardon the deceit,
From holy raptures by devotion giv'n,
One thought be ſpar'd me from inſulted Heav'n—
From ev'ry pulſe and fibre of my heart,
To thee the fondeſt of my wiſhes ſtart.
Methinks I hear thee to my woes reply,
Ah, more than hear thee, anſwer to thy ſigh:
And can my Eloiſe that hour review,
When trembling virtue from her boſom flew,
And gen'rous nature, heedleſs of alarms,
Was left to triumph in affection's arms?
The mournful echoes of thy laſt retreat,
Can they be loaded with the ſoul's deceit?
For how ſhall ſpotleſs piety refine
Deſires that ſtruggle to be loſt in mine?
Or outward ſigns of penitence deſtroy
The ſwelling pulſe of well-remember'd joy?
Heav'n knows, and conſcious Abelard can prove,
How keen the combat of remorſe and love.

O'er

O'er wilds of bliſs my giddy ſenſes rove,
Through all the precious labyrinths of love;
No clue to lead me to myſelf again,
Uncheck'd I range, and diſſipate my pain:
Remembrance pours me with unbounded ſway
On ev'ry charm that *vengeance ſnatch'd away.*
Once more I languiſh on that heaving breaſt,
Once more I preſs thee, and again am preſt;
Preſt to thoſe lips from which ſo fondly broke
The keeneſt impulſe that affection woke:
Preſt to thoſe lips where in tumultuous ſtrife
The ſtruggling ſoul lay panting into life,
And wildly ranging from the vanquiſh'd eye,
Clung to the broken murmur of a ſigh.

Ah me! if e'er, in wretchedneſs of pain,
Deſpair more poignant than the muſe can feign;
If nature, parting from the cloſeſt band,
The laſt ſad preſſure of a mother's hand,
Burſt from itſelf, and into frenzy roſe,
With all the gath'ring tumult of its woes;
If e'er in agonies of grief was ſeen
Severeſt anguiſh on affliction's mien;

When years of comfort ſuddenly decay'd,
And peace was buried in the darkeſt ſhade:
To me—ſad victim of unequall'd woe—
May ſorrow murmur, and its tortures ſhow;
From griefs ſuperiour to their own they 'll turn,
And only fear, like Abelard, to mourn.
Far, far from *him* each ſoft illuſion flies,
Each tranſport ſickens, and each rapture dies.

When Hope no longer with her cheering ray
Breaks on the ſoul, and wooes her into day,
Reſign'd and heedleſs of the world ſhe turns
From all that charm'd, or impotently burns;
Of paſſive wretchedneſs the look aſſumes,
Preys on herſelf, and in herſelf conſumes.
But where ſhall hope, my Eloiſa, find
One ray to beam on my devoted mind?
Say, where ſhall grief and Abelard retire,
If *thou* art abſent, and if *I* deſire?
Still into penſive wretchedneſs I move,
When heav'n is vanquiſh'd, and I yield to love;
Inſulted virtue from my heart retires,
And paſſion rules me with his fierceſt fires.

Oh

Oh why—ſince nature in her wildeſt mood
Still loves to ſwell the current of my blood—
Muſt keen remembrance from the ſad remains
Of nerveleſs manhood languiſh in my veins;
Still fondly meditate the joys I knew,
And call each living rapture to my view?
With burning impotence the wiſh I fan,
And bluſh at loſt humanity in man.
Nor ſhame, nor inability to prove
The dear exceſs of undiſputed love;
Nor ſleepleſs conſcience, ſtruggling to reſtore
My troubled pulſe, and bid it throb no more;
Nor Heav'n, that calls me from the pamper'd ſod
Of earthly paſſion to myſelf and God,
Can into calm forgetfulneſs of woe
The cheriſh'd dictates of my boſom throw.
For ſtill I love—the fond deluſion ſtill
Hangs on each thought, and faſtens to my will;
Of ev'ry ſoft idea takes the lead,
And turns religion to a dearer creed.

In deep contrition melancholy ſpread,
What, if at times the balmy tear I ſhed,

On hope's ſoft pinion into viſions riſe,
And fondly ſnatch a reſpite to my ſighs;
Earth's ſlighteſt want to recollection brings
Exhauſted pleaſures, and augmented ſtings.
Not Heav'n in all its majeſty of pray'r,
When angels tremble at the ſounds they bear,
With drooping wings in adoration lie,
Can quell the paſſion, or repreſs the ſigh.

Proſtrate and low when Magdalen appears
Chain'd to the croſs in penitential tears,
The juſt contrition and the cauſe I ſee,
And witneſs comforts never known to me.
Sure, in my keen ſolicitude I cry,
There's nought ſo wretched, or ſo loſt as I!
For ſome deep crime that Heav'n and virtue hate,
I feel the vengeance of unerring fate.
Sure ſomething more than human frailty knows,
Some ſecret ſource of unexhauſted woes,
Has wak'd Omnipotence to partial rage,
No tears to ſoften, and no pain aſſuage!
Thou Pow'r of might, to mortals ever juſt,
In whom repentance has its only truſt;

Whoſe

Whoſe will, in deep obſcurity conceal'd,
By all acknowledg'd, is to none reveal'd—
To thee with holy conſciouſneſs I bend,
Revere thy wiſdom, and adore its end;
To thee the weakneſs of my ſoul I pour,
At early matins, and the midnight hour;
To cold, dumb images, to ſhrines I preſs
My trembling lips, and piouſly confeſs.
The cold dumb images, the ſhrines appear
To pity waken'd by the ſighs they hear.
Rapt into ſcenes of innocent delight,
To heav'nly ſplendour, from the womb of night,
Eager I riſe, each earthly ſorrow fled,
And ſeem to wander with the ſainted dead.
Unkind deceit! how ſuddenly returns
Each ſenſe that flatters, and each pulſe that burns!
Quick to my heart my Eloiſa flies,
In all the languor of unanſwer'd ſighs.
" And canſt thou, faithleſs to thyſelf and me,
" Faithleſs to one who never was to thee;
" Though more than human miſery be found
" On mournful Paraclete's unfriendly ground,

" Of ſoothing memory canſt thou reſign
" The partial wiſh, nor add one ſigh to mine ?
" Without the pow'r, had we the will to ſin,
" To cheer a ſad vacuity within,
" Sure this, my Abelard, may ſtill be ours ;
" Tho' mine to treſpaſs, to reform me yours.
" Still from that tongue, whoſe murm'ring echoes ſwell
" With ev'ry pray'r and ev'ry bead I tell,
" The ſame dear accents would have charms to move,
" And lift my wiſhes to celeſtial love.
" If mine each tranſport that thy boſom knew,
" Ah, doubly mine ! be mine its anguiſh too.
" From roſeate bow'rs thro' wilds of thorns I'd ſtray
" With thee, my Abelard, to point the way ;
" With thee to meditate offended Heav'n,
" With thee be puniſh'd, and with thee forgiv'n."
Are theſe the raptures ſolitude has brought,
A gilded Paradiſe that ſmiles in thought ?
Eternal ſunſhine, which, unknown to ſtorms,
Plays o'er the calm imagination forms.
To me how tranſient does the bleſſing prove,
Oppos'd by nature, and diſown'd by love !

Unequall'd

Unequall'd doom! of wretchedneſs the ſource,
Where e'en repentance is itſelf a curſe,
And virtuous tears, that trickle down my face,
Are met by ſighs, and turn'd from heav'nly grace!
Is there no path for miſery to ſtray,
And weep the tortures of the ſoul away;
No kind remiſſion to be gain'd from time,
And in the puniſhment to loſe the crime?
Or, if the cauſe for ever muſt remain,
For ever mark'd and pictur'd on my brain;
If ſtill triumphant o'er each pray'r I ſpeak,
On ev'ry thought my Eloiſa break,
And ſtill regret with memory return,
In ſad ſolicitude to weep and burn?
Is there no Providence—and nature feels
A ſomething ſtronger than the mind reveals;
Elſe why theſe fears that torture and appal,
When one bold impulſe might annul them all?—
Is there no Providence for him whoſe doom
Is life to hate, yet be denied the tomb?
In death to live, ah, worſe than death to prove
The mingled horrours of inſulted love!

By Heav'n directed to this laſt ſad ſpot,
Where even Eloiſe muſt be forgot;
And yielding nature, piouſly ſerene,
Attempts to loſe what Abelard has been:
Ah me! what recks it to be lov'd and mourn'd,
If conſcience tell me that I'm inly ſpurn'd;
Spurn'd by myſelf, deteſted in each ſenſe,
And doom'd to deprecate a lov'd offence?
Calmly to meditate, yet keenly feel
What neither time nor piety can heal;
Nor faith, triumphant in its worlds unknown,
That fondly deems them better than our own,
To reſtleſs fancy gives unbounded ſcope,
And ſoars to rapture on the wings of hope.
Nor faith, nor time, nor piety can bear
My troubled conſcience from the woes I ſhare:
In vain from nature it attempts to roam;
Reflection drags me to my wretched home;
There finds regret that ridicules relief,
Sighs for the paſt, and broods upon each grief;

* *

PARAPHRASE

ON THE

SIXTEENTH ODE OF HORACE.

ODE XVI.

Ὑποθετική.

AD GROSPHUM.

Omnes expetunt animi tranquillitatem, quæ neque divitiis, neque honoribus poteſt acquiri, ſed cupiditates tantum coërcendo.

OTIUM Divos rogat in patenti
Prenſus Ægæo, ſimul atra nubes
Condidit Lunam, neque certa fulgent
Sidera nautis.

Otium bello furioſa Thrace:
Otium Medi pharetrâ decori,
Groſphe, non gemmis, neque purpurâ, venale, nec auro.

Non

PARAPHRASE

ON THE

SIXTEENTH ODE OF HORACE,

ADDRESSED TO THE

HONOURABLE CHARLES CLIFFORD.

Peace of mind is the univerſal object of all mankind; but it is neither at the diſpoſal of wealth, nor within the reach of honour and ambition: a ſage reſtraint upon our wiſhes is the only ſure way to gain it.

TOSS'D on the deep when not a ſtar appears,
And not a ray the ſhatter'd canvas bears;
The clouded moon when ſudden tempeſts break,
Eaſe from the gods the trembling ſailors ſeek.
Eaſe fires the Mede, the quiver'd Indian fires,
The dart envenoms, and the deed inſpires.
Nor coſtly ſtones, nor titles can obtain,
Clifford! this firſt and deareſt of all gain.
Nor Perſia's luxuries, nor India's pelf,
Can ſooth the ſoul at variance with herſelf.

Though

Non enim gazæ, neque conſularis
Summovet lictor miſeros tumultus
Mentis, et curas laqueata circum
Tecta volantes.

Vivitur parvo bene, cui paternum
Splendet in menſâ tenui ſalinum ;
Nec leves ſomnos timor, aut cupido
Sordidus aufert.

Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
Multa ? Quid terras alio calentes
Sole mutamus ? Patriæ quis exul
Se quoque fugit ?

Scandit

Though from your gates the vulgar of mankind
Reſpect may baniſh, and each god be kind;
Yet care unaw'd, unlimited will roam
The vaulted palace and the fretted dome:
The couch of grandeur is a couch of thorns,
Where pride unpitied or ambition mourns.

Happy the man who ſtudies to be neat,
Whoſe frugal board, tho' little, ſhames the great;
Who, bleſt in honour, and of ſoul unmov'd,
Of malice reckleſs, and by worth approv'd,
With cloudleſs feature and undazzled eyes
Can look on gold, and yet that gold deſpiſe:
Obedient ſlumbers on his hours attend,
And virtue crowns him as her nobleſt friend.

Born to exiſt one moment, and to die,
Why ſeeks the ſoul a wider ſpace to fly?
In other ſuns why would ſhe madly roam?
Abroad unhappy, and unbleſt at home!
Say, from itſelf, though from its country borne,
Can wounded pride or miſery be torn?

Scandit æratas vitioſa naves
Cura: nec turmas equitum relinquit,
Ocyor cervis, et agente nimbos
Ocyor Euro.

Lætus in præſens animus, quod ultra eſt
Oderit curare, et amara læto
Temperet riſu. Nihil * eſt ab omni
Parte beatum.

Abſtulit clarum cita mors Achillem,
Longa Tithonum minuit ſenectus:
Et mihi forſan, tibi quod negarit,
Porriget hora.

* Οὐκ ἐστιν ὁστις παντ' ανὴρ εὐδαιμονεῖ. ERASM.

Te

Inſatiate Care the bounding veſſel ſcales,
Sits on the prow, and flutters in the ſails;
Mounts the ſwift ſteed, and, ſwifter than the gale,
That fiercely ravages the winter vale,
Than Eurus fleeter, fleeter than the tide,
Flies as we fly, and murmurs at our ſide.
If ſuch our fate, if nothing long can pleaſe,
A moment's pleaſure, and a moment's eaſe!
Why ſhould we ſoil *that* moment with a tear?
Why not forget the pangs we ſuffer here?
Come then, illuſive raptures of the brain,
Ye joys of muſic, and ye feſtive train!
Cloſe the ſad ſcene, nor let reflection know
The ſhifting clouds that chequer all below.

Brave Manners periſh'd in his brighteſt day,
And ſlow old age makes Mansfield wear away.
Thus partial fate with laviſh hand to me
May lend the moments it refuſes thee.
Bleſt as thou art with all that wealth can give,
And more than rich in knowing how to live;
Bleſt in thyſelf, and, dearer than the whole,
Bleſt in the faultleſs partner of thy ſoul,

A thou-

Te greges centum, Siculæque circum
Mugiunt vaccæ : tibi tollit hinnitum
Apta quadrigis equa : te bis Afro
Murice tinctæ
Veſtiunt lanæ : mihi parva rura, et
Spiritum Graiæ tenuem Camœnæ
Parca non mendax dedit, et malignum
Spernere vulgus.

Through life's ſtill vale thy days ſerenely glide,
Each want prevented, and each wiſh ſupplied.
A thouſand kine thy meadows can diſplay,
A thouſand fleeces whiten on the day;
Neighing thy mares inceſſant aſk the rein:
Thy garments glitter with the richeſt ſtain.
To me the comfort of a mind at eaſe
Kind Heav'n has lent, with ſtudies which can pleaſe;
Peaceful I meditate the tuneful art,
Improve my talent, and amend my heart.
Proud, thus in friendſhip with the good to live,
And bleſt, if mended by the truths they give:
Proud in the lap of poverty ſerene,
To ſmile at grandeur, and its ruffled ſcene:
Bleſt in the walks of ſolitude to loſe
Each galling care, and commune with the muſe;
To form the Britiſh on the Roman lyre,
And ſing as Nature and her charms inſpire:
Careleſs of faſhion, but in virtue proud,
And far beyond the malice of the crowd.

To Mrss M . . . . . 1777.

O THOU! whoſe tongue with melody can pour
The varied note, and cheat the livelong hour;
With ſounds of triumph can the ſenſes cheer,
Or draw from ſavages compaſſion's tear;
Whilſt ſtrains unequall'd ſweetly roll along
In all the various excellence of ſong;
Receive this verſe—nor from an infant muſe
The warmeſt homage of my heart refuſe.

Now milder zephyrs ſummer's heat allay'd,
And ſhepherds fled to meadows from the ſhade;
Autumnal breezes curl'd the glaſſy flood,
And ſhriller notes were echo'd from the wood;
A keener ſenſe by nature was inſpir'd,
And ev'ry boſom into rapture fir'd:
But Laura chief—ſad Laura felt the lot
Of beauty flatter'd, and of vows forgot.

Long

Long o'er the plains, with ev'ry art to pleaſe,
The youthful MILO reign'd in rural eaſe;
His bloom expanding, as the vernal roſe
At morn unfolds, and into crimſon blows,
When orient bluſhes ev'ry leaf adorn,
And od'rous dews hang glitt'ring on each thorn.
No crime he knew, unleſs a crime we name
To ſhun for freedom a deſtructive flame.
Such was the youth, when on a certain day,
What time the ſwains their ſacred honours pay,
When bliſs, to faſhion and its pride unknown,
On ev'ry feature of the face is ſhewn,
Gay MILO join'd the pleaſures of the band,
And, crown'd with flow'rs, to DELIA gave his hand.
Stung to deſpair, a jealous nymph retir'd,
Her fate bewailing as her love inſpir'd:

Ye weeping nymphs, whoſe willows bear my ſigh,
Whither, alas! ſay, whither muſt I fly?
Deſpis'd, unpitied by the man I love,
Where can I grieve, or whither can I rove?
If to the vale my trembling limbs I bear,
And breathe my ſorrow to the vacant air;

Or, lock'd in penſive agony of thought,
Muſe till I grow familiar with my lot;
The dear idea burſts upon my mind,
Flows with the ſtream, and whiſpers in the wind:
Remembrance haunts the covert of yon wood,
The waving oziers, and the gurgling flood.
Still on thoſe banks, where many a cowſlip grows,
Its cooling ſhade the whiſp'ring willow throws;
Still on that ſtream the murm'ring zephyrs play,
And diſtant echos faintly die away:
No more they waken to the ſounds I love,
No more in uniſon the waters move;
For, ah! no more—where oft we jointly threw
The gilded poiſon for the finny crew,
While, fondly raptur'd with each other's tale,
It idly floated to the playful gale—
For, ah! no more the ſilv'ry ſurface brings
Reflected beauties when affection ſings;
Or ſmiles of tranſport in its mirrour ſhine,
And paint the joys I fondly thought were mine.
And canſt thou, cruel! to thy vows forſworn,
Of ev'ry rapture ſee the bloſſom torn?
Too well thou know'ſt the ſacred pledge I keep,
And canſt thou leave me o'er that pledge to weep?

Too

Too well thou know'ſt how much thy preſence charms,
Ah why, through abſence, kill me with alarms?
To yonder field, where peaceful zephyr roves
O'er many a flow'r, and ſcents the neighb'ring groves,
My reſtleſs fancy muſt in anguiſh move;
For there we met, and promis'd mutual love—
There fondly vow'd no ſorrow ſhould deſtroy
The pleaſing tenour of unfading joy.
Though ſeaſons chang'd, and, deſtin'd to decay,
Full many a bloſſom wither'd on the day;
O'er us unheeded ev'ry ſeaſon flew:
Each wiſh was anſwer'd, for each heart was true.

Such are not ſcenes for Laura now to boaſt,
Her beauty ſlighted, and her lover loſt.
But where yon cave juſt glimmers thro' the trees,
And mournful ſounds for ever load the breeze;
Pale ivy creeps along the darkſome round,
And ſable ſtreams fall daſhing to the ground;
Where loathſome toads in pois'nous horrour lie,
And ſilence feeds the melancholy ſigh;
There let me grieve unpitied, unbeliev'd,
And tell the winds how Laura was deceiv'd.

The pitying winds—though faithleſs MILO flies—
Will hear me grieve, and bear away my ſighs.
Bear them, ye winds!—and on his liſt'ning ear
Breathe all that's plaintive, eloquent, and dear.

Ye rural ſcenes, ye meadows, and ye groves,
Say, what's ſo fooliſh as the maid who loves?
If lov'd, ſhe's flatter'd—if not lov'd, contemn'd;
Her virtue wounded, and her heart condemn'd.
In vain, alas! to meadow, ſtream, and grove,
In vain I tell my ſorrow and my love;
The mournful meadow, ſtream, and grove repeat,
Hence, wretched maid, a victim to deceit!
Ah cruel youth! too cruel in thy ſcorn!
Then muſt I grieve unpitied and forlorn?
Muſt theſe fond eyes, whoſe looks ſo oft have prov'd
How much, how fooliſhly thy Laura lov'd,
No longer ſparkle, or, to ſoftneſs wrought,
Betray the conſcious, dear-conſenting thought?
Theſe fading cheeks, which you ſo lately ſwore
No roſe could equal—muſt they bloom no more?
Theſe locks, whoſe grace e'en rivalry might own
No hair can match, unleſs it be thy own;

Theſe

Theſe lips—this boſom, where thy features dwell,
Say, ſhall they fade for loving thee too well?
Ah cruel youth! too cruel in thy ſcorn,
Then muſt I pine, unpitied and forlorn?

Thus mourn'd the maid, o'er whoſe believing heart
An eaſy conqueſt was obtain'd by art;
Whilſt MILO led the buſy dance around,
And ſmil'd on others, ſpite of LAURA'S wound.

ON A VERY AMIABLE LADY,

Who had every Requiſite to make Life happy, but was not handſome—being a Contraſt to a MODERN COQUET, *who poſſeſſed ſome Beauty, but was otherwiſe miſerably defective.*

SHALL I—whom fortune never yet compell'd
To change one tenet that my feelings held,
With fops and fools adore each thoughtleſs air,
Becauſe Chlorinda's number'd with the fair?

Shall I—becauſe mad faſhion, flatt'ring elf!
The folly feeds, turn flatterer myſelf;
And, foe to virtue, proſtitute my lays,
Whilſt reaſon bluſhes at the venal praiſe?

Stiff in brocade, and looſe in Cyprian trim,
As faſhion guides, or inclination's whim,
Along the Mall ſee Roſalinda ſtrut,
With all her equipage a perfect ſlut!
What if ſhe lead, of half-bred fops, a crowd,
That laugh and prate impertinently loud;
What if the ſimp'ring clergyman be there,
A holy coxcomb with a dubious air!
Wit on his tongue, and paſſion in his eye,
Though all that wit's a *pun*, and *luſt* his ſigh:
What if the ſmooth-tongued ſtudent of the Bar,
The bluſt'ring ſoldier, or the frantic tar,
The gather'd poiſon of ſeduction's ſpring
In various guiſes to their object bring?
Shall I—a traitor to the ſex I love—
Within the circle of their falſehood move?
Or, dead to nature in her ſimple charms,
In fooliſh madneſs barter for alarms?

No.—

No.—Let the faireſt object of deſire,
A form of elegance, an eye of fire;
Lips—that would draw the Cynic from his cell,
And on their crimſon bid his wiſhes dwell:
Cheeks—that would ſhame whate'er the garden blows,
The milk white lily and the bluſhing roſe;
A neck—where apathy, to frenzy wrought,
Might curſe philoſophy's unmeaning thought;
Where cloiſter'd ſorrow would to rapture riſe,
And keep from heav'n his penitence and ſighs;
A voice—whoſe echo to the liſt'ning ear
Of tuneful Philomel the winds might bear:
Let charms like theſe—and all theſe charms are thine,
Ador'd Belinda!—in their zenith ſhine.
Still—ſhould the glare of vanity delude
The dazzled heart, and make it ſpurn the good;
Prefer a coxcomb, to the youth whoſe breaſt
With ſterling ſenſe and honour is impreſt:
Should conſcious beauty teach it to be vain,
To ſcorn a lover, yet indulge his pain;
Heedleſs to roll the magic of her eye,
Enjoy no paſſion, yet affect its ſigh;—
Untouch'd the gilded folly would I ſee,
And turn, my fair, to innocence and thee.

Nurs'd

Nurs'd in the lap of elegance and eaſe,
And bleſt with temper which muſt always pleaſe,
Above your ſex's vanity you move,
And, tho' no beauty, charm us into love.
But what's a face, a feature, or an eye?
Uncertain objects of a tranſient ſigh.
Compare the laurel with the beauteous roſe;
That humbly green, whilſt *this* in crimſon glows:
At firſt, deluded by the fragrant pow'r,
We quit the laſting for the fading flow'r;
Admire its leaves, nor think the ſeaſons paſt—
That all thoſe dazzling leaves muſt fade at laſt.
But when the genial zephyrs diſappear,
And chilling tempeſts waſte the blooming year,
The beauteous roſe ſhall yield its gaudy veſt,
No longer cheriſh'd, and no more careſt;
While, ſpite of time, the laurel's nobler bough
Unalter'd lives, and ſhades the poet's brow.
So ſhall the thoughtleſs nymph, whoſe giddy brain
Is warp'd to vanity's illuſive train;
Whoſe ſmiles are foreign to the ſoul that feels
Affection's rapture, and its bliſs reveals;
A while be gaz'd at, flatter'd, and admir'd:
Till Venus leaves her, and the fops are tir'd;

By

By virtue pitied in her brighteſt hour!
A gilded trifle, and a barren flow'r!
But you, whom ſenſe and reaſon's ſteady beam
Turn from deluſion's momentary dream—
Who to the ſafer compaſs of the breaſt
Look for repoſe, and more than fleeting reſt—
Through life's ſhort ſpace with ſpotleſs fame ſhall tread,
Eſteem'd while living, and deplor'd when dead.

THE IMPULSE OF FRIENDSHIP.

LET others boaſt of ſinecure or rank,
Their ſouls inactive, and their minds a blank!
To me, the deareſt comfort and reward
Are duty's patriot, and affection's bard.
When honour ſummons, to the field I'll move,
With Britiſh ſpirit and a Briton's love;
Still pleas'd to live, and not afraid to die,
So virtue crown me with a parting ſigh:
Yet, ſpite of fame, the dearer ties I'd own,
And, for my friend, turn rebel to the Throne.

ON

ON THE

RIVER COLNE.

FLOW, gentle Colne! and, as thou flow'ſt, repeat
A name whoſe echo's ſweeteſt of the ſweet.
And ſhould thy murmurs to my heart reply,
Waft on each wave a more than common ſigh.
If babbling gales the beauteous object tell,
Still on thy ſurface let her image dwell:
For *here* ſhe gaz'd, and here my boſom caught
The ſoul's infection, and the lover's thought.
O'er no rough pebbles may thy waters roll,
Since fondly placid is her angel ſoul;
Pure as the pureſt cryſtal of thy tide,
Unſtain'd by folly, prejudice, or pride.

LINES

LINES

Written with a Pencil on a Lady's Picture.

1778.

THAT Delia was, this little ſketch may tell,
What Delia was, it never can explain;
For in her heart ſo many virtues dwell,
That painters paint, and poets ſing in vain.
Pleas'd Nature ſmil'd, and with her pencil drew
At once a woman and an angel too;
From Venus pilfer'd all that love can give,
And bade the Graces in her features live;
While Pallas, tender of her deareſt prize,
Makes ſenſe direct the magic of thoſe eyes.

ON ACTING A LOVER'S PART BEFORE *MISS S*****.

1777.

OH, whilſt I feign the lover's tender part,
And make a mournful mimic of my heart;

On

On ev'ry look his reſtleſs anguiſh ſhew,
Alternate pleaſure and alternate woe;
Why from thoſe eyes, arreſting ev'ry thought,
Is ſubtleſt poiſon by my ſenſes caught?
Too ſoon I find a living wound impreſt,
Thrill to my ſoul, and rankle in my breaſt.
Too ſoon I find this throbbing heart retreat
At ev'ry word my falt'ring lips repeat.
One thoughtleſs glance has ruin'd all my peace;
I gaz'd, and felt the ſudden flame increaſe;
Approving ſmiles from Delia fondly came,
And bade *reality* ſucceed the *name*.
For Delia then for ever muſt I burn,
For ever languiſh, and for ever mourn?
Vain are my ſighs, and fruitleſs ev'ry tear;
Vain ev'ry hope, if fortune diſappear.
Gold, only gold, that ſyren of mankind,
Can fix the wav'ring feather of her mind.

The following Lines were written at the Requeſt of a YOUNG LADY, *whoſe Friend had taken the Veil.*

LIEGE, 1776.

TO you—whoſe downcaſt modeſt looks denote
A peaceful tenour of unſpotted thought,
Where pious rapture, eager to be bleſt,
Springs from its earthly tenement to reſt—
To you this verſe——

With ev'ry charm that can attract or pleaſe,
Of gentleſt manners, elegance, and eaſe;
With ev'ry hope and proſpect to be great,
The blaze of riches, and the pomp of ſtate;
Lov'd and admir'd—ſay, could not *theſe* delay
Thy youthful ſoul, or flatter thee to ſtay?
Could not the ſoft enticements to delight,
The world's whole pleaſure, or the world, invite?
Could not the dearer eloquence of love,
A father's wiſhes, or a mother, move?

No. Nor the fond entreaties of a ſire,
Nor mother's tears, nor lover's, could inſpire
One thought that differ'd from thy virgin word,
Or bribe thy ſoul, one moment, from her LORD.

In vain gay faſhion courts thee to her arms,
Diſplays new pleaſures, and unfolds new charms;
Enhances every ſcene, tips every dye
With dazzling magic, to delude your eye;
In vain mad fortune, with ſuperfluous hand,
Scatters the labour'd riches of a land;
Adorn'd with half the produce of the Eaſt,
Shines at a ball, or blazes at a feaſt;
Aſcends the phaeton, or brings from far
The well-earn'd laurels of inſatiate war;
In vain the momentary beams of birth,
Diſtinguiſh'd marks of *undiſtinguiſh'd* earth!
Attempt to catch one wand'ring of your eye,
Or boaſt of one involuntary ſigh.

Happy the maid, ſome dazzled wretch will ſay,
Whoſe pleaſures vary with the varying day!
Ah! ſlave to vanity's deluſive blaze,
Turn for a while, and view the thing you praiſe;

Catch,

Catch, if thou canſt, the giddy toy at reſt,
Retire unnotic'd, and inſpect her breaſt.
Behold her ſleepleſs, toſſing out the night
In endleſs care, and wiſhing for the light;
Behold her ſick'ning at the morning beam,
Fatigued with indolence—behold the ſame
Dragg'd o'er each ſcene by faſhion, to deſtroy
Reflection—enemy to fancy'd joy!
Then, if thou canſt, deſpiſe that ſtill abode
Where raptur'd piety communes with God:
Then, if thou canſt, above the world's controul,
Hear candid reaſon whiſper to thy ſoul,
See things diveſted of each ſpecious ſhow,
And aſk if happineſs be found below.
Then, if thou canſt, the calmer ſcene review
Of peace unfading, and for ever new;
Where reſtleſs paſſion ſtops her giddy rounds,
And fondly centres in a Saviour's wounds.
Where you, chaſte virgin, from the world's alarms
Securely reſt, and ſink in rapture's arms;
Or, wak'd from ecſtaſy to tuneful pray'r,
Perform each office with religious care;
And fondly gild the ſolitary night
In beams that glimmer with eternal light;

While, ſtill importunate to be forgiv'n,
You feed on ſighs, and ſighing long for heav'n.

In thoſe lone cells, where ſpotleſs peace and reſt
With heav'nly comfort cheer the virgin's breaſt,
Where ſocial angels in each concert join,
And raiſe terreſtrial muſic to divine,
With ſteady eye you keep your heav'n in view;
There reſt your hopes, and only *thoſe* purſue;
A God! the peerleſs object of your flame,
And endleſs happineſs your noble aim!

Lines, written on a blank Leaf,

To LADY EARDLEY.

WHERE beauty, worth, and ſentiment refin'd,
Unite to charm and captivate mankind;
Where ev'ry feeling from affection flows,
And gentleſt nature in each feeling glows;
There ſhall the Muſe her pureſt homage pay,
And courteous EARDLEY decorate the lay.

On

On wealth alone let others build their fame,
And admiration be their deareſt aim;
Nor wealth nor titles can that heart delude,
Whoſe *pride* 's the luxury of doing Good.

ON A

PRIVATE CONCERT.

HOW nobler thus the fleeting hours to ſpend
In ſocial pleaſure for a ſocial end;
To feel that inward rapture of the ſoul,
Which, undiſtinguiſh'd, animates the whole,
Than, lur'd by faſhion or its cank'ring guile,
To watch the ſunſhine of a monarch's ſmile!
What are the proud?—Dull lumps of gilded clay,
The dazzling wonder of the weak and gay!
Is there, in all their pompous round of art,
Where int'reſt warps each feeling of the heart,
One genuine ray that glitters like the blaze
Which ſteadier reaſon to the ſoul conveys?
There treach'ry, falſehood, dark ſuſpicion guide—
The wild ambition of ſuperfluous pride:

Here, candour, truth and innocence ſupply
Thoſe heart-felt joys which grandeur cannot buy.

Melodious ſounds the circling notes convey
To boſoms harmoniz'd and ſoft as they;
On ev'ry face contentment ſits at eaſe,
And each is happy—for they all can pleaſe.
Guiltleſs of art the lovely maid attends,
And looks with harmleſs fondneſs on her friends;
To ſoftneſs melts, and innocently feels
The thrilling rapture which her tongue reveals:
Whilſt at her ſide, too careleſs of his heart,
The thoughtleſs youth imbibes a ſecret ſmart,
And little dreams, that, abſent from her eyes,
The dear idea and the charm will riſe:
And ſure thoſe charms reſiſtleſs muſt be found,
When muſic teaches ev'ry look to wound.

Yet *here* cool reaſon, whiſp'ring to the breaſt,
Each paſſion guides, or ſooths it into reſt.
Wond'ring we ſit, and hear the beauteous dame,
With eyes to look a Stoic into flame,
Indulgent pour the rapt'rous note around,
And add to beauty all the pow'r of ſound.

How

How ſweetly true the warbling ſticks are preſt,
While more than muſic's in her eyes expreſt!
Bold is the man who oft can ſit and hear
Sounds that might charm an angel from his ſphere:
And bolder he, whoſe boſom thus retains
The tuneful object of his humbler ſtrains.
As when the lark, enticing as ſhe flies
Her tender young, floats midway on the ſkies,
At firſt in awe the little warblers rove,
And feebly flutter from their native grove;
Till, urg'd by nature to a bolder flight,
Dauntleſs they ſoar, and meditate her height:
Thus Delia, ſweetly riſing from her fears,
With bolder notes enchants our liſt'ning ears;
At laſt, triumphant, wanders thro' the whole,
And looks the faultleſs muſic of her ſoul!

To you, the mild directreſs of the night,
Whoſe eaſy manners and whoſe heart delight;
Whom muſic charms, and who ſo juſtly know
To teach the ſofteſt melody to flow—
To you the muſe her guiltleſs homage pays,
And pours, in artleſs verſe, untainted praiſe.

Bleſt with that eaſe which heav'n and fortune give,
In friendſhip's boſom you delighted live:
Bleſt with contentment, honour, and repoſe,
In him your kindneſs and your reaſon choſe,
You move with rapture in the ſpotleſs bands
That Hymen form'd, and Virtue ſtill commands.

Oh! if the Muſe's deareſt wiſh be heard,
In that fond pray'r, by ev'ry friend preferr'd,
May ſome reſemblance, innocently ſweet,
Your virtues crown, and all your views complete!
May heav'n and nature to its breaſt impart
The mother's temper, and the father's heart!

THE DREAM.

The following Lines were written in conſequence of the Author being aſked which to him appeared the moſt eligible way of paſſing life; in the gay and faſhionable ſcenes of Town, with all their train of viciſſitudes, or in the calmer retreat of rural comfort and domeſtic eaſe? They are addreſſed to a LADY *who is not leſs remarkable for an uncommon ſhare of poetical merit, than diſtinguiſhed from the generality of her ſex by the nobleſt dictates of truth and feeling.*

AH ſay, melodious ſongſtreſs of the grove,
Whoſe ſtrains are gentle as the gentleſt love!
A while from reaſon and its calm delight
Shall friendſhip draw thee, and the muſe invite?
Canſt thou from peaceful ſolitude retreat,
The captive lover and his ſighs to meet?
The gath'ring anguiſh of his heart to cheer
In hope that darkens with the gloom of fear?

Bleſt, as thou ſeem'ſt, with ſympathy to feel
Affection's int'reſt, and its tale conceal;

With ſoothing care the ſecret wiſh to hide,
And ſave its bluſhes from the ſneer of pride:
To whom, ſo tender of the boſom's ſigh,
Should hope aſpire, or diſappointment fly?
Thy tear of pity can each pain beguile,
And gay ſucceſs is livelier in thy ſmile.
From ſcenes, where pride and thoughtleſs folly reign,
And reas'ning man is laugh'd at by the vain;
From falſehood, ſmiling with a canker'd heart,
The fools of faſhion, and the dupes of art,
Fatigued I turn—regardleſs of mankind,
Congenial nature, and her joys to find;
Though charm'd by beauty, from its follies free,
I turn, MELISSA, to repoſe and thee.

As thus I mus'd, and in illuſion drew
Imagin'd raptures to reflection's view,
My heavy eye-lid clos'd upon the day,
And loſt in ſleep each earthly ſorrow lay.
So ſome poor wretch in penſive habit moves,
And lends his ſoul the liberty ſhe loves;
Sighs to the gale in ſolitary mood,
Or pours his anguiſh to the murm'ring flood;

Nor

Nor care, nor ſick'ning prejudice deſtroy
The gilded bloſſoms of imagin'd joy.

Scarce had the world and all its train of woes
Sunk in the peaceful boſom of repoſe,
When fancy, grown impatient of the ſtrife
Which reaſon combats in the noiſe of life,
With ſcenes of pleaſure that no griefs controul,
Broke, in delightful viſions, on my ſoul.
Then did I ſee thee, dear MELISSA, move,
Untouch'd by int'reſt, to the ſhrine of love;
Then did I feel the mutual tranſport riſe,
Spring to the cheek, and languiſh into ſighs.
One inſtant paid me for an age of pain,
One ſmile expreſs'd what millions could not feign.
Unequall'd joy! when ſouls congenial meet,
And nature triumphs in the world's defeat!

If dreams a rapture to the ſoul can give,
And bid the fondeſt of our wiſhes live,
Ah ſure its charm reality may tear
From fiction, bright'ning on the bed of care!

Elſe

Elſe why—ſcarce waken'd by the gath'ring ſound
Of rattling hoofs*, that flung their echoes round—
Full on my ſight did lov'd MELISSA beam,
And look the peerleſs image of my dream?
On COLNE's ſoft border as I fondly ſpread
My wearied limbs, and preſs'd its moſſy bed,
In meek ſimplicity my charmer paſs'd,
And o'er the ſhade reſiſtleſs magic caſt.
Yet why ſo tranſient were the rays of joy?
Juſt ſeen, and vaniſh'd from my gazing eye!
So when the glowing firmament along
A ſtar runs ſtreaming thro' the ſparkling throng,
Attention 's fetter'd by the lengthen'd blaze,
When, loſt in air, it ſuddenly decays.

Yet ſtill I gaz'd, unconſcious of the dart
Which love had pointed for my yielding heart,
Till, ſunk in diſtance and the circling trees,
The fleeting hoof juſt echoed on the breeze.
To ev'ry whiſper of the gale I lent
My liſt'ning ear, and murmur'd as it went:

* Alluding to the firſt time the author had ſeen MELISSA, namely, on horſeback.

"Oh

" Oh if, prophetic of a future bliſs,
" A laſting image may be form'd in *this* ;
" Still let me paint each viſionary grace,
" And court contentment from that angel face.

" Yet charms muſt wither in the waſte of time,
" And pale diſeaſe may treſpaſs on our prime ;
" But *ſenſe*, triumphant in the blaze of truth,
" Shall hold its honours with unfading youth,
" On ev'ry change an op'ning bloſſom throw,
" In age have vigour, and in ſickneſs blow :
" Till, gently warn'd, calm reſignation feels
" The parting call, and from its manſion ſteals,
" Glides unperceiv'd to realms of endleſs reſt,
" Where *hope* is anſwer'd, and each wiſh is bleſt."

On being aſked by a celebrated Beauty, what Advantage could be derived from an Intimacy with the Muſes.

WHEN death conſigns thee to the mould'ring ſod,
No more the beauteous image of thy God,
Thoſe features vaniſh'd, and that bloom decay'd !
The muſe can ſnatch thee from oblivion's ſhade ;

Can into life expiring beauty call,
Preſerve her ſmiles, and deify them all;
With heav'nly light thoſe peerleſs eyes inſpire,
And make them beam the magic of deſire;
Can make remembrance tremble with alarms,
And, ſpite of death, reſtore thee to thy charms;
Bid after-ages ev'ry boaſt reſign,
And yield their triumphs when compar'd with thine;
Of vain Chlorinda will the conqueſts prove,
Diſown'd by reaſon, and the ſcorn of love;
Whilſt thine, MELISSA, tho' the time be paſt,
Diſplay'd by Truth ſhall flouriſh to the laſt.

Ill-placed Friendſhip generally repaid by the blackeſt Ingratitude,

AN EPIGRAM.

I'VE ſtray'd from prudence and its peaceful ſide,
To ſhelter vice, ingratitude and pride;
From wit to dulneſs and to folly turn'd,
To witneſs ſentiments my reaſon ſpurn'd.

Yet

Yet ſuch the fate of careleſſneſs and eaſe,
When judgment leaves us, and illuſions pleaſe!
For who, with truth and principle inſpir'd,
E'er join'd with meanneſs, or its ſmile deſir'd?
Or who from reaſon and its deareſt rule
Would ſwerve, to reſcue ſuch a wretch as * * * * *?
If like his face* his ſoul ſhould ſpotted be,
How well his feelings and his looks agree!
So breathes the toad, with leprous horrour full,
Foul in each limb, and impotently dull:
By malice bloated, and a wiſh to wound,
Abhorr'd he lives, and ſpits his venom round;
Till ſpent, in rank obſcurity he lies,
Waſtes into filth, and unlamented dies.
And thus, thou mean aſſaſſin of repoſe!
Thou foe to all that ſpotleſs honour knows!
Shall nature force thee ev'ry look to ſhun,
To fly mankind, and ſicken at the ſun;

* It is the height of illiberality to affix any ſtigma to the mere defects of nature; but when they proceed from vice and diſſipation, it is equally unjuſt to let them remain unnoticed. The object of this epigram, though beneath the laſh of honeſt ſatire in many reſpects, is ſufficiently baſe in others to hold him up as one of the many inſtances in life, where a ſelfiſhneſs, even in the vicious impulſes of depraved humanity, is wretchedly predominant.——*Hic niger eſt, hunc tu Romane caveto!*

That

That ſun ſhall ſcorn to ſhed his golden ray,
Or gild one atom of thy paltry clay.
Alive neglected, and when dead not miſs'd;
E'en time ſhall tear thee from creation's liſt.

LINES

Written in a blank Leaf of JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY, *which I preſented to a very particular Friend.*

IN faint acknowledgment of what I owe,
And what I feel, this ſtore of language take;
The force of learning it may ſerve to ſhew,
But ne'er could picture what my feelings wake.
Courtiers will yield to eloquence of words;
And more than eloquence *this* book affords!
But truth, all conſcious, ſinks beneath her weight,
And feels what language never can repeat.
Then let, in candour to the grateful breaſt,
Expreſſive ſilence meditate the reſt;
For ſilence only can that ſenſe impart,
Whoſe ſpring 's the nobleſt impulſe of the heart.

On

On reading a modern Advertiſement to ſome faſhionable Poetry.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magiſtri.

IF poliſh'd paper, and if types can give
Aſpiring wit a privilege to live,
The fond ambition may be cheriſh'd here,
Where all is ſilken, and where all is clear:
But when beneath reflection's ſober eye,
Stripp'd of their dazzling hues, the volumes lie,
How nature ſtartles at the wild conceit,
The *poet*'s folly, and the *man*'s deceit!
How reaſon ſcorns the mercenary views!
True genius pities and bewails the muſe;
Turns from the ſcene where madd'ning folly runs,
Pleas'd with a *blazing wilderneſs of ſuns!*
While judgment laughs to ſee the *bloſſom burn!*
And *ſcorching* ſun-beams into *verdure* turn.

LINES

LINES

On a Lady offering me her Fan when incommoded by the Fire.

KEEP, keep thoſe arms! O never be they mine,
While ſo much worth, ſuch killing charms are thine!
Let it ſuffice thy wit and ſenſe to hear,
Hang on thy tongue, and feaſt my raviſh'd ear:
Let it ſuffice with ſecret joy to find
In ev'ry glance ſome impulſe of thy mind;
With fondneſs cheriſh, yet with art conceal
The melting ſympathy thoſe eyes reveal.
When Phœbus, burſting with too fierce a ray,
Pours on the fields intolerable day,
The flow'rs hang heavy on the arid plain,
Till eve reſtores them to their bloom again.
So when unveil'd I meet thoſe beauteous eyes,
A thouſand raptures ev'ry ſenſe ſurpriſe;
Heedleſs I catch the lightning as it plays,
Till ev'ry feeling ſickens at the blaze:
But not to me does ev'ning bring repoſe;
The flame in abſence more intenſely glows.

Then

Then keep thoſe arms; oh never be they mine,
Whilſt ſo much worth, ſuch killing charms are thine,
A thouſand tortures are in ambuſh kept,
A thouſand lovers for thy charms have wept.
Cupid as well his quiver might beſtow,
The friend affecting to become the foe,
As you relinquiſh what ſo much commands,
What's more than human in thoſe angel hands.
Trifling the pain which for a time I feel,
But great the wound that abſence cannot heal;
Whilſt to my heart one tender ſigh is giv'n,
Still let me hope, and meditate its heav'n.

On a very harmleſs Courtier, whoſe Politeneſs and good Manners are juſt as beneficial to Mankind, as his Weights and Meaſures.

Decipimur ſpecie recti. HOR.

PEACEFUL and calm as ſummer's ev'ning beams,
Pity that face is not the face it ſeems!
Lo, ſimp'ring Bathos, with a cloudleſs mien,
Politely bows, and brightens ev'ry ſcene.

If gentle manners, if a ſpecious ſhow
Of all that's courteous, if a ſmile, a bow,
Could ſoften penury's corroding care,
Or ſtop the bleeding anguiſh of deſpair;
If all that ſtore of faſhion's plenteous art
Could boaſt one likeneſs in its owner's heart,
The muſe, believe me, had not whiſper'd here,
With all thy manners, Bathos! be SINCERE.

From a Manuſcript which Prudence forbids to publiſh, though Truth could juſtify.

AND ſhall adopted inſolence aſſume,
When drawn by fortune from its native gloom,
The ſneer of grandeur, or the tone of birth,
In all the littleneſs of gilded earth?
If gold can purchaſe what the good ſhould have,
And meanly raiſe a ſycophant or knave,
As well may kings and miniſters invert
Half nature's laws, and proſtitute deſert;
For ſelfiſh ends bid public virtue wait
The whim of faſhion at oppreſſion's gate;

While

While *recent* nothings bubbling into life,
On fortune's ſurface, or a titled wife,
O'erleap the fence our ſage forefathers made,
And graſp at honours as they graſp'd at trade*.
When wiſdom, ſenſe, and probity combin'd,
By Heav'n directed to improve mankind,
Riſe from the duſt, and into notice ſoar,
Truth loves the flight, and intimates to more.
Nor baſely paſſive—howſoever rais'd,
By ſtateſmen flatter'd, and by monarchs prais'd—
Will titled worth its principle reſign,
To laviſh incenſe at ambition's ſhrine.
Proud to be great, but prouder ſtill to own
That more is due to virtue than the throne,
The calm defender of his country treads
The maze of ſtate, and ſpotleſs knowledge ſheds.
Firm to his truſt, and heedleſs of each taunt,
That points remembrance to the child of want,
And meanly ſpreads in impotence of rage
The cares he ſuffer'd at maturer age;

* Some men, with nothing to recommend them but ſucceſs in the Alley, have during this and the preceding reign been ennobled.

When all that fortune niggardly beſtow'd,
Was ſpent to fix him where his wiſhes glow'd*,
And many a ſweet domeſtic feeling knows
As op'ning manhood more expenſive roſe—
Was gladly ſacrific'd by thoſe he lov'd,
His toil commended and his views approv'd:
Firm to his truſt and ſteadily ſerene,
But not unmindful of that humble ſcene,
The man of worth, unſhaken to the laſt,
Sees things to come, and recollects the paſt.

O curs'd invaſion of each honeſt tie,
Each ſenſe that lifts us nearer to the ſky!
When, deaf to nature, Vanity breaks down
Affection's mound, and tears us from our own.
If that be honour which a ſiſter ſpurns,
Or falſe to friendſhip for its partner burns,
And with unuſual impudence of face
Affects to triumph in the worſt diſgrace—
At deeds like theſe though ſatire wield the pen,
Half India's knaves are honourable men.

* It is far from being unuſual in this degenerate age to advertiſe for places under government. When real ability ſucceeds, it is equally common to find it the temporary object of dignified pride and envy.

Heav'n

Heav'n blaſt the wretch, apoſtacy's worſt knave*,
Who meanly reddens at a parent's grave;
Turns from the ſod that humbly lifts its head,
And marks the narrow limits of the dead;
Turns from the ſod where ev'ry blade of graſs,
That meekly trembles as the zephyrs paſs,
To penſive thought the recollection calls
Of life's gay tumult and its native walls;
Where fortune, giving all ſhe had to give,
Still fondly whiſper'd—*I am ſtill to live*;
Still kindly ſcatter'd with a magic hand
Each joy that pride and vanity demand.
But doubly blaſt him, if in wealth's career
He bluſh to bathe it with a filial tear,
Or, falſe to truth's involuntary ſigh,
Deny the ground where half his kindred lie.
The good old man, that in the cloſe of life
Smil'd to have paſs'd its tumult and its ſtrife,

* There cannot be a greater inſtance of innate depravity than in the conſciouſneſs of humble patronage, to avoid every circumſtance that leads us to a recognition of it. Among our late created noblemen, it is not impoſſible to diſcover more anxiety to hide the meanneſs of anceſtry than a noble ſolicitude to adorn it by juſt and honourable actions.

A whimſical diffuſion of wealth may ſeem the effect of benevolence to the ignorant and intereſted part of mankind; but it will prove the dictate of oſtentation to the judicious.

And in the peaceful boſom of his ſon
Repos'd the treaſures of the race he'd run,
Scarce from the world is calmly drawn away,
And clos'd the circle of his earthly day,
Than, ſhame to tell! the darling of his care,
The plant ſelected ev'ry hope to bear,
Shrinks from the tree round which it long had twin'd,
And turns apoſtate to amuſe mankind.

PASTORAL,

Written at School in 1775.

TO

SIR CARNABY HAGGERSTON, BART.

SCARCE had the bluſhing harbinger of day,
Aurora, brighten'd on the ſilv'ry ſpray;
The larks as yet lay ſilent in the field,
And ſcarce a charm of nature was reveal'd,
When, wak'd by love, two youthful ſhepherds drove
Their fleecy care, and wander'd to the grove.

Say

Say thou, in whom each ſcience of the mind
To manly temper 's eloquently join'd;
Whoſe breaſt the critic and the bard inform,
With truth to judge us, and with taſte to warm;
Say, ſhall the muſe, unfledg'd her tender wings,
Salute thee patron of the verſe ſhe ſings?
In bolder numbers ſhe'll rehearſe thy praiſe,
Her pinion ſtrengthen'd, and adorn'd her lays.
Wide o'er the fields the ſun had caſt his heat,
When thus, as love had taught them to repeat,
The tuneful ſwains alternate numbers prov'd,
And ſang the praiſes of the maids they lov'd.

DAMON.

Strephon! behold the ſhadows melt away,
Fair looks the morn, the zephyrs gently play;
A broader beam is ſhot acroſs the ſkies,
The valleys open, and the mountains riſe;
The waving trees their honours ſhake in air;
Arcadia's nymphs and Pan himſelf is here;
And ſhall remembrance in our ſouls expire,
When beauty charms us, and the groves inſpire?

STREPHON.

If thou a Sylvia like my Delia find,
At once ſo lovely, and at once ſo kind,
Aſide this river let her charms be ſung;
The nymphs will liſten to the lover's tongue.

DAMON.

If thou a Delia like my Sylvia ſing,
As autumn mild, and cheerful as the ſpring,
The beauteous object ſhall the conteſt yield,
And Delia triumph o'er the wond'ring field.

ÆGON.

No ſweeter muſic could enchant the plains:
Begin; this bowl may animate your ſtrains.

DAMON.

Nor unrewarded ſhall my Strephon play,
If Ægon liſten and approve the lay:
I ſtake this lamb, the faireſt of my breed,
The matchleſs beauty of the ſylvan mead.

ÆGON.

Sing then, my ſwains! and as your fancies glow,
In rhyme alternate let your numbers flow:

And

And who his rival can in ſong ſubdue,
His be the prize, and his the laurel too.

STREPHON.

Deſcend, ſoft maids and virgins of the grove,
Where ſighs are cheriſh'd with the breath of love!
Deſcend, and teach me to repeat the name
Of gentle Delia with unrivall'd fame!
Nine wreaths of laurel and a crown of flow'rs,
If Strephon conquer, ſhall adorn your bow'rs.

DAMON.

O Love! propitious to my ſong attend!
Ye ſmiling Graces, and ye Nymphs, deſcend!
The tend'reſt dictate of my boſom fire,
And touch my reed with what her eyes inſpire:
Four milk-white doves ſhall flutter round your ſhrine,
In Delia's honour, if the prize be mine.

STREPHON.

Me Delia loves, and, haſt'ning o'er the plain,
Flies to the groves, and echoes to my ſtrain:
Surpris'd, and liſt'ning to the ſound, I riſe,
Trace ev'ry ſtep, and ſighing meet her ſighs.

DAMON.

DAMON.

Me Sylvia follows when I tune the lay,
And on the borders of Avona play.
What heav'nly raptures muſt that ſhepherd ſhare,
Whoſe ſtrains are anſwer'd, and whoſe nymphs ſo fair!

STREPHON.

Beneath the trees as on Avona's ſide,
Laſt cooling eve I liſten'd to the tide,
A beauteous image mov'd upon the wave;
My Delia redden'd at the kiſs I gave.

DAMON.

As at the riſing of the purple dawn
I led my ſheep along the dewy lawn,
My ſprightly nymph came ſmiling o'er the mead,
And kiſs'd the garland that adorn'd my reed.

STREPHON.

Late in the depth of waving woods I ſtray'd—
My flock repoſing in yon beechen ſhade—
With active force the bloomy boughs I preſs'd,
And gather'd hawthorns for my Sylvia's breaſt.

DAMON.

DAMON.

A tuneful linnet in the groves I found,
Juſt fledg'd, and flutt'ring on the flow'ry ground;
I caught the infant warbler of the grove,
And made him ſubject to my gentle love.

STREPHON.

In Denham's numbers let the ſilver Thame
Divinely murmur with immortal fame;
On Avon's banks the tragic muſe appears,
In ſolemn anguiſh and majeſtic tears.

DAMON.

Let Windſor triumph in thy poliſh'd ſtrains,
Harmonious Pope! and deck his ſubject plains;
Fair Eſham's matchleſs in her flow'ry vales,
Her early bloſſoms, and her ſweeteſt gales.

STREPHON.

Ye clouds, deſcend! ye meadows, fade away!
Mute be the birds, and wither'd ev'ry ſpray,
When Sylvia ceaſes on our hills to bloom,
And Strephon ſorrows in affliction's gloom.

DAMON.

DAMON.

Ye nymphs, be gay! ſtill flow, ye murm'ring floods!
Ye meadows, flouriſh! and be green, ye woods!
Be gay! let nature in her beſt appear,
And all things brighten when my Sylvia's here.

ÆGON.

The lark that warbles to the dawning day,
The ſilv'ry dew that quivers on the ſpray,
Have often charm'd me from my lowly cot;
No cares to teaſe, and ev'ry pain forgot:
Nor lark, nor dew-drop on the ſparkling thorn,
Nor meadows gilded by the glowing morn,
Are half ſo charming as the ſtrains that flow
From friendſhip warbling to the maids we know:
For each a flow'ry chaplet let me weave,
Each from her ſwain the preſent to receive;
And as the conteſt for their charms is ev'n,
The ſtakes exchang'd, to both a prize be giv'n.

SUICIDE

SUICIDE REJECTED;

BEING A

CONTINUATION of the POEM,

ENTITLED

SUICIDE.

With a Refutation of the Doctrine inculcated, on Principles of Chriſtianity.

THE Suicide was originally written on a very melancholy occaſion, and ſubſequently printed without an idea, on *my* part, that it could produce an impreſſion which is as injurious to my moral tenets, as it is contrary to every principle of belief.

To the Public at large every author is indebted for the candour with which his labours are received; and although there may be a faſhion in Literature, as well as in every thing elſe, no man can ſeriouſly believe that the affectation of Genius, however plumed by partial judgment, muſt ſuperſede Good Senſe.

Experience, on the contrary, convinces us that the beſt performances have generally remained unnoticed, till time and the indefatigable intereſt of individuals have drawn them into public obſervation: this truth holds good in every tranſcript of human nature.—Mere flights of imagination, tortured imagery, and ſtrained conceits, like the boy of Dædalus, may attempt to riſe beyond the level of general conception; but as *mere* fancy can never be productive of general utility, partial gratification ſoon dwindles into nought, drops from his gilded perch, and yields to ſober Reaſon. Where the effuſions of Imagination and the exertions of Judgment go hand in hand, Morality has nothing to apprehend, Religion to fear, or Innocence to bluſh at.—The ſcintillations of the human intellect are certainly variable from the influence of manners; but the particles of underſtanding will through all ages be the ſame;

iſſuing from one ſource, to which they finally muſt return. It is therefore materially neceſſary, that every man who ventures his opinion upon the irrevocable breath of promulgation, ſhould warily conſider the effects and conſequences of it. The deſtruction of a fabric is not always brought about by Herculean ſtrength. Incidents the moſt minute repeatedly effect what the moſt formidable exertions ſometimes fail to accompliſh: and if, in the policy of every well-regulated government, the combinations of ſubtlety and reaſon are more to be dreaded, than avowed repugnance to ſocial order, to the eye of moral wiſdom nothing can be more obnoxious than the diſperſion of ſentiments, which may either enſnare the ignorant, or excite the wretched.—Not that I have the preſumption to imagine any part of the Poem in queſtion is ſo powerful, that the belief of the one could be ſhaken by its ſophiſtry, or the reſolution of the other determined by its principles. Nevertheleſs, as the frailty of human nature readily coincides with every dictate of illuſive ſympathy, it eſſentially behoves the Chriſtian and the man to avoid even the poſſibility of doing miſchief. *Quod volumus facilè credimus.* I can only declare, that, had not the firſt part of Suicide been circulated among other productions, I would have cheerfully ſacrificed the whole, rather than have hazarded the moſt diſtant alluſion to deiſm or infidelity.

The following extract, with which I have been favoured by a lady*, not leſs reſpectable for her ſituation in life, than ſhe is deſervedly beloved and honoured for the liberality of her ſentiments, is ſubmitted to the Chriſtian Moraliſt.

* Mrs. Boſville.

"I ve-

" I vegetate, I perceive, I think; I both commit and ſuffer " wrongs. I am ſenſible of my defects by the inconveniences I feel " from them; and of my duties by the pleaſure ariſing from the " performance of them. I obſerve and reflect upon every object " by which I am ſurrounded; I remark the contrariety in every " character, and find the ſame contradiction in my own. I medi- " tate, and ſay within myſelf, I exiſt, but how? from whom? by " whom? At what period did my exiſtence commence? To what " term will it continue? Am I a free agent? On whom do I de- " pend? or to whom am I obliged for my happineſs or miſery?

" I meditate deeply and repeatedly, and find nothing which can " lead me to ſuppoſe that I was the author of my own being, or " that I poſſeſs any thing by my own power. As I am not the " cauſe of my own exiſtence, conſequently I owe that exiſtence to " a Superiour Being.

" The Supreme Being, whom we call God, has provided for " my preſervation, and hath annexed happineſs to the conſciouſneſs " of exiſtence; he hath beſtowed upon me faculties, and furniſhed " me with means to preſerve that exiſtence. In this his wiſ- " dom and goodneſs appear, at leaſt equal to his power. Although " I owe every thing to God, I can only make my acknowledg- " ments to him proportionably to the means with which he has " furniſhed me. My duty to him hath no other bounds than thoſe " with which he is pleaſed to limit my nature, the powers of my " body, and the faculties of my ſoul. What can I give to him who

" has no need of any thing? I can only humble myſelf before him,
" and make his law my whole ſtudy.

" What I am is ſolely from him: this I am convinced of both
" from the knowledge of myſelf, and of every other creature. I
" am bound to execute his will, by conforming to the order he hath
" eſtabliſhed. This firſt duty is the foundation of every other,
" ariſes from a ſentiment of love and gratitude, and it behoves me
" to acquit myſelf of it with the utmoſt zeal. It is my duty, in
" the firſt place, in obedience to him whoſe gift it is, to cheriſh
" the exiſtence beſtowed upon me; and by no means attempt put-
" ting an end to my life.

" It is likewiſe my duty, in the ſecond place, to make the beſt
" uſe of the faculties beſtowed upon me, and to uſe the beſt means
" with which I am furniſhed to preſerve every bleſſing beſtowed
" upon me by my Maker.

" Whatever I poſſeſs, I poſſeſs from God. If I have a right in
" any thing, I enjoy that right from the bounty of my Creator. To
" his diſpenſations I ſubmit myſelf, and all that I call mine; he
" owed me nothing, yet hath beſtowed life upon me. He hath an
" unlimited power over me, and a right to reclaim any part of his
" own gifts. He may reſume all his gifts, but hath left me no
" right to complain."

SUICIDE

SUICIDE REJECTED.

O COME, thou friendly darkneſs of the night,
Black as my ſoul thy death-like horrour ſpread;
For death and darkneſs only can invite
The wretch whoſe wiſhes wander to the dead!

And come, ye penſive melancholy train
Of muſing thought and contemplating grief;
Where fancy, grown familiar with its pain,
Still loves to ſigh, and ſickens at relief:

If peerleſs wretchedneſs attract your care,
And woes unutterably ſad have weight,
Come to this mournful manſion of deſpair,
And view the victim of unalter'd fate.

The glimm'ring beam is wav'ring round its wick,
And ſilence fills the ſolitary gloom;
Save yonder clock, that 's ſlowly heard to click,
And points reflecting Reaſon to the tomb:

Save yonder clock, whoſe hours ſo quickly flew
When Delia came, and lagg'd whene'er ſhe went;
For Delia then to kindling love was true,
And Henry ſaw the bloſſom of Content.

A nipping froſt, by Fortune baſely ſped—
Inſatiate ſpoiler of the lover's reſt!—
With gelid pinion o'er my lowly ſhed
Deſtructive hung, and ev'ry wiſh oppreſt.

But what is fortune, or the pride of birth?
Can they ennoble, or make virtue mean?
Is Worth ſuperiour, in the pomp of earth,
To penſive Merit in affliction's ſcene?

So thinks not Heav'n—yet Delia judg'd it ſo!
And Heav'n's own image is my Delia's heart—
May Truth forgive the dear deluding foe,
And ſhield her boſom from the ſnares of Art.

Here

Here then, beyond the limits of controul,
My proſpects vaniſh'd, and my wiſhes o'er!
Expos'd be ev'ry feeling of my ſoul,
Unaw'd by grandeur, ridicule, or pow'r.

Ah! rather let Oblivion gather round,
Nor leave a ray to light me into thought;
Let not Remembrance wake the deaden'd wound,
Till Nature's vanquiſh'd, and her ties forgot.

Why ſhould I think? Has this ſad ſpeck of earth
One faithful pledge which Reaſon can receive?
Through clouds of miſery we ſpring to birth;
In clouds of miſery we ceaſe to grieve.

Then why this horrour of a future ſtate,
Which prompts and foils the ſcrutiny of man;
And leads him darkling thro' the wilds of fate,
Without a ſyſtem, and without a plan?

That Heav'n's exiſtence centres in a God
Whom Faith acknowledges, and Hope adores;
Whoſe ſpirit, viſiting the ſluggiſh clod
Of earthy man, illumines all his pow'rs;

That what inſpires this maſs of quicken'd clay
Is one eternal particle of flame!
All Nature owns, and with unerring ray
Points to thoſe realms from whence Creation came.

But that a God, whoſe plaſtic ſpirit gave
To dull unanimated earth a breath,
Which unimpair'd ſhall live beyond the grave,
And ſpring triumphant from the graſp of Death;

That pure Omniſcience ſhould deſcend to frame,
For *mortal* treſpaſſes, *immortal* woe,
Is what fair Reaſon ſhudders to proclaim,
And Fear or Int'reſt only ſpread below.

If there be one, like me, condemn'd to ſhare
Grief's bitt'reſt pang and agonizing ſtrife—
Whoſe mind is meekly paſſive in deſpair,
Becauſe it meditates eternal life;

May ſuch the tale of Prejudice diſown:
He nobly dares, who, deaf to Nature's cries*,

* It is undoubtedly a proof of the rankeſt cowardice to deſtroy ourſelves merely becauſe we are wretched: but it requires ſome reſolution, in the full conviction of God and eternity, to break through every dictate of nature and religion.

Undaunted

Undaunted plunges into worlds unknown,
While ſtrong Conviction points him to the ſkies.

He nobly dares, before whoſe ſteady eye
Uncertain horrours innocently glow:
Who ſprings, impatient of each earthly tie,
From all the certainty of earthly woe.

When the pent thunder in the tempeſt's womb
Heaves for its birth, and mutters round the ſkies,
From Heav'n's Omnipotent athwart the gloom
Blue lightning flaſhes, and the tumult dies.

And ſure, if Heav'n has lent a ſpark divine
To what muſt own corruption and decay,
That ſpark, when troubled in its cumbrous ſhrine,
May ſpurn the load, and brighten into day.

Then why this dread when Death, our ſureſt friend,
Looks from his dark and ſolitary home?
The frown we ſhrink at, is affliction's end!
The pang we fear, is ecſtaſy to come!

Misfortunes wean us from alluring ſin,
And lift the ſoul to Heav'n's eternal year:

Each woe that tortures is a voice within,
Whoſe echo calls us from the pains we bear.

But huſh! what means that murmur in reply?
What fiend, enamour'd with illuſive ſtate,
To proud Auguſta counſels me to fly,
And court the caſual friendſhip of the Great*?

The Great!—Ah me! what littleneſs is found
Where Grandeur triumphs in its wealth alone!
How meanly prompt with inſolence to wound
The fitteſt pride Humanity ſhould own!

Deteſted plan! at which the free-born mind
Starts with diſdain, and ſpurns the crumb it wants;
Is Genius then ſo ſlighted by mankind,
That nothing 's left it but the Courtier's taunts?

Shall *He*, whoſe numbers were by Delia prais'd—
Deceitful ſounds that charm'd me into ill—
Whoſe pureſt incenſe was to Delia rais'd!
To Grandeur cringe, and proſtitute his will?

* The author is far from wiſhing to inſinuate that the real nobility of this country will neither cultivate learning themſelves, nor encourage it in others: but there is a ſpecies of new-fangled greatneſs amongſt us, which no rank can dignify, nor the means it poſſeſſes render uſeful to ſociety.

"Mongrels in rank, and viſionary Lords!"

Ah!

BRITISH
3 NO 74
MUSEUM

SUICIDE REJECTED.

Cav. James inv. C.R. Riley delin. W. Sharp sculp

Then come thou friendly weapon, in whose womb
Fate sits secure, and certain of its prey;
While Delia's image lights me to the tomb
From Delia's charms thus rend each wish away.

Ah no! Eternity profound abyss,
See from my grasp the deadly weapon falls:
From sleepless anguish into soothing bliss
An Angel beckons, and my Saviour calls.

Ah! ſooner let me wander into ſuns
Where nature only prompts the ſavage breaſt;
Where man in friendſhip with the tiger runs,
Conſumes his acorn, and enjoys his reſt!

Yet thither, ſwifter than the wintry blaſt,
The rankling torture of my breaſt would move;
Still muſt Remembrance point me to the paſt:
I ſtill muſt languiſh, for I ſtill ſhould love.

Then come, thou friendly weapon, in whoſe womb
Fate ſits ſecure, and certain of its prey;
While Delia's image lights me to the tomb,
From Delia's charms *thus* rend each wiſh away.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Ah no!—Eternity! profound abyſs!
See from my graſp the deadly weapon falls:
From ſleepleſs anguiſh into ſoothing bliſs
An Angel beckons, and my Saviour calls.

See from the bloody crucifix he bends;
Freſh from his ſide the ſacred torrent flows:
Earth's whole redemption, like the dove, deſcends,
And Mercy ſpreads her pinion of repoſe.

And dares Mortality, becauſe it feels
The tranſient torture of unanſwer'd love,
Whoſe keeneſt anguiſh diſſolution heals,
Arraign its Maker, or his vengeance move* ?

Shall fleeting woes, that down the ſtream of time
Float into nought, and with exiſtence die,
In darkling phrenſy meditate a crime,
Which hurls the culprit from his native ſky ?

If laws, enacted for the public weal,
Can drive the criminal to ſuns unknown,
Condemn'd in wand'ring wretchedneſs to feel
The bitt'reſt pangs that memory can own ;

Shall man, by guilt original oppreſt,
With ev'ry ſtain unexpiated brave

* Si dans l'angoiſſe de leurs maux les hommes ne voient pas les remèdes, eſt-ce l'ignorance de Dieu qu'il faut inculper, ou leur ignorance ? Ceſſez donc, ô mortels ! d'accuſer la fatalité du ſort, ou les jugemens de la Divinité ! Si Dieu eſt bon, ſera-t-il l'auteur de votre ſupplice ? S'il eſt juſte, ſera-t-il le complice de vos forfaits ? Non, non, la bizarrerie dont l'homme ſe plaint n'eſt point la bizarrerie du deſtin ; l'obſcurité où ſa raiſon s'égare n'eſt point l'obſcurité de Dieu ; la ſource de ſes calamités n'eſt point reculée dans les cieux : elle eſt près de lui ſur la terre ; elle n'eſt point cachée au ſein de la Divinité ; elle reſide dans l'homme même ; il la porte en ſon cœur. Les RUINES de VOLNAY.

(To

(To heav'nly peace an uninvited gueſt)
Incens'd Omnipotence, and force the grave?

When from the deep the gath'ring billows fly,
And dark deſtruction in each cloud appears,
He nobly does who with unalter'd eye
Through all the thunder of the tempeſt ſteers;

He nobly does, unſhaken to the laſt,
Who in the conſciouſneſs of death aſpires;
Sees Heav'n unfolding ere the ſtorm be paſt,
And in the craſh of elements expires.

Ah! can deluſion from the fev'rous mind
The ſtrong conviction of HEREAFTER * tear?
Or caſt the vengeance of a God behind,
When urg'd by wretchedneſs to meet deſpair?

Beyond that precinct, where no ſtranger yet,
No friend e'er viſited his friend again;
Where all the cheerfulneſs of life is ſet,
And death and darkneſs in their zenith reign;

* The man who denies an Hereafter, either affects to diſbelieve what he inwardly dreads, or raſhly attempts to ſtifle the ſtrongeſt impulſe of the ſoul—Tamen uſque recurret.

There

There in the clouded thunder of his might
The God of Vengeance a tribunal holds;
Or—ſoft diffuſion of ethereal light—
To trembling Faith a paradiſe unfolds.

And ſhall the frail ſolicitudes of earth,
Miſtaken cares, and ill-requited ſighs,
Obſcure the particle that gave me birth,
And blot the nobleſt image of the ſkies?

From ev'ry quarter of created light
Exclaims not Nature to the wounded breaſt,
" Though cold neglect and poverty unite
" To ſtab thy peace, art thou alone oppreſt?

" Art thou more wretched than the worn-out horſe,
" That drags in torture o'er the flinty way
" His mangled limbs, with agonizing force
" Each ſinew bounding to the laſh's ſway?

" Does *he*, by *inſtinct*, from the galling road
" To ſome deep precipice conſign his pain?
" At home tho' ſlighted, and ill-us'd abroad,
" Patient he toils, and anſwers to the rein.

" Yet

" Yet thou, with boaſted *reaſon* on thy ſide,
" With hope to lift thee into future joy,
" From mean oppreſſion or inſulted pride,
" Would'ſt brave conviction, and its light deſtroy."

Have I no parent, relative or friend,
No tie that Honour and Affection wake?
Can ſelf-deſtruction bid remembrance end,
Or diſſolution from injuſtice take?

The ſigh that gathers o'er my cold remains,
Of wounded nature will the murmur be:
Ah! baſe the deed, though it releaſe my pains,
That caſts on others what it takes from me!

The ſpark that lights me thro' the darken'd road
Of devious life, from Heav'n unſpotted came;
Though preſt and troubled in its earthly load,
It ſtill muſt triumph, and be ſtill the ſame.

Unſtain'd it ſhone, till frail ambition woke
A wiſh to emulate creation's Lord;
The firſt injunction of obedience broke,
And madly treſpaſs'd on the ſacred word.

If

If all the ſanctity that earth can boaſt
Still inſufficient for its guilt be found;
How muſt increas'd iniquity be loſt,
When ghaſtly SUICIDE ſhall bare its wound!

Who then the ſhort uncertainty of woe
That mortals own could heſitate to bear?—
With calm compoſure all its anguiſh know,
Bliſs unimpair'd and unalloy'd to ſhare?

Through clouds of miſery to floods of light,
By Virtue lifted on the wings of Grace,
The pilgrim ſoars from momentary night,
To move unfetter'd in ETERNAL SPACE.

ELEGIES.

To my Worthy Friend,

SIR CARNABY HAGGERSTON, Bart.

WHEN from unbluſhing gratitude the ſtrain
Spontaneous flows, and feeling wakes the lyre,
The beaten track of dedication 's vain,
The glare of fiction and its tints expire.

The blight that Envy would on Friendſhip throw,
The wound that Malice meditates to give,
Make Truth and Sympathy more cloſely grow,
And in the conſciouſneſs of honour live.

Take then, my friend, the wreath thy kindneſs made,
Take what has long been foſter'd by thy care;
Time may ſecure it from oblivion's ſhade,
Mature the root, and bid the ſcion bear.

Rais'd by thy mild indulgence into life,
The tender buds no chilling blaſts have known;
Still in the ſtorms of literary ſtrife
May candour ſhield them from ill-nature's frown.

What

Whate'er their fate, if doom'd to fall or riſe,
Be *this* at leaſt my comfort and my fame;
From ſchool-day habits to the nobler ties
Of reas'ning manhood *thou* art ſtill the ſame.

THE

UNCERTAINTY of LIFE.

TO THE

HONOURABLE CHARLES CLIFFORD,

1780.

AH! why, ſince life's the trifle of a day,
The painted rainbow of an April ſky!
A trace that's truſted to the ſandy way,
A gaudy ſketch whoſe colours quickly fly!—

Why ſhould we waſte, in fruitleſs hopes of reſt,
Revolving time that wiſdom cannot ſave?
Each joy deſiring, and each wiſh unbleſt;
We graſp at peace that blooms beyond the grave.

To-day, believe me, can alone beſtow
The beam of comfort thro' recurring ſtrife;
To-morrow, pregnant with the ſeeds of woe,
Breaks on the certain wretchedneſs of life.

If beauty charm thee, view yon mould'ring ſod,
That ſwells the peaceful boſom of the grove,
Where boughs of cypreſs melancholy nod,
And drooping myrtles ſhade the tomb of love.

There reſts what once could win the gazing throng!
Her eye was heav'n that brighten'd on mankind;
Celeſtial echoes anſwer'd to her tongue,
And angels ſpoke the language of her mind:

There reſts what once in peerleſs virtue ſhone,
Ador'd! belov'd! and like Eudoſia gay;
In ev'ry ſcene to innocence alone
Her wiſhes turn'd, tho' breath'd in faſhion's ray.

Yet now no more with eloquence of eyes,
She looks the virtuous impulſe of her ſoul;
Yet now no more ſhe melts us into ſighs,
For death and darkneſs gather round the whole.

In vain the much-lov'd partner of her breaſt
With ſighs recals her to his widow'd arms:
In ſullen apathy her feelings reſt,
And diſſolution withers all her charms.

Ah! what is birth?—a momentary ray!
Ambition's offspring, or the fruit of luſt;
Proſpects that riſe, to melt like ſhades away;
Moths of an hour, that flutter into duſt.

And what is wealth but wretchedneſs in ſtate?
The gilded triumph of our hopes below!
The price of title for the dazzled great!
A ſtar on anguiſh, and a garter'd woe!

View then, my friend—and thou haſt all that earth,
Or laviſh Nature, in her fondeſt hour,
Can for the uſe of more than common worth,
With Heav'n's own ſanction, on thy wiſhes pour—

View then, my friend, the meteor as it plays,
And, ſpite of reaſon, ſnatch the pleaſing gleam:
Reflection clouds the brighteſt of our days,
While pleaſure centres in deluſion's dream.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN ON THE BACK OF A LETTER.

SCROLL! that art trifling in the common eye,
Of little import to the world at large!
With thee the deareſt of my wiſhes fly;
Of ev'ry hope thou bear'ſt the precious charge.
Go, if thou canſt, and plead my humble cauſe;
Go to where nature and the graces move;
And, ſpite of faſhion, or its tyrant laws,
Bid Delia read *one* tale of artleſs love.

PARAPHRASE

TO

YOUNG'S CELEBRATED LINE,

"Procraſtination is the Thief of Time."

PROCRASTINATION, like the beauteous roſe,
Attracts our fancy with its gay deceit:
Eager we ſnatch the bloſſom ere it blows,
Then ſhrink with horrour at the ſting we meet.

The ſchool-boy thus, by reſtleſs fancy led,
Explores each beauty of the ſcented heath,
Nor once remembers, that, in ſweetneſs fed,
The waſp may point its pois'nous tube beneath.

And canſt thou truſt to-morrow with thy peace?
To-morrow, faithleſs promiſe of to-day!
The mind's infection, and the ſoul's diſeaſe,
Unreal ſubſtance, and illuſive ray!

The youthful Lycidas to Heav'n preferr'd
A wiſh for wealth, by modeſty ſuſtain'd:
The pray'r of meek humility was heard;
He aſk'd for little, and that little gain'd.

Belinda next was made his tend'reſt care;
She felt the ſigh, and bade him hope for eaſe:
Endearing ſympathy ſubdu'd the fair,
And both were happy, for they both could pleaſe.

Not on to-morrow were their proſpects laid,
No hopes were built on *poſſible* event:
Calm reſignation into age convey'd
Health crown'd by time, and bright'ning in content.

Am-

Ambitious Clodio—imitate who will,
The dazzling meteor's momentary blaze!
By faſhion cheated into ſplendid ill,
Reſign'd each comfort for alluring praiſe.

By fortune gifted with each earthly pow'r
To glut the craving appetite of youth,
He fondly truſted to ſome future hour,
Preferring falſehood to ingenuous truth.

Around him ſwarm'd of paraſites a train,
Till blank misfortune at his gates appear'd:
For ſoothing gratitude he met diſdain,
And found preſumption where he once was fear'd.

The peaceful manſion in whoſe boſom ſpread
The mould'ring relics of his fathers lay,
Is lorded o'er by ſtrangers to the dead,
And lifts a front inhoſpitably gay.

And canſt thou truſt to-morrow with thy peace?
Unfaithful guardian of to-day's repoſe!
The joys it promiſes too quickly ceaſe;
The magic fades, and leaves us to our woes.

TO MISS HAGGERSTON,

THE INFANT DAUGHTER OF LADY HAGGERSTON.

ENDEARING innocence! thou lovely child!
Attractive promiſe of each op'ning grace,
Ah, thus in infancy thy mother ſmil'd,
And gave aſſurance of an angel's face.

Oh! mayſt thou imitate the ſteps ſhe took,
Serenely mild, and innocently gay!
May virtue ſmile imprinted on each look,
And calm ſimplicity mark out thy way!

To lure the weak let thoughtleſs folly try,
With ev'ry wiſh in vanity to ſhine;
Soon muſt the meteor in its falſehood die,
Whilſt reaſon triumphs, and each virtue's thine.

So ſhalt thou *be* what many falſely *ſeem*,
The beautous image of angelic worth:
Secure to charm in rivetted eſteem,
Till Heav'n ſhall tear thee from admiring earth.

Such

Such is my wiſh : and when maturer age
Shall gently looſe the fetters of thy tongue,
May that ſame mother turn this humble page,
And bid thee read the pleaſing truth I ſung!

Although the following Poem may appear to militate againſt the ſolitude of monaſtic life in general, the author unfeignedly hopes the inference will not be ſo drawn, as to injure religious privacy. At the ſame time he wiſhes to eſtabliſh ſome principle with regard to worldly virtue; and to ſhew that it is very poſſible to ſhare the conviviality of human intercourſe without endangering belief. Nor could there be a more melancholy proof of univerſal depravity than an implied idea, that the virtue of individuals, and the conſequent effects of hereafter, could not be kept uninjured amidſt the harmleſs enjoyments of life.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

Written at Dover, previous to my ſailing for the Continent, where his Remains were depoſited.

1779.

ONCE more the muſe her drooping ſail muſt ſpread
Along the ſwelling boſom of the wave,
By ſad remembrance and affection led,
To breathe their dictates at Philander's grave.

Ye weeping nymphs, then waft a tender gale,
Whoſe plaintive voice ſhall ſob along the ſea;
While ſecret anguiſh murmurs in the ſail,
And liſt'ning Tritons join the mournful lay.

'Tis done—Affliction on that coaſt appears,
Where pining Care and Melancholy reign:
In ſecret woe ſad Meditation bares
Her heaving breaſt, and mutters to the main.

Stray'd

Stray'd from his cell, the ſhiv'ring ſpectre moves:
(The ghoſt of manhood into phrenzy wrought!)
Averſe to all that ſenſe or nature loves,
Each gen'rous pulſe is waſted into thought.

Yet why, my friend, adorn'd with every grace,
Of poliſh'd manners, and of mind ſerene,
With youth to bear thee thro' the ſhining race
Of titled grandeur, and its dazzling ſcene—

Ah! why didſt thou the ſpecious tale believe,
To quit thy birth-right for imagin'd eaſe*?
For crimes in ſpotleſs innocence to grieve,
And, bleſt with temper, be denied to pleaſe?

Does earth its produce to no purpoſe yield?
Is it a crime with cheerfulneſs to dwell?
Heav'n ſhines benignant o'er the cultur'd field,
Nor bounds its bleſſings by the cloyſter'd cell.

* A renunciation of worldly property forms one of the principal vows in monaſtic retirement. The elder brothers of many of our moſt opulent Roman Catholic families are at this moment obliged to ſubſiſt upon a trifling pittance.——"Eſt virtus vivere parvo."

If

If zealots only, to whoſe jaundic'd eyes
Fair reaſon looks intolerably foul,
Can claim a partial title to the ſkies,
How weak the ſpirit which directs the whole!

How mean the ſpark that lights us into day—
Ethereal produce of eternal flame!
If life be doom'd in horrour to decay,
And anguiſh ſettle on this goodly frame.

To ſocial raptures even brutes incline;
Then why ſhould man, creation's nobleſt boaſt!
Grown deaf to nature, and its laws divine,
In fruitleſs ſighs and penitence be loſt?

Amanda, gentleſt of her ſex, and fair!
Spotleſs as fair! and virtuouſly ſerene!
Bids Heav'n and nature amicably ſhare
Affection's impulſe in each harmleſs ſcene.

With her, aſſociate in her joys and pains,
The paths of life Philander fondly treads;
No woes can reach where mutual pleaſure reigns,
Or taint the ray that virtuous rapture ſheds.

And

And ſhall religion, in her ſtricteſt hour,
Dead to the nobleſt dictate of the breaſt,
On ſocial happineſs embitter'd low'r,
By pious rage and ſolitude diſtreſt?

Shall man the deareſt of all bliſs below,
(Raptures of love, that never ceaſe to charm!)
Though Heav'n directed, wretchedly forego,
In madd'ning fear of viſionary harm?

Soars not the pray'r of grandeur's *virtuous* ſon
On pinion equal to the cloyſter'd ſigh?
Though breath'd in faſhion and its courtly ſun,
The deed of worth 's no ſtranger to the ſky.

And yet Philander could each joy reſign,
For penſive care and ſolitary woe:
Each paſſion yielded at the bigot's ſhrine,
Forgot to animate, and ceas'd to glow.

So in the zenith of the ſolar ray,
The flow'r that points its boſom to the ſkies,
A golden luſtre pours upon the day,
The covert ſhuns, or in it fades and dies.

Eternal

Eternal clouds hang hov'ring on the ſhore,
And glimm'ring ſhadows move along the ſky;
A thouſand phantoms gather round the bow'r,
Where poor Philander ſtill inſtructs to die.

Oh had he liv'd that leſſon to impart
Which genuine virtue ſtamp'd upon his breaſt,
The nobleſt efforts of an honeſt heart
Had mark'd his record, and his labours bleſt!

Yet had he liv'd, the melancholy rage
Of pious madneſs would have damp'd the whole:
A war with Nature in the fluſh of age,
With Reaſon exil'd from the darken'd ſoul.

ELEGY.

STILL is thy bow, ſtern Diſappointment! bent,
To fix its ruthleſs arrows in my breaſt?
When will the cruel multitude be ſpent,
That long have ſearch'd, and ſtill attempt my reſt?

Is it too much, in ſtudy's arduous lore,
While keen inquiry waſtes the midnight oil,
To hope for comfort on a foreign ſhore,
When want has forc'd me from my native ſoil?

Is it too much, to ſeek a kind retreat,
Where, humbly guarded from Misfortune's dart,
Expos'd to nothing but the world's deceit,
That world may ſhare my labours and my heart?

And cannot all the ſuff'rings of a mind,
Whoſe ſharpeſt thorn on education grows,
Which, while I court the friendſhip of mankind,
Their pride, their weakneſs and their folly ſhews—

Ah! cannot theſe in pity bid thee ſpare
The wand'ring offspring of a race unknown;
Whoſe only friend is ſolitary care,
Content, if little can be call'd his own?

Sketch'd on the living tablet of my heart,
A ſharp conſuming melancholy 's ſpread:
Embitter'd fancy feeds the growing ſmart,
And anguiſh points me to the peaceful dead.

Reduc'd to bear each littleneſs of ſoul
That rich impertinence and folly know,
I yield my judgment to the vile controul
Of *inward* ignorance and outward ſhow.

And can I ſmile, or, with an aukward grace,
The ſad diſtemper of my breaſt conceal,
When ev'ry coxcomb perks it in my face,
And ev'ry blockhead ſneers at what I feel?

Thus on the gilded boſom of the wave,
With purple ſtreamer and with ſilken ſail,
The boaſtful coxcomb may the tempeſt brave,
And laugh at wrecks that never felt a gale.

But when, in conteſt with aſſaulted Heav'n,
The darken'd waves their circling eddies throw,
What throbs of anguiſh to the breaſt are giv'n!
How fear is pictur'd on his moiſten'd brow!

How long muſt truth, broke down by cold neglect,
Through pride and folly ſtill attempt to riſe;
How long to dulneſs proſtitute reſpect,
And ſtoop to *things* that wiſdom muſt deſpiſe?

Feebly

Feebly the captive linnet, when confin'd
To ſome cloſe room, its trembling pinion tries;
While, borne triumphant on the buoyant wind,
The lark aſcends, and floats upon the ſkies.

What then avail my live-long hours of toil,
Or prudence ſtruggling with impatient youth;
The morning beam, the lonely midnight oil,
To catch the glimmer of afflictive truth?

Is there in all creation's reas'ning crowd,
Where wiſdom finds not ſomething to deplore?
While conſcious meanneſs, pointing to the ſhroud,
Bids pride and vanity delude no more.

And yet mankind, ſo Heav'n or Chance ordains,
Are rul'd by gold, and vanquiſh'd by deceit;
Loſt in their blaze the nobler mind remains,
And *Senſe* is ſpread at wealthy Folly's feet.

ELEGY.

ELEGY.

WHY to that ſhade with more than rapture move
My ready feet, and *there* delight to ſtray?
Is it becauſe ſome zephyr fans the grove
With purer air, and ſcents the genial ray?

Is it becauſe, by wearied fancy led,
I ſhun the walks where pride and folly meet?
Or, loſt in ſcenes that truth and nature ſpread,
Think for myſelf, and wander from deceit?

Ah no!—for me no zephyr fans the grove,
The mid-day cools, or breathes a purer air:
The pomp of pride and folly cannot move,
Or ſnatch my ſoul one inſtant from her care.

Wrapp'd in affection's dear-deluding dream,
I ſigh in public, and in private mourn:
And fondly nurſe my ſolitary flame,
Without one hope, or proſpect of return.

In

In vain I know the weakneſs of my ſoul,
In vain I feel my paſſion ought to ceaſe;
On ev'ry thought her beauty bears controul,
My reaſon's vanquiſh'd, and my pains increaſe.

Still, though diſcretion urge me to retire,
And cautious prudence warn me to forget;
Still, by the light of amorous deſire,
I rove where Delia and her victim met.

Still, though unknown, unpitied, and forlorn,
The tale of ridicule, perhaps, and pride!
Perhaps the blameleſs object of her ſcorn,
I hug the ſhaft that rankles in my ſide.

Still near the beauteous object of my breaſt,
With timid ſtep and baſhful looks I move,
Catch from her eyes a momentary reſt,
And feed the future pangs of hopeleſs love.

Oh! that ſome friendly gale would gently ſigh
My ſoft complaint to Delia's tender ear,
Bear on its wing the treaſure of a ſigh,
And calm my ſorrows by one precious tear.

For ſure, of all the pangs that lovers feel,
The worſt with thee, Solicitude, was born!
To love, and yet not dare that love reveal,
Or, if reveal'd, to dread a killing ſcorn.

LADY LAURIE

ON THE

Death of her favourite NIGHTINGALE.

DEAR bird! ſweet ſoother of my penſive hour,
That oft haſt warbled to my raptur'd ear,
Farewell! Thy voice on ſolitude no more
Shall pour its accents, or the night endear.

Still to thy loneſome tenement I turn,
By ſadly-penſive recollection led!
To echo's ear ſolicitouſly mourn,
And fondly court thee from the tuneful dead.

Oft to the mute companion of thy days*,
In plaintive anguiſh I lament thy doom;

* Alluding to the ſurviving bird never having been heard to ſing from the moment its companion died.

Silence—the beſt acknowledgment of praiſe—
With ev'ry ſigh, ſtill points me to the tomb!

Adieu!—But if, as poets fondly tell,
Thy tuneful echoes can be heard again,
Here, in the ſofteſt of thy viſits, dwell,
And kindly pour the viſionary ſtrain.

ELEGY.

Written on board the Packet when under Apprehenſions of foul Weather, though the Sky appeared ſerene at quitting Port.

ALLURING day!—But wilt thou laſt? Ah no!
Behind that azure veil a traitor lies:
The friendly gales, which now ſo kindly blow,
Will ſhun the bluſt'ring tumult of the ſkies.

Then, on the wide-expanded ocean toſs'd,
The ſport of waves, and play-thing of the wind!
That azure vaniſh'd, and thoſe zephyrs loſt,
Oft will the poor advent'rer look behind.

On many a wish'd-for comfort of the land
Oft will he fix the musings of his breast;
Point to where love and pleasure, hand in hand,
Untainted rove, and sport themselves to rest.

Ah then to Delia's happy dome will fly
The waken'd sorrows he endur'd to part:
While ruthless tempests trifle with his sigh,
And basely blab the secret of his heart.

Yet let them tell the passion which he long
Has fondly nurs'd, and never can resign:
Yes, let them tell that Delia was his song,
And she alone inspir'd his youthful line.

Int'rest or pride have nothing else to dread,
When freedom's child, who never ask'd to love,
Unnotic'd slumbers with the wat'ry dead,
And leaves the world to murmur or approve.

To an unfortunate Beauty, remarkable for her Integrity.

O SAPPHO, lovelieſt of the fallen fair!
Thou, in whoſe boſom unpolluted reigns
A virtuous principle, that guides thee clear
Of all that pure integrity diſdains;

To thee, this votive wreath which friendſhip wove
(And would'ſt thou credit what a poet ſwears!)—
To thee, this pledge of unaffected love
The muſe with more than common rapture bears.

Let wedded pride, auguſt in ev'ry deed*,
By cuſtom ſanctified, howe'er abſurd,
At Envy's feet ſee Reputation bleed,
And yet no ſoothing palliative afford.

* As this paſſage is open to much miſconſtruction, I beg to ſay that the alluſion does not extend to conjugal fidelity. The abſurdities of unforgiving pride, perhaps the dictates of diſappointed frailty, are only aimed at.

Beyond her reach, thy ſpirit can defy
The ſneer of prejudice and erring ſpite;
While reaſon breathes the tribute they deny,
And candid nature knows thee to be right.

For me, whoſe comfort is to laugh at pride,
Deſpiſing titles and the pomp of ſtate;
Oft ſhall remembrance wander to thy ſide,
Dwell on thy worth, and reconcile thy fate.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

LINES

Sent with one of WEDGWOOD's *Medallions, repreſenting a* NEGRO *kneeling.*

THE ſuppliant poſture of this object proves
The ſavage temper of mankind to man;
Ah ſure, Parthenopé, the youth who loves,
Can ne'er be treated by ſo harſh a plan;
Yet ſuppliant oft the penſive mourner lies,
In ſecret anguiſh and unanſwer'd ſighs.

Nor

Nor ſize, nor ſhape, nor colour, can ſubdue
Compaſſion's dictates in the breaſt that feels;
To melting ſympathy's endearing view
One look of tenderneſs a Heav'n reveals.
Yet ſtill beware of *falſehood*'s gilded ray,
Whoſe light miſguides, and flatters to betray.

WHAT means this ſudden tranſport in my breaſt?
Why throbs my heart with unaccuſtom'd heat?
Sure, ſomething more than common was expreſt,
When Delia bow'd ſo kind, and look'd ſo ſweet!

Ah no!—thoſe ſmiles, which nature prompts alone,
To all alike their ready ſweetneſs bear;
But ſhould the conqueſt of her ſmiles be known,
Say then, would Delia ſmile, and ſooth my care?

Forbear, fond youth, nor let the flatt'ring ſcene
Of female excellence thy heart beguile:
Tho' heav'n attract thee on that angel mien,
A frown may low'r where lately ſhone a ſmile.

LOVE.

LOVE is a ſoft, involuntary flame,
Beyond the pow'r of language to expreſs;
That throws reſiſtleſs magic o'er the frame,
And leads to boundleſs pleaſure or diſtreſs.

From Love misfortune takes her earlieſt date,
Or rapt'rous bliſs prepares the flow'ry way;
Wak'd at our birth, they mingle with our fate,
And cling to life, till vanquiſh'd by decay.

E'en when in youth we feel the hand of death
Obſcure the proſpect of a cloudleſs ſky,
All-conqu'ring love attends the fleeting breath,
And nature's fond, laſt effort, is a ſigh.

Then tell me, Delia, what avail the cares
That taint our joys with bitterneſs and pain?
If to our aid the god of love repairs,
And Delia ſmiles, misfortunes frown in vain.

EPITAPH

EPITAPH

On a YOUNG LADY, *who died at Seventeen, of a Decline.*

THEN art thou gone!—The lily's languid head
That ſick'ning droops, oppreſs'd by beating rains,
Was ne'er in half ſuch lovely ruin ſpread,
As meekly gathers on thy dear remains.

Here let the young, the beauteous, and the gay—
For thou wert young, and beauteouſly ſerene—
The pureſt homage of affection pay,
And fondly trace thee in each earthly ſcene.

Hence let the vain from peerleſs beauty prove
To honeſt nature conſtancy and truth;
Hence let the gay with undiſſembled love,
Make reaſon triumph in the pride of youth.

And when they read what this ſad verſe muſt tell,
And when they meditate thy form and mind;
May ſorrowing virtue breathe a long farewell,
And angels hail thy paſſage from mankind.

To Miss ——.

I'VE ſought thro' nature for an angel's mien,
An angel's temper, unadorn'd to ſee;
With keen diſcernment viſited each ſcene,
But ne'er could find them till I gaz'd on Thee!
Then roſe the fair reality confeſt,
In native ſweetneſs and unrivall'd grace;
Whilſt heav'nly muſic in my vanquiſh'd breaſt
Confirm'd the triumph of thy matchleſs face.

Smooth be the lot of *one* ſo good, ſo fair;
No rankling pain to torture or annoy;
Of circling angels the delight and care,
Till earth muſt yield thee to celeſtial joy.

On ſeeing a Robin *expiring on a* Lady's *Boſom.*

LAMENTED bird! by pain familiar made,
Subdu'd by hunger, and with cold oppreſt,
In ruffled plumage thou art fondly laid,
To ſteal exiſtence from my Delia's breaſt.

Yet

Yet why, ſweet bird! why ſhould'ſt thou wiſh to live,
Where I with rapture would my breath reſign?
Oh! change thy doom, and from this breaſt receive
The quick'ning ſpirit for a death like thine.

On that fair boſom vainly wilt thou lie,
Indulg'd, careſs'd, and courted back to life:
Yet happieſt thou!—'Tis bliſs like thee to die,
Like me to live, is death's ſevereſt ſtrife.

ELEGY.

THE DECLARATION.

IF e'er, Parthenopé, thy lovely breaſt
Of keen ſolicitude the pang has felt;
If e'er thy moments have been robb'd of reſt,
And ſleepleſs anguiſh on thy pillow dwelt;

By ev'ry ſigh that forc'd thee to complain,
Aſſuaging hope, and melancholy fear!
By ev'ry throb of ſolitary pain,
Unſullied honour and its dictates hear,

The

The voice of truth, and honour's tender ſtrains,
Unblushing faith and innocence repeat;
Its ſpotleſs ſway ſincerity maintains,
And candour calmly guards it from deceit.

Whoe'er can trifle with affection's vow,
Becomes the baſe aſſaſſin of repoſe;
Remorſe ſoon gathers on his darken'd brow,
And keen repentance from his falſehood grows.

The dark'ning cloud that preſſes on my heart,
Would melt to ſun-ſhine at thoſe angel-eyes;
Thro' ev'ry ſhadow of deſpair would dart
The beam of peace, and bid Elyſium riſe.

Perhaps—by virgin diffidence alarm'd—
Suſpicion glooms, and ſaddens ev'ry thought;
Perhaps—which Heav'n avert!—ſome youth has charm'd
What—*once* my own—not India could have bought.

Ah! then may cheerful happineſs attend
Your mutual tranſports into years to come!
The lover fondly mixing with the friend,
And ev'ry wiſh ſtill happieſt at home.

And ſhould remembrance, what I ne'er could feign,
The ſecret anguiſh of my heart recall,
Dead be each nerve to ſympathiſing pain,
And blank forgetfulneſs abſorb it all.

On ſeeing a LADY ſhed Tears.

AND by the tear which dew'd thy cheek,
And by the ſigh which ſwell'd thy breaſt,
Ah pity what I muſt not ſpeak,
Yet feel too much, if unexpreſt.

Long as the vital ſpark ſhall glow,
May peace and pleaſure wait on thee;
Unruffled ev'ry rapture know,
Nor loſe one precious thought on ME!

Though long inur'd to all the woes
Which penſive lovers fondly bear,
For *thy* dear ſake I'll court repoſe,
And find it in my chaſteſt pray'r.

Perhaps,

Perhaps, when abſence muſt divide
The youth who loves ſo well, ſo true,
Remembrance at thy lovely ſide
May whiſper what I felt and knew.

On Leaving DOVER.

FAREWELL, dear cliffs! where oft in muſing thought
I've fondly gaz'd, or ſolitary rov'd,
While keen remembrance to reflection brought
The maid I ſigh'd for, and the friends I lov'd.

Far from each ſcene that gave my boſom joy,
Far from each dear deluſion I retreat;
To where unmeaning levities annoy,
Or gen'rous feeling ſickens at deceit.

Can abſence alter, or can diſtance break
The charm that holds me with unequall'd force?
Of ev'ry feeling—let this boſom ſpeak!—
Is not my lov'd Parthenopé the ſource?

Each

Each pulſe that anſwers to the tide of life,
Swells to the fond remembrance of my dear;
In fleeting pleaſures, and recurring ſtrife,
Her virtues triumph, and her charms appear.

Dear cliffs, adieu! Ah! here my charmer trod;
E'en here ſhe ſigh'd, *How much! how well he loves!*
The ſea-weed, trembling o'er the moiſten'd ſod,
Repeats the ſound, and eloquently moves!

A CELLE QUI SE RECONNOITRA.

WHEN ſtill and mould'ring into duſt ſhall lie
The throbbing inmate of this troubled breaſt,
The lov'd deſtroyer of its peace may ſigh,
Perhaps may grieve that ſhe denied it reſt.

Ah! no—if conſcious of the fondeſt pray'r
That ever iſſu'd with expiring love—
Heav'n makes unblemiſh'd innocence its care,
No pang ſhall reach her, and no ſorrow move.

Not

Not e'en remembrance—if remembrance give
A grief to what is purity refin'd—
Shall in the mazes of reflection live,
Or dare to treſpaſs on her angel-mind.

One ſigh, to mingle with my parting breath,
One tranſient ſigh Parthenopé may lend;
The coldeſt boſom will be touch'd by death,
And feel for nature when her charms muſt end.

Nor let the vain *that* throbbing pulſe deſpiſe,
Which ſwells to grief and melancholy woe;
A rapture glimmers on affliction's ſighs,
Which truth alone, and ſympathy can know.

Yet far from thee, Parthenopé, remove
Each thought that wanders to Philander's tomb;
All joy be thine—and ſhould'ſt thou deign to love,
E'en o'er the cypreſs may the myrtle bloom.

ODES

BY M. DE BERNARD:

WITH FREE TRANSLATIONS.

ODE.

JUPITER, prête-moi ta foudre,
S'écria Lycoris un jour ;
Donne : que je reduiſe en poudre
Le temple où j'ai connu l'amour.

Alcide, que ne ſuis-je armée
De ta maſſue ou de tes traits,
Pour venger la terre alarmée,
Et punir un dieu que je hais !

Medée, enſeigne-moi l'uſage
De tes plus noirs enchantemens,
Formons pour lui quelque breuvage
Egal au poiſon des amans.

Ah ! ſi dans ma fureur extrême
Je tenois ce monſtre odieux !—
" Le voici," lui dit l'Amour même,
Qui ſoudain parut à ſes yeux.

" Venge-

TRANSLATION.

LEND me, the troubled Roſalinda cried,
Thy fiery bolts, inexorable Jove!
And be the direſt of their vengeance tried
To cruſh the temple of perfidious Love.

Oh, where, Alcides*—ſtrong as angry fate—
Where is thy club, and where thy feather'd arms?
To wreak my vengeance on the god I hate,
And chaſe from earth ſuch tumults and alarms!

Medea! teach me ev'ry magic ſpell;
Give me the ſtrongeſt effort of thy ſkill,
To make a bev'rage that will far excel
The lover's poiſon, and as ſurely kill.

Ah! ſhould the hated monſter now appear,
While rage diſtracts, and tears me from myſelf—
"Behold that monſter! You behold him here,"
Cries Cupid—archly ſmiling at himſelf.

* Hercules.

" Venge-toi, punis, ſi tu l'oſes."
Interdite à ce prompt retour,
Elle prit un bouquet de roſes,
Pour corriger le jeune Amour.

On dit même que la bergere
Dans ſes bras n'oſoit le preſſer,
Et frappant d'une main légere,
Craignoit encore de le bleſſer.

LE

" Exhauſt your rage, ſtrike! puniſh, if you dare."—
Abaſh'd and ſilenc'd by the quick reply,
A knot of roſes ſerv'd the bluſhing fair
To puniſh Love for many a heart-felt ſigh.

Nor dar'd ſhe—conſcious of the god ſhe ſaw—
Attempt to preſs him in her trembling arm;
But gently touching with repulſive awe,
At ev'ry blow betray'd a ſoft alarm.

LE PORTRAIT.

QU'UN autre amant ſoit épris
Des charmes d'une déeſſe :
A ma bergere, à Doris,
Je dois le trait qui me bleſſe.

J'ai chanté cent fois l'Amour ;
Lui ſeul eut tous mes hommages :
Ce dieu me donne, à ſon tour,
Le plus beau de ſes ouvrages.

Quand ſes traits frappent mes yeux,
Les rangs ne me touchent guères :
Doris connoit peu d'aïeux ;
Mais mille amours ſont ſes freres.

Son

THE PORTRAIT.

OF charms celeſtial other bards may ſing,
Imagin'd raptures and ideal pains!
From mere mortality the living ſting
My boſom feels, and o'er it Delia reigns.

A thouſand homages to Love I've paid,
The ſole, dear ſubject of my willing ſtrain!
In kind requital to my wiſhes made,
The brighteſt effort of the god I gain.

The queen of rapture and of gay delight
To roſy youth her winning ſmile imparts;
Each look ſhe touches with reſiſtleſs light,
And ſcatters magic on our yielding hearts.

Son cœur tout au ſentiment
Ne veut eſprit, ni ſyſtême :
Auſſi tel eſt ſon amant ;
Ce n'eſt pas Newton qu'elle aime.

Baiſer, regards & ſoupir,
Voilà tout notre langage :
Mon étude eſt ſon plaiſir ;
Mon plaiſir eſt ſon ouvrage.

Elle a cet aimant vainqueur,
Qui retient ce qu'il attire :
Sa voix eſt le ſon du cœur,
Qui d'un ſeul mot ſait tout dire.

Son

In her the choiceſt of her gifts are ſeen;
Each tender ſentiment that feeling proves,
By ſoft expreſſion pictur'd on her mien,
Adorns the Graces and exalts the Loves.

No titled relatives can Delia boaſt;
No titled parentage my boſom moves:
Each gilded folly's in her beauty loſt,
And Delia's brothers are a thouſand loves.

Spread at the ſhrine of ſentiment and love,
Her heart no ſyſtem of the mind purſues;
The ſame ſoft principle my feelings prove.
Ah, what were Newton if one joy we loſe!

Looks, ſighs, and kiſſes all our language bear,
Our only wiſdom is expreſs'd by theſe;
To pleaſe my Delia is my only care,
My only pleaſure is from her I pleaſe.

The conq'ring magic which her eyes impart,
With pow'r reſiſtleſs what they draw retains:
Her voice, the faithful echo of her heart,
All nature's meaning by one word explains.

Son teint n'eſt que ſa couleur,
Digne d'enchanter Zéphir,
Son viſage eſt une fleur,
Qu'épanouit le ſourire.

C'eſt un bouquet de lila,
Qui fait toute ſa parure,
Et l'art qui mit ce don-là,
Outrage encore la nature.

Deux ames ſemblent preſſer
Son ſein, qui croît & s'éleve :
La pudeur le fait baiſſer,
Et le déſir le ſouleve.

Dans ſes beaux yeux, tour-à-tour,
Paroît même avec décence,
La langueur qui ſuit l'amour,
Ou l'ardeur qui le devance.

Doris

Her fair complexion is its native hue :
  Her face, a ſtranger to the looks of guile,
Which playful Zephyr might in rapture view,
  Is nature's flow'r that bloſſoms with a ſmile.

The roſe in dew-drops thro' the ſmiles of May
  That ſwells its crimſon to the cheek of morn,
Not half the richneſs that her lips diſplay,
  Can boaſt, though ſhielded by the ſcented thorn.

A knot of lilach, which from nature takes
  What art can neither imitate nor mend,
Is all the toilet that my Delia makes,
  Is more than baſhful modeſty ſhould lend.

Two ſouls ſeem plac'd enamour'd on her breaſt,
  Which riſe and fall alternately with love;
By virgin diffidence at times repreſs'd,
  By ſoft deſire at others forc'd to move.

O'er her bright eyes, by decency refin'd,
  Appears the languor that ſucceeds deſire;
From thoſe dear eyes, reluctantly confin'd,
  Eſcapes the fond anticipating fire.

With

Doris joint à tant d'appas
Cette taille d'immortelle,
Qui ſemble inviter mes bras
A s'arrondir autour d'elle.

Enfin, pour mettre en ſon jour
Le portrait de ma bergere,
Elle a l'âge de l'Amour,
Et la beauté de ſa mere.

With all the beauties of a matchleſs face,
With all that animates unrivall'd charms,
Inviting ſymmetry her ſhape diſplays,
And woos the circling impulſe of my arms.

To raiſe the portrait of my fair above
Whate'er is mention'd by the voice of fame,
In age ſhe 's equal to the God of Love,
In beauty matchleſs as the Cyprian Dame *.

* As in every ſtanza of this beautiful production it has been my chief object to make the tranſlation as literal as the idioms of the language would allow, the critical reader will not, I hope, think this note either ſuperfluous or pedantic.—I had tranſlated the laſt ſtanza ſo far to my ſatisfaction, that I knew it conveyed the ſenſe of Bernard, and did not claſh with the preceding lines; but I ſtill found the following one more immediately the transfuſed idea of the original.

To raiſe the portrait of my fair above
Whate'er with excellence a mortal arms,
She moves twin-ſiſter to the God of Love,
In all the luſtre of his mother's charms.

LA ROSE.

TENDRE fruit des pleurs de l'Aurore,
Objet des baiſers du Zéphyr,
Reine de l'empire de Flore,
Hâte-toi de t'épanouir.

Que dis-je, hélas ! differe encore,
Differe un moment de t'ouvrir :
L'inſtant qui doit te faire eclore,
Eſt celui qui doit te flétrir.

Thémire eſt une fleur nouvelle,
Qui doit ſubir la même loi :
Roſe, tu dois briller comme elle ;
Elle doit paſſer comme toi.

Deſcends de ta tige épineuſe ;
Viens la parer de tes couleurs ;
Tu dois être la plus heureuſe ;
Comme la plus belle des fleurs.

Va,

THE ROSE.

SWEET offspring of Aurora's tear,
Of Zephyr the delight,
Fair empreſs of the vernal year,
Unfold thee to the light.

Yet, ah! forbear—delay thy birth,
Nor truſt the ſmiling day:
The inſtant which invites thee forth,
Invites thee to decay.

My Delia is an op'ning flow'r,
That owns the ſame decree:
Like her thou'lt ſpread thy dazzling pow'r,
And ſhe muſt fade like thee.

Forſake the thorn thy colours grace;
To her entruſt each hue;
And be, as faireſt of thy race,
Dear roſe, the happieſt too.

Go!

Va, meurs ſur le ſein de Thémire,
Qu'il ſoit ton trône et ton tombeau :
Jaloux de ton ſort, je n'aſpire
Qu'au bonheur d'un trépas ſi beau.

Tu verras quelque jour peut-être
L'aſyle où tu dois pénétrer ;
Un ſoupir t'y fera renaître,
Si Thémire peut ſoupirer.

L'Amour aura ſoin de t'inſtruire
Du côté que tu dois pencher ;
Eclate à ſes yeux ſans leur nuire,
Pare ſon ſein ſans le cacher.

Si quelque main a l'imprudence
D'y venir troubler ton repos,
Emporte avec toi ma vengeance,
Garde une épine à mes rivaux.

Go ! on my charmer's breaſt expire,
At once thy throne and tomb ;
Whilſt I with envying bliſs aſpire,
And emulate thy doom.

The ſpot thou 'rt deſtin'd to obtain,
May meet thy yielding eye ;
A ſigh will make thee live again,
If Delia deign to ſigh.

Love will inſtruct thee, beauteous flow'r,
On which fair ſide to reſt ;
Ah ! beam not with too fierce a pow'r,
And half conceal her breaſt.

But leſt ſome harſh inſulting hand
Diſturb thy calm repoſe,
May this proud thorn in vengeance ſtand
To awe my rival foes.

AUX MUSES.

SOUFFREZ les amours ſur vos traces :
Muſes, ſouvenez vous toujours
Que l'eſprit eſt ſans les amours,
Ce qu'eſt la beauté ſans les graces.
C'eſt à l'amour qu'il faut céder ;
Quel autre charme nous arrête ?
L'eſprit peut faire une conquête :
Mais c'eſt au cœur à la garder.

INVITATION DE M. DE VOLTAIRE.

AU nom de Pinde et de Cythere,
Gentil Bernard eſt averti
Que l'art d'aimer doit Samedi
Souper avec l'art de plaire*.

* La Marquiſe de Chatelet.

TO THE MUSES.

GENTLE love and ſoft deſire,
Muſes, in your train be found:
Wit, unleſs the loves inſpire,
Is an idle, empty ſound.
Tranſient thus is beauty ſeen,
Where the graces are not known:
Eyes may yield to nature's mien,
But the mind by grace is won.
What, ſave love, a wiſh can gain?
Muſes, yield as paſſion moves:
Wit a conqueſt may obtain,
But the heart its ſafety proves.

INVITATION OF M. DE VOLTAIRE.

FROM Paphos and Pindus directed, this card,
For Saturday next, to the gentle Bernard.
The ſoft *art of love* is requeſted that night,
To ſup with the miſtreſs * of wit and delight;
When native ſimplicity, humour, and eaſe,
In learning to love will inſtruct how to pleaſe.

* The Marchioneſs of Chatelet.

ODES.

ODES

O D E.

MORNING THOUGHT.

WRITTEN AT LIEGE,
1776.

ON ſilv'ry feet the roſy dawn
Now lightly treads the dewy mead:
Aurora brightens o'er the lawn,
And Zephyr plays in ev'ry reed.
All nature wakes! all nature 's gay!
The purling rivers gently ſtray:
The feather'd choirs in ev'ry grove
Load echo's faithful ear with harmony and love.

See! bounding on the fiery car,
Hyperion graſps the blazing reins!
A wide effulgence ſtreams afar,
And gathers on the gilded plains!
In ev'ry field the Dryads ſing,
From ev'ry ſtream the Naiads ſpring:

Their ſnowy plumage to the day
The birds of Moſa * ſpread, and catch the bright'ning ray.

" All-working pow'r ! pervading ſoul† !
" O God ! ſurpaſſing all extent !
" Thy ſpirit feeds this myſtic whole,
" And operates, alone unſpent !
" In ev'ry plant thy beauty blows,
" In ev'ry ſtar thy virtue glows ;
" The warbling ſtreams are full of thee,
" Life without ſource or end, and Heaven's eternity !

" From thee deſcends the genial flame ;
" Illuminating flame, that pours
" On nature's lap the pregnant beam,
" And blazons man's ſuperior pow'rs :
" By thee the winds, that fiercely ſweep
" On whiſtling pinions o'er the deep,
" Are fledg'd : whilſt earth, unbiaſs'd ſtill,
" Urg'd thro' the mighty void, is ſubject to thy will.

* The river Meuſe, which runs through Liege.

† This Ode having been written at a very early period of the author's life, the critical reader will treat it with the indulgence a ſchool-boy might reaſonably expect.

" Thy

" Thy ſpirit feeds, in falling dew,
" The rip'ning fruit of nature's bed;
" Thy ſpirit raiſes to the view
" From duſt the mountain's tow'ring head:
" From barren rocks, impregn'd by thee,
" The ſparkling diamond we ſee;
" Heaven's azure owns thy ſearching pow'r;
" The ſun through thee aſcends, and mutt'ring tem-
" peſts low'r.

" By thee the polar axle bends,
" With planets pav'd from either ſphere;
" The globe unſhaken ſtill impends
" Upon an equal poiſe of air."
Eternal rounds!—Ah ceaſe, my lyre!
A Seraph's voice, a Cherub's fire,
Would ſink before the dazzling theme;
When proſtrate angels gaze, and tremble at the NAME.

TIME.

TIME,

AN ODE.

WRITTEN AMONG THE RUINS OF AN OLD ABBEY, 1780.

TIME conquers all!—I heard the ſound
Echoing thro' yon mould'ring tow'r;
Where ſculptur'd ruins load the ground,
And ivy forms a ſolitary bow'r;
Where midnight owls retreat,
And ſelf-diſtreſſing Melancholy reigns;
Save when tumultuous ravens meet,
And pierce the gloomy round with ſhrill untuneful ſtrains.
Hark! once more the ſound I hear—
Sorrow's accents flow the ſame;
All is huſh'd, and Fancy's ear
Liſt'ning turns to whence it came.

'Tis ſhe!—the threadbare garment flies
In tatters to the gale:
Her waſting cheeks and hollow eyes
Give awful ſanction to the Muſe's tale.

'Tis

'Tis ſhe! 'tis drooping Art,
That ſees her monuments and trophies fall
Before the touch of Time's keen dart;
While ſlow decay conſumes, and gently ſaps thro' all.
See! beneath yon crumbling buſt
On her trembling hand ſhe leans;
Wrapp'd in monumental duſt,
Not a perfect line remains.

Time conquers all! The young, the gay,
The valiant, and the old,
Muſt, ſpite of hope's alluring ray,
This truth adore, *and be what they behold.*
The breathing ſtone ſhall feel
A tyrant ruin on its ſtructure prey;
And fading colour muſt reveal
That Painting is, at beſt, a momentary day.
View my lov'd Palmyra ſpread
Crumbling o'er the barren ſoil!
Whither are its beauties fled?
What avail'd the mighty toil?

Embalm'd beneath yon pile is laid
Triumphant Folly's ſon;

Ev'ry

Ev'ry glorious feat 's diſplay'd,
His warring chiefs', his ſoldiers', and his own.
The pyramid may tell
The crimſon horrours of inſenſate war:
How muſt reflection pitying dwell,
To find thoſe ſunk in duſt who rode on vict'ry's car!—
E'en for Heav'n's eternal year,
When we leave this earthly round,
What 's the tale that 's whiſper'd here?
Can it pierce the callous ground?

Time conquers all!—Creation feels
And trembles as he treads;
The traitor *here* in ambuſh ſteals,
There waves his ſcythe, and deſolation ſpreads.
E'en preſt and cloſely bound,
Shorn of his wings the God of Rapture lies:
No more his ſhafts can wound;
His lightnings languiſh, and his magic dies.
Paſſion from the wrinkled brow
Sick'ning turns his fated eye;
Pulſes ceaſe to throb and glow,
Breaſts to heave, and hearts to ſigh.

The

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TIME VANQUISHED BY ETERNITY.

Car James inv. C. R. Riley delin. W. Skelton Sculp.

Whilst Time himself — from Heav'n I hear
The sacred truth descend
With all his spoils shall disappear,
And in Eternity the triumph end.
From his grasp behold
Relinquish'd Love his quiv'ring plume display.
New-born and uncontroul'd
By earthy weight, he Soars, and floats in endless Day.

The ſun exhauſted in his orb,
The ſtars ſhall melt away,
Exulting Time the whole abſorb,
And quench expiring day.
Of darkneſs pow'r ſupreme,
Outliving light, the ſhapeleſs void he ſways;
While nature's parting beam
Shoots o'er the dreary waſte, and in its gloom decays.
O'er the gen'ral chaos ſpread
All that 's human gone and paſt;
Still he lifts his hoary head,
Of creation firſt and laſt!

Yet Time himſelf—from heav'n I hear
The ſacred truth deſcend—
With all his ſpoils ſhall diſappear,
And in Eternity the triumph end.
From his graſp behold
Relinquiſh'd Love his quiv'ring plume diſplay!
New-born, and uncontroul'd
By earthy weight, he ſoars, and floats in endleſs day.
Struggling ſtill, and ſtill undone!
In the wreck and waſte of things,
See him hurl'd from nature's throne,
TIME, the vanquiſh'd king of kings!

DEPARTURE.

THE wretch that feels the vital fire
Expiring in each trembling part,
Indulges, with a fond deſire,
The ling'ring ſpark that flutters round his heart.

From day to day, in anxious care,
Thus I protract the fatal hour,
Which tears me from the maid moſt dear,
And bids the cloud of killing abſence low'r.

If death can quench the liquid flame
That ſparkles in affection's eye,
Sure ABSENCE, diff'ring but in name,
Is one continued death—one wafting ſigh.

FRAGMENT.

DESPAIR in all its horrours roſe—
I madden'd with my pain!
And, ſpite of parents, ſex, or foes,
Ruſh'd frantic to the plain.

For

For there, regardleſs of my ſighs,
The ball had reach'd my dear:
No other groan, that pierc'd the ſkies,
Save Henry's, caught my ear.

Soon o'er my kind, my much belov'd—
All charming e'en in death!—
With trembling lip I fondly rov'd,
And warm'd him with my breath.

But cold the tear that from me fell,
And cold the breath remain'd:
In vain I wept, and ſigh'd, farewell!
And to the ſkies complain'd.

Deaf was that ear, ſo wont to ſtart
Whene'er my voice it heard;
And clos'd that eye, in which his heart
With livelieſt beams appear'd.

Mute was that tongue, which gently ſigh'd
The language of his breaſt:
No moré his throbbing heart replied,
Or flutter'd when I preſt.

O Death!

O Death! if this be nature's lot,
If all that 's lovely die,
Be ev'ry charm of life forgot,
Since ev'ry charm 's a SIGH.

MODERN PATRONAGE*.

AN ODE.

I ASK'D—when Heav'n and fate had marr'd
The ſchemes that poets fondly frame—
Of him who long had call'd me bard,
A pittance to ſecure my fame.
Repugnant to my troubled ſoul,
Was ev'ry ſentence of the ſcroll,
While Freedom, wounded by the word,
Expiring ſigh'd—Be *mean*, and ſerve a lord.

* Chatterton's fate and diſappointments firſt gave birth to this Ode. In comparing his ſituation with that of many of the preſent hour who are laviſhly encouraged, I could not help reflecting that genius and underſtanding muſt have little hopes of ſucceſs, unleſs they deviate from candour and good-ſenſe into fulſome adulation. The breach of promiſe which this unfortunate writer experienced, ſufficiently proves that if the feelings and ſpirit of the man be equal to the dictates of the writer, ſenſibility will get the better of lukewarm prudence and convenience.

" Go—to thy genuine ſpirit dead,
" Enfeebled inſtrument of ſtate!
" By int'reſt or by folly led,
" Be all thou *ſhouldſt not* for the great.
" Caught by the dazzling blaze of pow'r,
" Baſely profane thy deareſt hour:
" Live with thyſelf in endleſs ſtrife,
" And hug oppreſſion for ungrateful life.

" Go—to corruption's dirty band
" The venal ſycophant and tool!—
" Suck to the vitals of the land,
" Ambition's jeſt, and Fortune's fool!
" And when misfortune, or diſeaſe,
" Shall bid the falſe enchantment ceaſe,
" Aghaſt ſee diſſolution's gloom,
" And aſk what makes thee tremble at the tomb?"

' *Alarm'd, and ſtagger'd with the ſound,
' Indignant honour to my breaſt
' Bade ſtern reflection give its wound,
' While conſcience woke to murder reſt.

* Chatterton.

'A thouſand cares and pangs appear'd;
'Deſpis'd and courted, lov'd and fear'd,
'I dragg'd my wearied ſoul along—
'A foe to grandeur, and its fawning throng."

How weak the laurel, in whoſe ſhade
Mere grandeur baſks its fleeting time!
Scarce is the boaſted trophy made,
And fondly ſketch'd the venal rhime;
Scarce is the flatter'd hero ſpread
In mould'ring ruins with the dead,
Than Truth, unconſcious of the tale,
Deſerts the pile, and all its glories fail.

But when, to virtuous acts inclin'd,
And all that 's truly good or great,
The muſe would make the godlike mind
Survive the tyrant ſtroke of fate,
Beyond the lapſe of waſting years
Her monument AFFECTION rears,
And ſnatches from the wreck of earth
The kindred names of HAGGERSTON and Worth*.

* This ſincere tribute to the innate goodneſs of an individual, who has done much ſervice without tumult or oſtentation, is meant as a contraſt to the falſe ſplendour of affected patronage, ſo ungenerouſly exhibited towards the unfortunate Chatterton.—See Walpole's Letter to Chatterton.

LINES

LINES

Made at the Burial of

SIR WILLIAM MANNOCK, BART.

LEIGE, 1776.

HERE as I reſt, what horrour breaks
The muſing ſilence of my ſoul?
A ſomething more than echo ſpeaks!
'Tis He! for whom my ſorrows roll.

But why, my friend, ah, why ſo wan
The features of that youthful face?
Is this, alas! the fate of man?
So frail is ev'ry charm and grace?

" In this, O youth, whom ſtill detains
" The world's precarious ſcene of woes—
" In this the fondeſt hope remains:
" *Return to duſt, from whence ye roſe!*

" Then what avail the poliſh'd brow,
" The roſy lip, the female bloom,
" Since, ſoon or late, our haughty foe
" Shall bid them fade beneath the tomb?"

He ſaid; and quickly from my ſight,
Aghaſt and trembling as I lay,
Burſt in a ſtreaming flood of light,
And vaniſh'd to eternal day.

ABSENCE,

AN ODE.

O ABSENCE—why art thou alone
A ſtranger to relief?
Compaſſion ſtills the loudeſt moan,
And ſooths the bitt'reſt grief:
But thou art joyleſs and forlorn,
Unſatisfied! unbleſt!
Still longing for thy love's return,
And ſighing ſtill for reſt.

When ſome poor turtle in the vale
Deplores its murder'd love,
And pours with ev'ry paſſing gale
A murmur through the grove;

The

The widow'd dove, whoſe tender care
Is waken'd by the ſtrain,
Repeats the mournful note afar,
And cheats him of a pain.

For ſtill he thinks his partner near,
The note 's ſo like her own;
And while ſhe moans, his liſt'ning ear
Acknowledges the moan.
But thou art loſt to ev'ry ſound
That murmurs on the gale;
For thee no charm in muſic 's found,
Unleſs it breathe thy tale.

In one wide waſte, where blooms no flow'r,
No ſweets the zephyrs bear,
Where hollow blaſts diſturb each hour,
And rend the ruffled air;
In that ſad waſte thou lov'ſt to rove,
And ev'ry wiſh believe;
There, loſt in dreams of muſing love,
Thy ſolace is to grieve.

MISCELLANEOUS TRIFLES.

On being aſked, "Whether I had ever ſincerely loved?"

A CELLE QUI SE RECONNAITRA.

THIS heart has lov'd ſo well, ſo true,
That ere the mem'ry paſs,
Perfection muſt itſelf outdo,
And ſhew what Delia was.
From Delia's eyes the magic came,
That won my yielding breaſt;
So fierce at once, ſo pure the flame,
It broke, yet gave me reſt.

In *her* all excellence I found;
The peerleſs mind and face:
Each word was love's inſpiring ſound,
Each ſmile a nameleſs grace.
Her looks were candour ſo expreſt,
So free from mean diſguiſe,
That confidence appear'd to reſt,
And triumph in her eyes.

Her

Her wit, which no ill-nature knew,
Was honeſty refin'd;
On native worth her wiſdom grew,
To ſoft experience join'd.
Her muſic was that tender note
Which dwells on paſſion's ear;
Endearing ſounds ſo chaſtely wrought,
That innocence might hear.

Though miſtreſs of each pleaſing art,
She ſeem'd a ſcholar ſtill;
So ſlow the dictates to impart
Of more than human ſkill.
Whene'er ſhe ſpoke, her looks convey'd
What language cannot ſpeak;
Diſcretion all her boſom ſway'd,
But nature rul'd her cheek.

If e'er ſhe ſigh'd, her ſighs were ſuch,
That won the moſt auſtere;
Her converſe was not half ſo much
As feeling wiſh'd to hear.
Her heart was pity's ſoft retreat,
The refuge of deſpair;

She ſigh'd at tales of hard deceit,
And felt an equal care.

Where'er ſhe mov'd, celeſtial light
Made ev'ry ſorrow fly;
Her ſmiles were nature's beſt delight,
And truth's unfolding ſky.
On me ſhe ſmil'd—ill-fated hour,
And more ill-fated ſtill
The law that bade her ſmile no more,
But own a tyrant's will.

A bluſh—Ah me! that e'er ſhe bluſh'd—
The precious truth explain'd;
With mutual heat my cheek was fluſh'd,
Nor was that heat diſdain'd.
For ſoon the tranſcript of her breaſt
Bade expectation riſe:
The written charm how oft I preſt,
And anſwer'd with my ſighs!

Nor ſighs, alas! tho' heard and felt,
Nor candour could prevail;

On

On nature's ear they fondly dwelt,
Till duty cruſh'd the tale.
With all the warmth that paſſion knows
Diſcretion would retreat;
Ah me! that e'er ſuch bitter foes
As pride and love ſhould meet.

And canſt thou aſk if e'er I've lov'd?
Oh aſk this heart as well,
If e'er with vital warmth it mov'd,
Or made my pulſes ſwell.
When parents from their children claim
What ſympathy muſt wound,
Authority's an empty name,
And *Care* an idle ſound.

On a Man of Letters being aſked, what Equivalent he had given to a noble Friend for having patroniſed him.

I GAVE—what none would give beſide—
A wreath to deck that name,
Which, ſpite of all its wealth and pride,
Had ne'er been known to fame.

I gave—what few bards will impart—
Of gratitude the beſt;
And gather'd from my ſwelling heart
Each impulſe it poſſeſs'd.

"Thou gav'ſt—ſome whiſpering echo ſaid,
"Too careleſs of the prize!
"Truth's deareſt boaſt, to deck that head
"Which wiſdom muſt deſpiſe!

"Thou gav'ſt, ungrateful to the truſt,
"The Poet's nobleſt ſtrain,
"To ſooth what doats on gilded duſt,
"And friendſhip muſt diſdain!"

LINES

LINES

Written at Sea, on looking at a Compaſs.

IN all the wand'rings of my ſoul,
The Gods have known me true;
For like the Needle to the Pole,
I always turn to you.

If chill misfortune ſhould aſſail,
And cloud the joys in view,
Still, ſpite of ev'ry boiſt'rous gale,
I always turn to you.

And though gay Pleaſure's roſy train
Unfold each magic hue,
O'er ev'ry ſcene thoſe beauties reign;
I always turn to you.

In vain another would inſpire,
Or make my heart untrue;
I feel, alas! but one deſire,
And always turn to you.

The

The melting accents when I hear
Of love that 's pictur'd true,
A fond remembrance charms my ear,
And always turns to you.

Through all the changes of my life
Since faith and love agree,
In mutual comfort, mutual ſtrife,
Oh mayſt thou turn to me !

On a LADY *wiſhing me Health, and a pleaſant Tour.*

WRITTEN AT DOVER.

WHEN ſhrilly loud the tempeſt blows,
And whit'ning billows fly,
Ah ! ſooner into calm repoſe
Shall all their tumult die,
Than abſence on this troubled breaſt
Can bid oblivion pour
The balm, that gives me back my reſt,
My gay, my cheerful hour.

And

And could thoſe lips a wiſh impart,
Whoſe dear completion lies
Within the ſoftneſs of that heart,
The languor of thoſe eyes?
Ah! bid the flow'r, that, torn from earth,
Reclines its drooping head,
Give each expiring colour birth,
When all that cheer'd is fled.

FAREWELL TO CHAUDE FONTAINE.

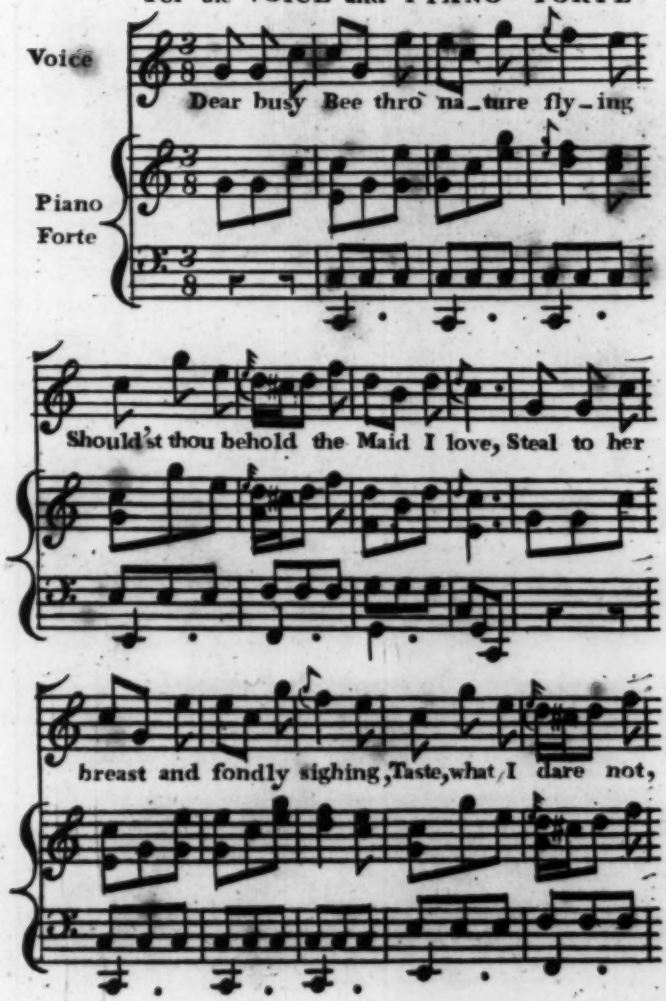
FAREWELL, dear ſeat, where beauty reigns,
And love and worth appear!
Then ſhall I quit thy varied ſcenes,
Without one tender tear?

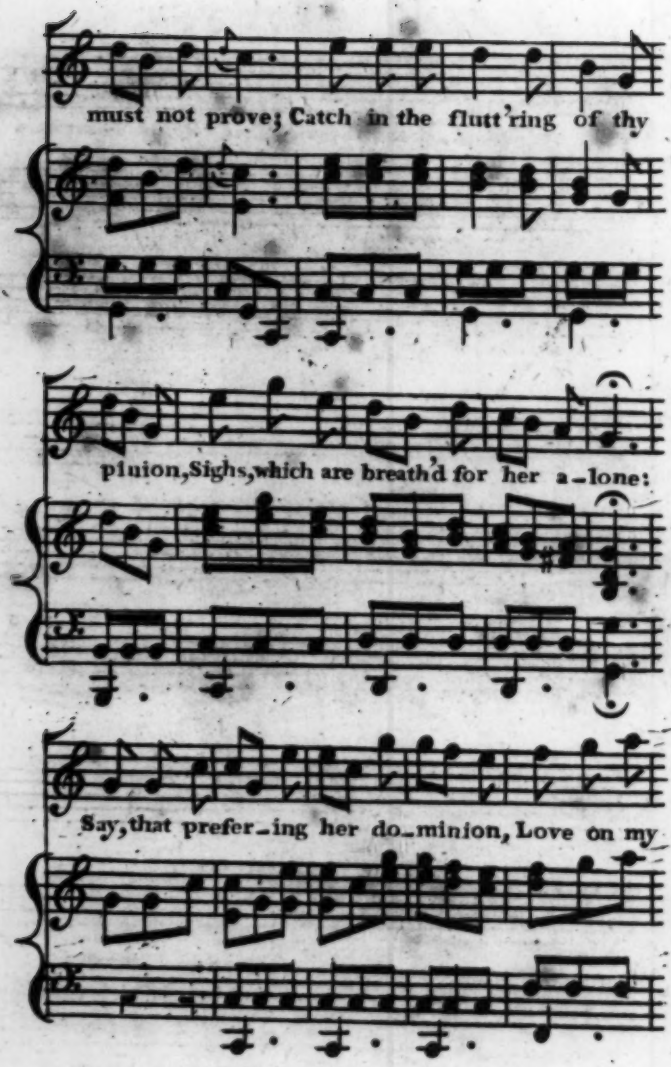
Ah no! I feel the parting ſigh,
It gathers as I go;
The trembling drop hangs in my eye,
And Delia bids it flow.

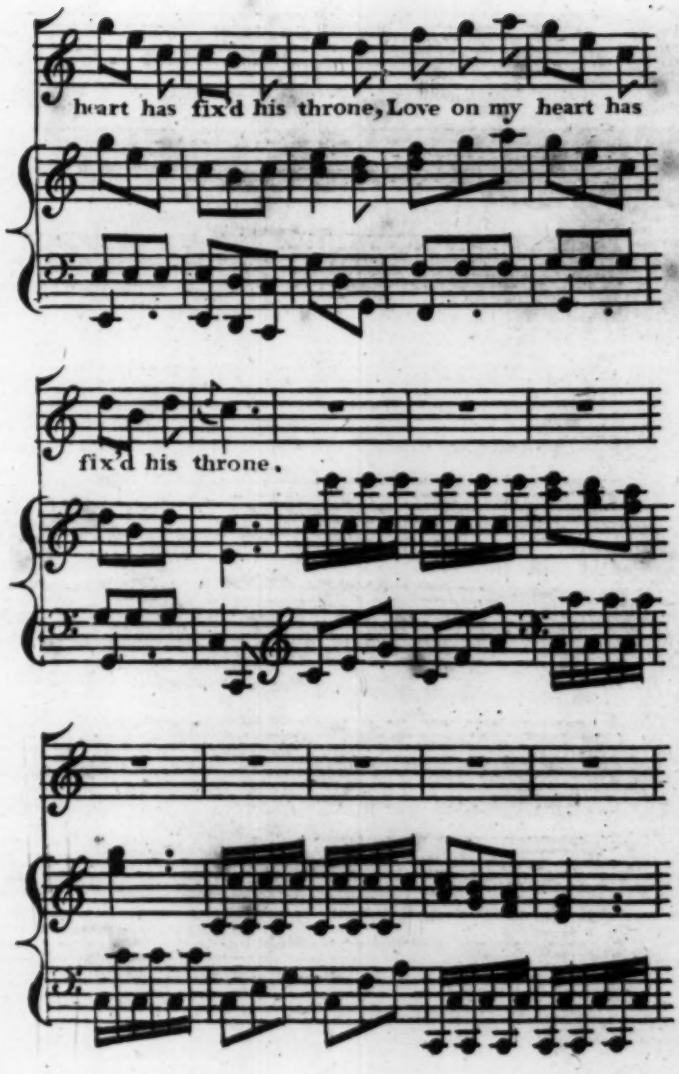
Dear

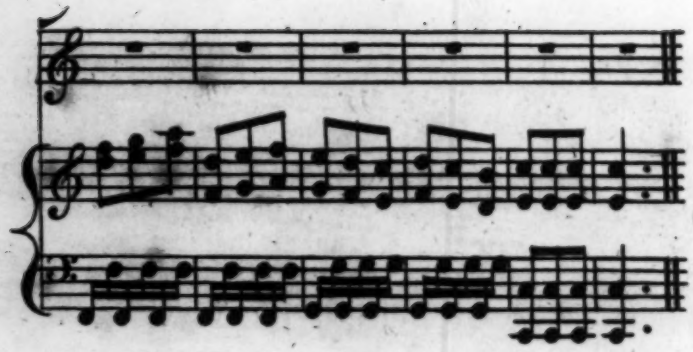
THE BEE.

For the VOICE and PIANO—FORTE




must not prove; Catch in the flutt'ring of thy
pinion, Sighs, which are breath'd for her a-lone:
Say, that prefer-ing her do-minion, Love on my


heart has fix'd his throne, Love on my heart has
fix'd his throne.



2

Should she, too careleſs of her lover,
Smile on the flatt'ring circle round,
And by her eyes a joy discover
When in her ear their praises sound;
Rise on thy wing, in pity to me,
Hum round the dear deluded Maid;
Break by thy noise what might undo me,
Stifle each sentence falshood made.

3

Still if ensnar'd by giddy fashion,
Spite of thy care and buzzing wing,
Strangers encroach upon my passion,
Perch on her lip and whet thy sting!
Guard, if thou can'st the balmy treasure,
Which to those lips the Loves impart;
Punish each wretch with vengeful pleasure,
Teach him to trespass on my heart.

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Dear lovely maid! whoſe beauty fires
The valiant and the wiſe;
Whoſe beauty leſs than worth inſpires
The magic of thy eyes:

Oh, be thou bleſt, ſupremely bleſt,
With all that Heav'n can give!
Long life, much pleaſure, health and reſt,
Till thou no more *wouldſt* live.

And when, ſince ALL muſt part at laſt,
Thoſe charms ſhall fade in death,
May Heav'n an op'ning glory caſt,
To catch thy fleeting breath.

THE RELAPSE.

OH, how my heart within me beats!
Oh, how my pulſes throb and glow!
Hither again, ye dear deceits,
Still let me love—It muſt be ſo.

Strengthen'd by him whoſe frown I fear,
Duty, perhaps, may murmur, No;
But when my Damon's voice I hear,
Nature replies—It muſt be ſo.

What if his fortune be but ſmall?
What if his name no rank beſtow?
Genius and truth will anſwer all;
Still let me love—It muſt be ſo.

Hither again, ye dear deceits!
Oh, how my pulſes throb and glow!
Oh, how my heart within me beats!
Still let me love—It muſt be ſo.

DISAPPOINTMENT.*

CANST thou ſtill, obdurate maiden,
See my with'ring youth decay ?
Peace and hope in darkneſs fading,
Far from thee their brighteſt day !
Far from thee I pine and ſorrow,
Far from thee deſpairing move ;
From each object vainly borrow
Charms to ſooth unanſwer'd love.

What avail the pow'r of thinking,
Wit and ill-diſſembled eaſe ?
Bid the ſhatter'd ſhip that 's ſinking,
Shun the tumult of the ſeas :
From the faithleſs anchor flying,
Bid the ſtruggling rudder reſt :
Then in ſtrains ſeraphic, ſighing,
Whiſper comfort to my breaſt.

If compaſſion, grief beguiling,
Ever ſooth'd a lover's wound,

Sure on beauty's aſpect ſmiling
All its ſweetneſs muſt be found.
Tell me then, of ev'ry feeling
Dear poſſeſſor, tell me why,
All its pains my heart revealing,
Still thoſe eyes their balm deny.

TO DELIA.

IF all the ſtars were made for me,
And ev'ry ſtar was pleaſure,
I'd freely give them all for thee,
Who art my only treaſure.

The flow'r that ſcents the deſert heath,
And decks the lap of nature,
Muſt yield its eſſence to thy breath,
Whoſe ſigh is ten times ſweeter.

The diamond vainly would eclipſe
The luſtre of thoſe eyes;
And what 's the roſe when near thy lips
Its brighteſt colour dies?

Since

Since then nor flow'r, nor ſparkling ſtone,
Can equal charms like thine,
May conſtancy the treaſure own,
Oh let me call thee mine!

TO MISS *****

IF e'er deluſion o'er thy breaſt
In gilded viſions rov'd,
If e'er thy fault'ring tongue expreſs'd,
I know that I am lov'd;

With thoſe thy ſecret wiſhes knew
Compare the joys I prov'd;
Who oft have ſaid, and thought it true,
I know that I am lov'd!

But when experience tore aſide
The charm thy ſoul approv'd,
If e'er thy trembling boſom ſigh'd,
I fear I am not lov'd;

Ah pity one whoſe bleeding heart
Each ſad extreme has prov'd;
From ev'ry comfort forc'd to part,
Becauſe he was not lov'd!

Yet once on wings of guiltleſs joy
My laughing moments mov'd;
No cloud the proſpect could deſtroy,
For once I thought ſhe lov'd!

Then what avails it, gentle friend,
In ſentiment approv'd,
To bid each wiſh to virtue tend,
If truth muſt not be lov'd?

LINES

Written at Ghent, during the late Revolution in the Netherlands.

AH, thus in abſence to repine,
And ſigh for joys that once were mine,
Each hour remembrance grieves me;

But

But when I think of griefs repaid,
By words and broken ſighs convey'd,
Ideal joy relieves me.

A thouſand cares annoy me now;
I freeze with fear, with hope I glow,
For ſtill remembrance grieves me:
But when her temper I review,
So ſweetly kind! ſo fondly true!
Ideal joy relieves me.

Oft as I view the precious hair
That deck'd the temples of my fair,
As oft remembrance grieves me!
But when her letters I peruſe,
And on the dear deluſion muſe,
Ideal joy relieves me.

While into ſcenes of blood I move,
That ill agree with gentle love,
A ſad remembrance grieves me;
But when—the gath'ring tumult o'er—
I turn to England's happy ſhore,
Ideal joy relieves me.

MUTUAL LOVE.

BANE of pleaſure, tyrant reaſon!
Woe-creating, lukewarm elf,
To each bliſs awak'ning treaſon,
Would'ſt thou tear me from myſelf?
Vain, alas! thy pow'r muſt prove,
Whilſt I feel and cling to love.

What avails ſevere reflection,
If in life we fondly live?
Thought's a treſpaſs on affection,
Poor the joys its viſits give;
Looks and ſighs can only move
Him who feels and clings to love.

Go where pride and gilded folly,
Far from peace and bluſhing health,
Tear the bud of melancholy
From the maid that fades in wealth;
But let *me* with Delia prove
Nature's wiſdom—*mutual love*.

WHILE

WHILE, the tedious hour beguiling,
I with Daphne fondly toy,
Love, on every feature ſmiling,
Glows with unexhauſted joy.
Broken ſighs and looks diſcover
What the boſom would explain:
Nature thus relieves the lover,
And aſſuages ev'ry pain.

Soft content and love united
Wake each feeling into bliſs;
Thus employ'd, and thus delighted,
Rapture breathes in ev'ry kiſs!
What are, ſay, the boaſted treaſures,
Pomp or pride of erring man?
Rich in nature's choiceſt pleaſures,
To *enjoy* is all our plan.

ON

ON SEEING MY DOG ASLEEP.

THRICE happy dog! thou feel'ſt no woe,
No anguiſh to moleſt
Thy peaceful hours, that ſweetly flow,
Alternate ſport and reſt!

Man 's call'd thy lord—Affliction's heir,
And Sorrow's only ſon!
Whilſt *he* 's a ſlave to ev'ry care,
And *thou* art ſlave to none.

Bleſt near thy maſter thus to lie,
And bleſt with *him* to rove;
Unſtain'd by guilt thy moments fly
On wings of grateful love.

Oh that *my* heart, like thine, could taſte
The ſweets of guiltleſs life;
Beyond the reach of paſſion plac'd,
Its anguiſh and its ſtrife!

PLAIN

PLAIN TRUTHS IN SIMPLE WORDS:

Addreſſed to my worthy Friend,

THE HONOURABLE MAJOR HANGER,

Equerry to His Royal Highneſs the Prince of Wales.

Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
Multa? Quid terras alio calentes
Sole mutamus? Patriæ quis exul
Se quoque fugit?

THE world, my dear Hanger, is rul'd by deceit,
Profeſſions of kindneſs are int'reſt at beſt;
How oft in each ſcene are we deſtin'd to meet
A ſmile on the brow that 's belied in the breaſt!

If ſuch be the world, and its cares have been thine,
Say, is it not wiſer, my friend, to retreat
Where friendſhip can ſcatter at conſtancy's ſhrine
The fruits of good-humour unmix'd by deceit?

With candour the conduct of others to ſcan,
Untouch'd by the whiſper of pride and conceit,
To blame where we muſt, but to praiſe where we can,
Is what guards the breaſt from the ſtings of deceit.

It

It boots not a thought how the world may decide,
If conſcience acquit us, and honeſty meet
The dictate of reaſon, with truth for its guide,
And honour that turns from the ſmiles of deceit.

Mankind will deceive, yet to memory ſtill
Reflection muſt render ingratitude ſweet.
He never did good who had never felt ill,
Nor knew candour's value till wrong'd by deceit.

There lives not a man, of whatever degree,
While nature is frail, who can frankly repeat,
" Duplicity points not its evil at me;
" I feel not the tricks nor the arts of deceit."

Thy tenour of life, be the tale what it may,
That malice will whiſper and envy repeat,
Of truth undiſguis'd has been ever the way,
The path of good-nature that led from deceit.

Be mine too the boaſt, who can pity the ſneer
Of grandeur that honeſty bluſhes to greet,
With thee to have ſhar'd what is frank and ſincere,
The converſe of friendſhip unſpoil'd by deceit:

From

From thee to have heard how the battles were fought,
That tore from the crown what was once at its feet;
How politics ſway'd as the rulers were bought,
And how all the world may be loſt by deceit.

Be mine too the boaſt, who have travell'd thro' life,
And ſeen all its changes, this truth to repeat:
"I've never yet yielded to comfort or ſtrife,
"If either would make me the ſlave of deceit."

With careleſs compoſure I've ſmil'd at abuſe,
Whoſe rancour my reaſon diſdain'd to defeat;
Secure in myſelf, I commun'd with the muſe,
And pitied the wretch that was ſway'd by deceit.

The ſecret aſſaſſin no man can repel;
Yet all may deſpiſe whom they redden to meet:
The feelings of honour to pity may ſwell,
But never can riſe into rage at deceit.

Enlighten'd by truth, unaffected and plain,
See royalty ſpread at humanity's feet:
The throne, which had long been the ſource of diſdain,
Affords double light thro' the clouds of deceit.

This

This iſland can boaſt what all nations muſt love,
A prince that is guided by ſympathy's heat,
Whoſe feelings the woes of mortality move,
Whoſe boſom 's at war with the tricks of deceit.

The ſtation he holds, tho' the firſt of mankind,
Of ſentiment more than of rank is the ſeat;
His looks are the picture of honeſty's mind,
The ſignals of truth, and the dread of deceit.

Dull cynics may rail at the ſex we adore,
And female affection with levity treat:
The love we enjoy, all its fantaſies o'er,
Is nature, that laughs at the ways of deceit.

Since ſuch is the fate of all mortals below,
And life at the beſt a chimerical heat;
May we, my good friend, unaffected by ſhow,
Steer wide as we can from the ſhoals of deceit.

A CARD,

A CARD,

FROM

VENUS TO BACCHUS:

On the Conſecration of Mrs. B—rt—n's Epergné Glaſs Hog ſhead.

BACCHUS once, inſpir'd by reaſon,
Thus addreſs'd his jovial train:
" Tell me, friends, at *any* ſeaſon
" Should the *Graces* meet diſdain?
" Though my grape its branch entwining,
" Soften half the cares of life;
" Love, exceſs of mirth refining,
" Turns us from inſulting ſtrife.

" Doubly ſure thoſe joys are given
" Which to manly ſpirits join
" *Looks* that form an earthly *heaven*,
" *Words* that nature feels divine.
" By the bottle ſole enlighten'd,
" Wit in tranſient folly dies;

" Never

" Never yet has wiſdom brighten'd,
" Uninſpir'd by beauty's eyes.

" From that iſle where *ſenſe* and *beauty*
" Are humanity's reward,
" Pleas'd with reaſon's deareſt duty,
" Venus ſends this friendly card—
' Where the Graces love to mingle,
' Letter'd taſte and pleaſure meet;
' Where the wedded charm the ſingle,
' And the ſingle ſhun deceit;

' Will the roſy god of pleaſure
' To the conſecration move,
' Of a caſk, whoſe bounded meaſure
' Adds to humour, ſenſe and love?
' Never more, to ſave the Graces
' From reflection's bluſhing pain,
' Shall the fair *reſign* their *places*,
' For ungentle wit to reign.

' Never more may truth ſurrender
' To fictitious ſcenes of joy;

' Ev'ry

'Ev'ry mind that 's ſoft and tender,
'Converſe loves which cannot cloy—
'*Converſe*, aided by good-humour,
'From the flaſk thy nectar pours;
'Reaſon *laughs* at envious rumour,
'Conſcious of its *harmleſs* hours.

'By the queen of ſmiles invited,
'Thither haſte, my cheerful friends;
'Since, with beauty wit united,
'Ev'ry rapture *Venus* lends.
'Malice may, from harſh ill-nature,
'Spread a noxious vapour round;
'But, regardleſs of the *creature*,
'Reaſon hands the *goblet* round.'

TO MISS * * * * *,

On hearing her play on the Harp.

SWEET minſtrel of the melting ſound,
That wakes to thrilling anguiſh,

Oh ! whilſt you pour the note around,
And teach the ſoul to languiſh,
In pity turn from one, whoſe heart,
Ne'er cheriſh'd by compaſſion,
Still trembles at the ſubtle dart
Which woke it into paſſion.

So ev'ry joy that nature knows,
Of love the deareſt treaſure !
The pinion wave of ſoft repoſe,
And ſooth you into pleaſure :
Some happier youth may boaſt the ſigh,
Which I might vainly plead for ;
Some happier youth may charm your eye,
And gain what now I bleed for.

WRITTEN AT DOVER.

IF the tide of reſtleſs ocean
Ever bore thy lovely form,
Toſs'd and trembling with its motion,
Thou haſt fear'd the burſting ſtorm.

Anxious

Anxious doubt, at ev'ry clamour,
To thy boſom gave its wound:
Whilſt each breeze that fill'd the ſtreamer,
Big with danger ſeem'd to ſound.

Till at length the coaſt appearing
Wid'ning to thy longing eye,
Hope in ev'ry proſpect cheering,
Whiſper'd that repoſe was nigh.

In that breaſt ſo lately troubled,
Calm content and pleaſure roſe;
Ev'ry rapture ſweetly doubled
By the contraſt of its woes.

Thus the fond believing lover,
Forc'd recurring woes to bear,
On his brow muſt oft diſcover
Anxious doubt and killing care.

On receiving a Preſent of little Value, conſidered as a mere GIFT, *but ineſtimable on account of the* DONOR.

THOUGH few the rays this trifling preſent ſhow,
Its hidden worth is richer than appears;
Awhile the coral and the ruby glow,
But friendſhip triumphs in the waſte of years.

Queſtion and Anſwer.

WHAT forms the Methodiſt? A wretch whoſe life
Has long been tinctur'd by remorſe and ſin;
With heav'n and earth, and with himſelf at ſtrife,
To veil *without* his wretchedneſs *within*.

EXPECTATION.

IF ſighs are an index of love,
If love, between hope and deſpair,
The ſtruggle muſt patiently prove,
And all its uncertainty bear;

Ah

Ah me! to what anguiſh is doom'd
A heart that is fetter'd like mine,
Whoſe hours are in ſighing conſum'd,
Whoſe fate is in ſecret to pine!

The ſmile that aſſuages my pain,
And lends it a moment's repoſe,
Is perhaps the falſe light of diſdain,
That breaks o'er the cloud of my woes.
Diſtreſs, that in abſence has pin'd,
When drawn from his exile at laſt,
In rapture obſerves every wind,
And thinks all his ſorrows are paſt.

With canvas expanded he flies,
His wiſhes outſtripping the gale;
Gay viſions of ecſtaſy riſe,
And flutter, and ſwell with the ſail.
Each murmur that floats on the breeze,
Seems echo repeating his ſigh;
Already dear Albion he ſees!
Her cliffs ſweetly beam on his eye.

Each feeling, tranſported to bliſs,
Prevents what he fondly deſires:

The faultering accent, and kiſs,
The tale that in murmurs expires!
Deluſion too fatally ſad!
The cliffs ſcarcely gleam on his eyes;
Heav'n frowns, and in thunder is clad,
And wreck'd on the billows he lies!

Ah tell me—for who better knows
To picture the boſom's alarms?—
If anguiſh or ecſtaſy flows
From *that* which eternally charms,
To beauty, by provident Heav'n,
In pity to man's erring heart,
Should not a large portion be giv'n
Of reaſon, to temper the dart?

That eye, which, in wanton conceit,
Unfeelingly trifles with pain,
Should yield to another's deceit,
And fade in the gloom of diſdain.
That heart, from whoſe pulſes can riſe
One throb in rebellion to truth,
Should ſink with a burthen of ſighs,
And wither to age in its youth.

Thus

Thus only, MARIA, can *he*,
Whoſe feelings are ſubject to love,
In paſſion's dominion be free,
And ſweet ſenſibility prove.
For me, who by nature am taught
To value whatever 's ſincere,
Be *ſympathy* only my lot,
And all that I covet is near.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF MISS *****.

AND thou art gone, my lovely friend!
And cheerful be the ſportive day;
Long as it laſts each joy attend,
And pleaſure ſmooth thy flow'ry way;

In cheerful eaſe and bliſs ſincere
Each moment ſweetly flow along;
Yet while it flows, ah think, my dear,
A moment's abſence is too long.

TO

TO THE MUSES.

YE tuneful Syrens of the mind, adieu!
Adieu, illuſive ſcenes of ſoft delight;
Raptures that charm imagination's view,
And gild the ſoul with viſionary light.

Farewell each ſound that lull'd me to repoſe;
Fictitious comfort glanc'd on real pain,
When youthful nature into viſions roſe,
And Fancy pictur'd what it lov'd to feign.

And farewell too—I feel it muſt be ſo—
Farewell, thou ſoft enchantreſs of my breaſt;
Delia, farewell; no more my ſenſes glow
For charms in Delia honour'd and careſs'd.

The magic 's o'er—to ſcenes of noiſy life,
Howe'er reluctant, unabaſh'd I move;
Of jarring politics the giddy ſtrife,
The force of habit and of man to prove.

FINIS.

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